A UNIVERSITY TRAMP.

ILLUSTRATED

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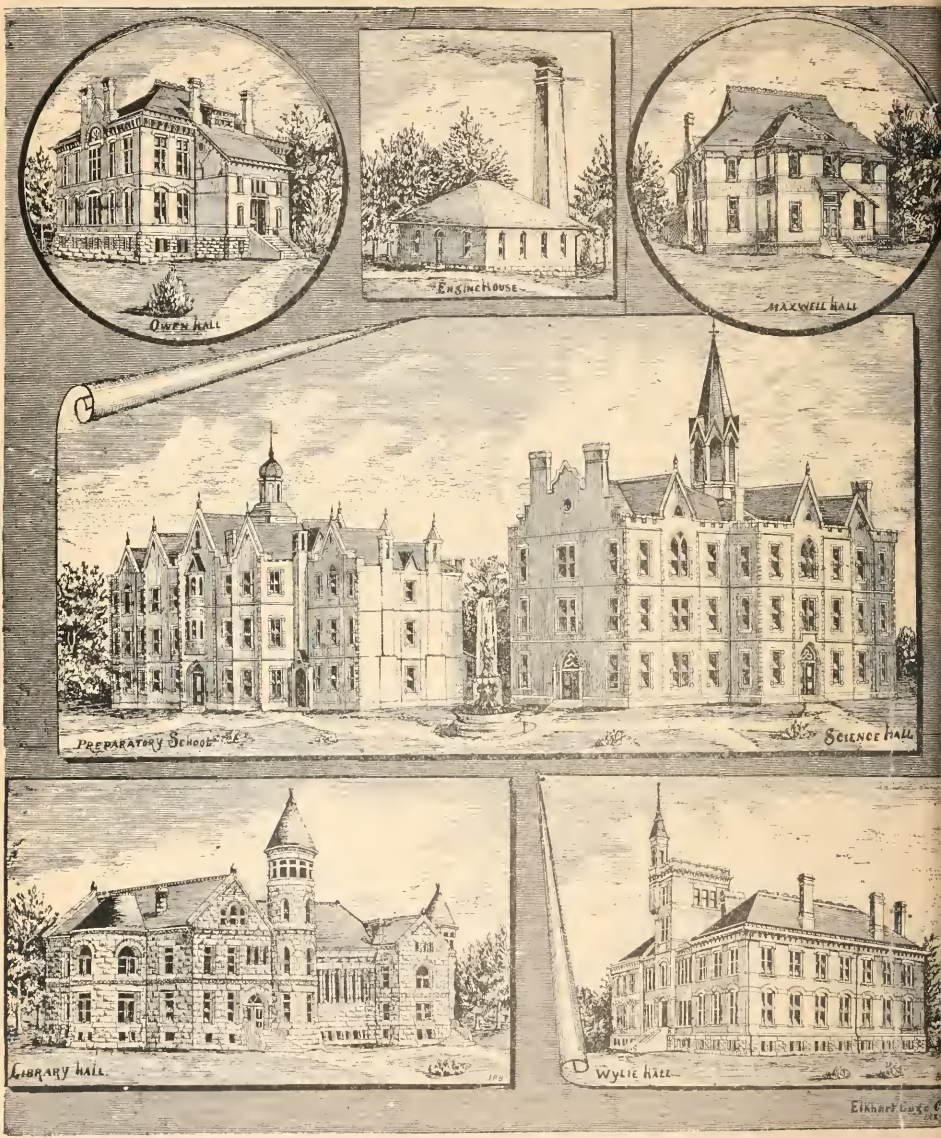

The Indiana University.

A University Tramp.

—BY—

Orrin Z. Hubbell.

ILLUSTRATED.

"Tramping hath charms to give the tired rest;
We go; but we return refreshed."

ELKHART, IND.
GEO. W. BUTLER, PUBLISHER.
1889.

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To the "Tramps,"

WHO ENJOYED THE PLEASURES, AND
SUFFERED THE ANNOYANCES OF
THE TRIP, THIS VOLUME IS
KINDLY INSCRIBED.

"Beg Pardon."

The subject matter of the following pages first appeared as a series of letters to the daily press of Elkhart, Indiana. At that time, the writer had no intention of presenting these letters in this form. The first of them were written hastily while the writer was abroad, and the remainder during a hotly contested, political campaign, in which he was actively engaged as a candidate. At the request of the publisher, Mr. Geo. W. Butler, the manuscript was placed in his hands for publication in book form. On account of professional and other duties, the writer has been unable to revise the manuscript, and it is now presented in this way, with many misgivings, but with the hope that a considerate public may find the book of some interest, notwithstanding its defects.

O. Z. H.

Elkhart, Ind., May 14, 1889.

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Chapter I.

THE VOYAGE OUT—IRELAND, AND THE ARRIVAL IN SCOTLAND.

It is now some months since there came into the writer's hands, a circular, announcing the "Fifth Biennial Outing of the Indiana University—a unique and inexpensive vacation tour through Scotland, England, Holland, Germany, Austria, Italy, Switzerland and France—arranged for students, teachers, librarians and others of like needs and disposition."

Being of a "like disposition" I was soon in correspondence with the director of the proposed "vacation tour," and the result was that I became the possessor of a ticket across the Atlantic on the steamship *Ethiopia,* and to return on the palatial *City of Rome*, both of the Anchor line.

This being accomplished, other arrangements were soon concluded, and I found myself speculating on the kind of a voyage we should have, the kind of people who would comprise the party, and what impressions the contact with the foreign people would make upon me; while a hundred other thoughts and fancies crowded thick upon my mind.

Chief among my mental inquiries was: "What kind of a boat is the *Ethiopia*?" I visited the steamer the day before she sailed, and found her to be a first-class boat, four hundred and twenty feet in length, forty feet

wide, with a corresponding depth of hold. She has been afloat over fifteen years and has never met with an accident, and is especially adapted to weather storms. I was courteously shown over the boat, and was informed that the crew consisted of more than a hundred men, and that she would carry about five hundred passengers from New York for Glasgow. After visiting my state-room and finding everything satisfactory, I returned to my hotel, feeling that I could trust the *Ethiopia* to carry me across the sea.

On the morning of June 11th, we were conveyed to the steamer which sails from Pier 41, North River. At the pier everything was in a hurry and a bustle. Porters were carrying trunks, bundles and steamer chairs, valises, robes, rugs and everything that the various voyagers thought necessary to the comfort of a sea voyage. Hackmen were yelling and shouting, whips were cracking, people were rushing about seemingly without any object, others were saying good-bye, which might prove to be their last farewell. The river was alive with boats that tried to drown each other in the noise of their shrill whistles. Men were rushing on board and off again, everything was confusion. A few, ourselves among them, after going on board, sat quietly on the hurricane deck, silent observers of the scene of confusion around us. Our luggage was all on board; we had found our steamer chairs. We had no more to do. We had no good-byes to say. Among all the interested spectators on the pier there was not one who knew us, or cared for our fate, except as our fate would be that of their friends on board. Finally the whistle sounded, a thrill ran through the boat, the gang planks were drawn

back, and we were moving away from the pier, into the river, our connection with land severed until we again stepped upon a foreign shore. The *Umbria*, of the Cunard Line, the *La Normandie*, of the French line, and a steamer of the Inman line left their piers about the same time. Who can tell what a day will bring forth? Who would have thought on that bright June morning, that three boats, leaving at the same time, on the same ocean, going nearly the same course, would have such different voyages? The *Umbria* had the roughest voyage since she has been afloat, being bewildered and lost in a fog. For hours she lay still, continually sounding her whistle. Another struck bad weather a day out, and for eleven days the sea rolled over her decks, tossing her about like a cork. When we met some of the passengers from these two boats in Scotland, who told us of their experience, we could scarcely believe it. From the first, except one night, we had almost perfect weather and one of the smoothest voyages ever made by the *Ethiopia*. Yet during the whole time we could not have been far distant from the other boats. The one exception to our pleasant weather, was the night of the fourth day out. The sun had gone down into the sea in the west, in a blaze of glory. We had long lingered on deck, and finally had gone to our state-rooms and to our berths. I do not know how long I had been asleep.

My first sensation upon awakening was, that I was alternately standing on my head, and then on my feet. Then I found myself trying to force a passage through the side of the vessel and failing in this, I seemed to have an insane impulse to fly into the opposite state-room.

I tried to tell my wife that there was no danger, but the words were drowned in the roar of the elements. Then there came a series of short, sharp shocks, while the good ship heaved and pitched and rolled from side to side, and creaked and strained like a sentient thing in agony. As the huge waves struck us, we could hear the water pour in torrents over the deck. The sensation all this produced on one unaccustomed to the sea, was not highly pleasurable. But toward morning the storm abated its fury, although the heavy swell of the sea continued far into the following day. It was a veritable "night upon the ocean and a storm upon the sea." With this exception, and the almost inevitable "*Mal de mere*" which accompanied it, the voyage was one of continued delight. The sun shone brightly and warmly, but few wraps were needed, and the sea was as tranquil and quiet as it ever is. The voyage was almost devoid of incident. The occasional spouting of a whale, the appearance of a school of porpoises, a passing steamboat and an occasional "sail" were all that were calculated to create any excitement.

Leaving Sandy Hook light ship abeam, we sailed two degrees north of east for three days, at the average rate of 265 miles per day. Then changing to the south of east, we escaped the banks of Newfoundland at the expense of nearly a day's time. The course was then changed to north, 55 degrees east, and it thereafter varied within that and north, 75 degrees east until land was sighted on the tenth day. The largest day's run was 310 miles.

The inexperienced person, on board ship, is surprised to find how soon and easily he becomes acquainted

with every one. In this respect there is little formality, and though your ship acquaintances may not know you a half hour after leaving the boat, they are boon companions while imprisoned on the ship hundreds of miles from land. For a time all are bound in a common destiny, and this community of interests seems to thaw out the springs of social intercourse. I had heard much of the monotony of a sea voyage, but I did not experience it. The time seemed to me to pass too rapidly. Night followed day in astonishing rapidity. Reading, conversation, games and eating are the principal occupations of the voyagers. With some, it is chiefly eating. Of all things to create an appetite, the sea is the best. We had breakfast at eight, lunch at one, and dinner at five o'clock. How everybody did eat!

Sailors are always kept busy even when there seems to be no earthly reason for the work, unless it be upon the theory that constant employment keeps them in better humor. They are not permitted to be idle a minute while on duty. One set of them is continually doing something which another set as constantly undoes. Some will put up a canvass, and when they have gone away, others will come and take it down. They are continually painting the ship, cleaning the masts and yard arms, scraping off the paint and repainting them, reefing and unreefing sails, and everything else that the officers can devise. Every day at noon the captain takes his observations, to determine in what latitude and longitude the ship is; and to compute the distance and course she has run since noon of the preceeding day. Then the difference of time is calculated, and the clock set ahead, and the entry of all these things made in the "log" and displayed, where

each one can copy it on a track chart if he is so disposed. The time is divided into watches and is indicated by striking a bell. The seamen do not speak of one o'clock, etc., as we do on land, but of so many bells of such a watch. Each officer with a portion of the crew is on duty during one watch, and the watches are so arranged that he comes on duty each day at a different time, so that by this means the night work is evenly divided among all of the crew. During our voyage out, we had many fine days, but finest of all was the 21st day of June. We were in latitude 58 degrees 8 minutes north, and longitude 10 degrees 26 minutes west, about sixty miles off the west coast of Ireland, and seventy-six miles from "Tory Island," toward which we were going. In my experience the day was without a parallel. The bright morning sun smiles out God's love upon our receptive and responsive hearts. The *Ethiopia* glides smoothly over the almost unbroken level of the sea. The sky is tinged with an ultramarine blue as delicate as the violet's hue. Here and there is just the trace of a fleecy cloud, to set out in beautiful relief the blue heavens beyond. Around the horizon hangs an almost autumnal tinge. On our starboard side, the sea smiles 'neath a myriad of silvery ripples. On our port, it stretches away in swells of deeper, darker blue. Sea gulls sail gracefully through the air or ride upon the bosom of the deep. Throngs of happy passengers promenade the deck, recline in steamer chairs, and loiter along the rail. I am in the prow. Both fore and aft, I see the most unmistakable manifestations of God's unsurpassing love to man. I look out forward and can scarcely realize that just beyond the horizon lies the Emerald Isle, once the

home of wealth and happiness, now oppressed by maladministration of her public affairs. This is the picture I see. It can never be forgotten. It is such as comes but once to mortal experience upon the deep. It is the most powerful argument that ever appealed to my heart for a recognition of God's great love and kindness to His children.

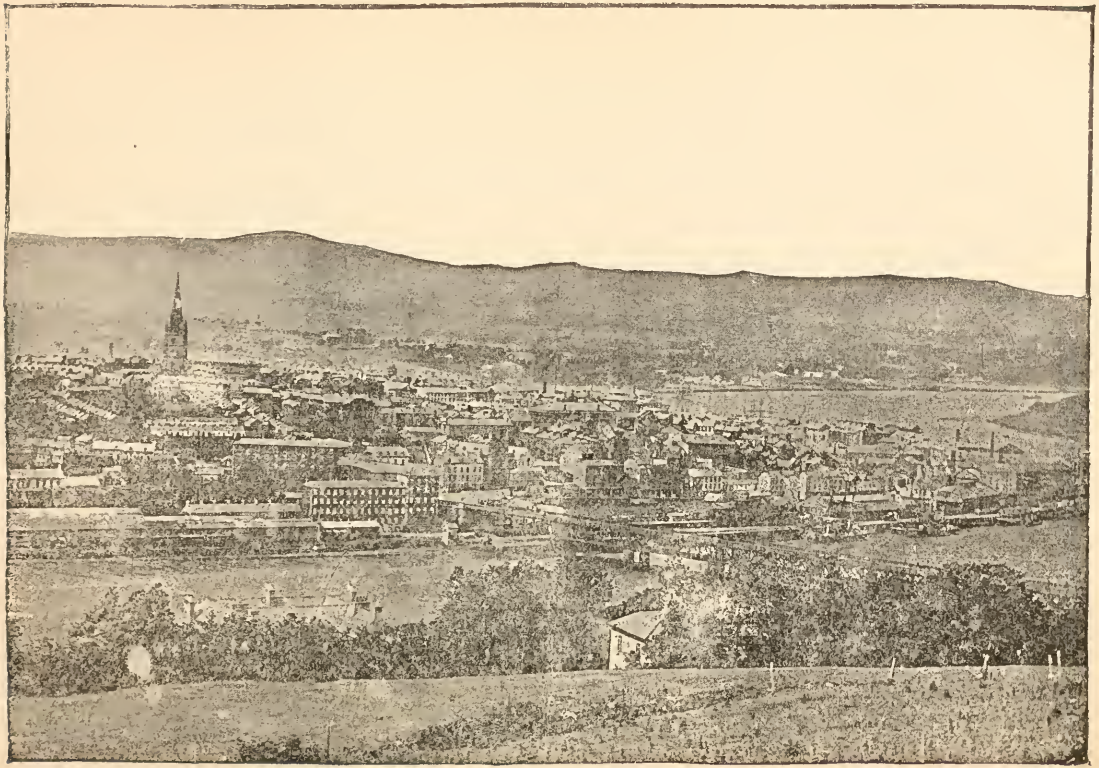
We knew now that we should see land during the day. Can the inexperienced realize what that means to those who have not seen land for nine successive days? What it means in the fullest sense of the word is learned only by actual experience. To be out of sight of land for nine successive days, no matter how pleasant the weather has been, what pleasant associates, or how luxurious the happy indolence of a sea voyage may be, means that the sight of land is longed for again with an impatience that knows no bounds. No one escaped the feeling, even the seamen cast frequent glances toward the east. After noon, all eyes were eagerly scanning the eastern horizon, many seeing land for an hour before they knew what it was. The first appearance of land from the sea is that of a cloud lying low upon the horizon, and the inexperienced will not believe it is land when it is pointed out to them.

About the middle of the afternoon I went forward, and there, crowded into the prow, like sardines in a box, I saw a dozen or more people, eagerly and intently scanning the horizon. What longing and eagerness were depicted upon their faces. Their countenances would have made a study for an artist. They were Irish—a number of old men and women, and several younger ones. The older people had probably left their island

home years before and had grown gray in a distant land. They were now coming back to the land of their childhood and youth. Not only were they looking for land, but for their own native land, after years of absence. What feelings, what emotions must have been theirs when Ireland came into sight above the horizon. What a flood of early recollections and fond memories must have flashed upon them. I can, in some manner, appreciate their feelings, when I recall with what emotions I first looked upon Ireland, as an entire stranger moved only by compassion for her misery and indignation toward her unjust rulers.

Toward evening we passed Tory Island, and as we did so the news was flashed under the water that the *Ethiopia* had arrived.

But during the voyage we had gone northward as well as eastward until, as we passed around the north of Ireland, we saw the North Star high in the heavens, and the sun go down at fifteen minutes before nine o'clock. Following the sunset was a long bright twilight. The 21st day of June being the longest day of summer, in that latitude there was only thirty minutes darkness between the close of the evening and the breaking of the morning twilight. The day was also that on which the Queen's jubilee was celebrated, and as we passed along the coast we saw many bonfires and illuminations. Along that coast of Ireland there are few "Home Rulers." It is the county of Ulster, and the people are very loyal to the Queen's government. The population is largely Protestant, and in that county the question takes on more of a religious than a political aspect. As we approached Moville, the large bonfires in honor of the 50th anniversary of the Queen's accession to the throne, were very



LONDONDERRY.

numerous. Here a tug or "lighter" came out to meet us, the harbor being too shallow to admit our boat. Many of the passengers left us here, the baggage was lowered, good-byes were said, and amid cheers for the American flag at our mast head, the lighter put off and we steamed away for Glasgow. In the morning we found our boat in the Clyde river not far from the city. We steamed up the river between banks teeming with busy life and natural beauty, with both the British and American flags flung to the breeze—the American flag being raised through courtesy to the passengers. Seldom on the water among the shipping, or elsewhere on the seas, do we find our flag at the mast head except as a matter of courtesy. We have no navy worthy the name, to display it, and few steam-ship lines to carry it. As we went up the Clyde, the busy hum of industry, the building of large ships, the ring of hammers, greeted us at every turn. It is almost one continual ship yard from its mouth to Glasgow, interspersed with elegant country seats and well kept estates. At last we reached the company's docks, stepped off, and once more stood upon land in "bonnie Scotland." Having had our trunks and luggage examined at the dock, by the custom-house officer, we were permitted to pass out and at once drove to the George Hotel, were assigned to our rooms, looked upon the customs and manners of a strange people, and began to realize that the broad ocean rolled between us and the best and fairest and most progressive land on the face of the earth.

Chapter 2.

Glasgow—The Cathedral, The Necropolis, The University.

Glasgow is a city of over 500,000 population, and is the third in size in the United Kingdom. Though it is a great commercial center and an extensive manufacturing city, it lacks that hurry and energy and feverish excitement characteristic of all large American cities. In fact, this is true of all or at least most of European cities.

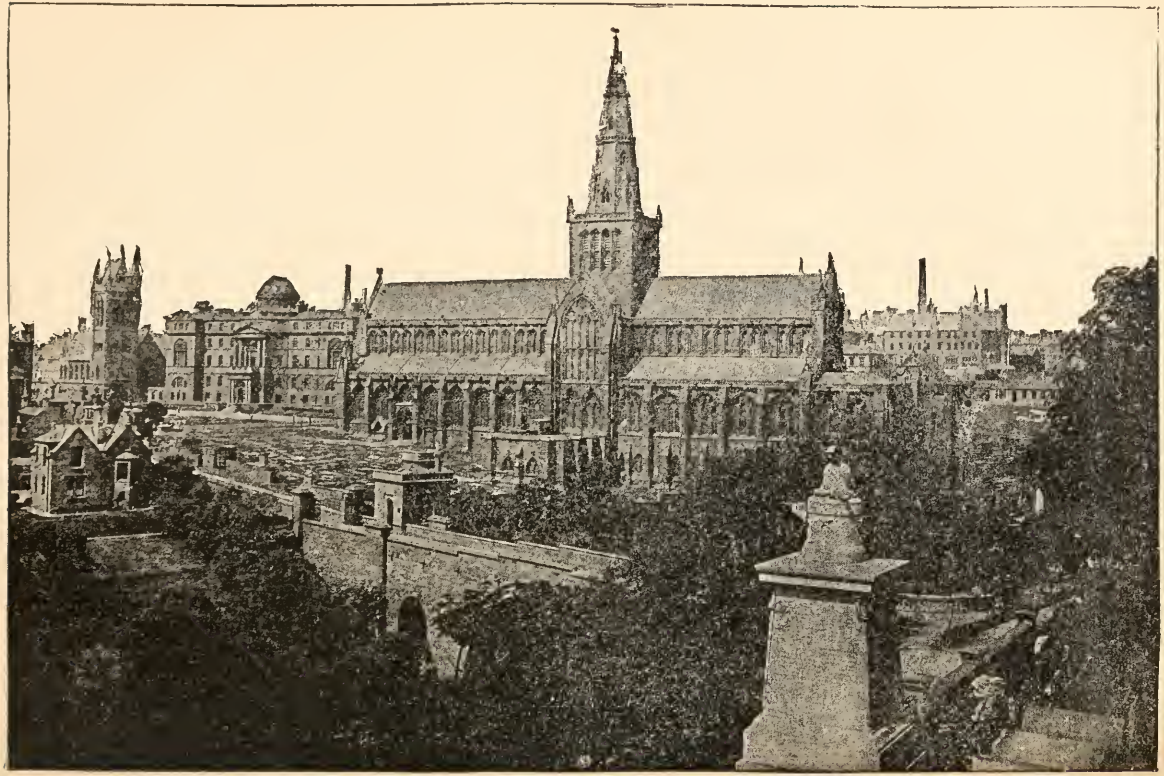
On the streets beggars are numerous, idlers abound on every corner, and bare-footed and bare-headed women of all ages may be seen carrying heavy burdens or loitering along, after having completed some heavy task. The buildings are chiefly stone or brick, stuccoed to resemble stone. I did not see a frame building in the city. A peculiarity that immediately attracts the attention of the American is the chimney pot. Gaining some high point where any considerable portion of the city is below the observer, such as the Necropolis or University, he sees a perfect forest of chimneys with from one to a half dozen of these earthen pots at their tops. There is a great sameness in the style of the houses, being all square or rectangular, with gables toward the streets. The streets are generally narrow and winding, though many are wide and beautiful, and all are paved with hard stone, and much better in width and straightness than in the continental cities.

Order on the streets at night is not good. You may yell and shout at the top of your voice, and not be molested. Many women of questionable character promenade the most public thoroughfares and are secure from molestation by police.

The street railways are called "tramways," and the cars, as well as the omnibuses, have seats on the top which are reached by a winding iron stairway from the platform below. The fare on these cars is regulated by the distance, instead of by the trip as on our horse cars, and the seats on top are cheaper than those inside of the car. It is not uncommon to see the top heavily loaded with passengers while the inside is entirely empty. On the top of these cars is a splendid place to ride for observation. The places of business along the streets are called "shops," and are usually closed at five oclock in the evening and reopened beween eight and nine o'clock the next morning. The George Hotel at which we stopped, is north of the St. George's Square. The square is chiefly remarkable for the great number of statues and monuments of celebrated men. The most noticeable of these is the statue of Sir Walter Scott. The first object of interest is the Glasgow Cathedral, situated at the northeast part of the city near the Necropolis from which it is separated by the Molendinar Burn, a small stream across which is a long stone bridge, called the Bridge of Sighs. The cathedral is said to have been founded about 601, A. D., by St. Mungo, and was restored by King David 1., in the 12th century. The architecture is one of the finest examples of early English or undecorated Gothic and is peculiarly interesting as being one of the only two ecclesiastical edifices that es-

caped the fury of the Reformation, and has come down to the present in its original state. Many of the historic events of Scotland are associated with the church, and here Cromwell, when in Glasgow, attended service and heard the fiery Presbyterian divine preach boldly against him and his followers.

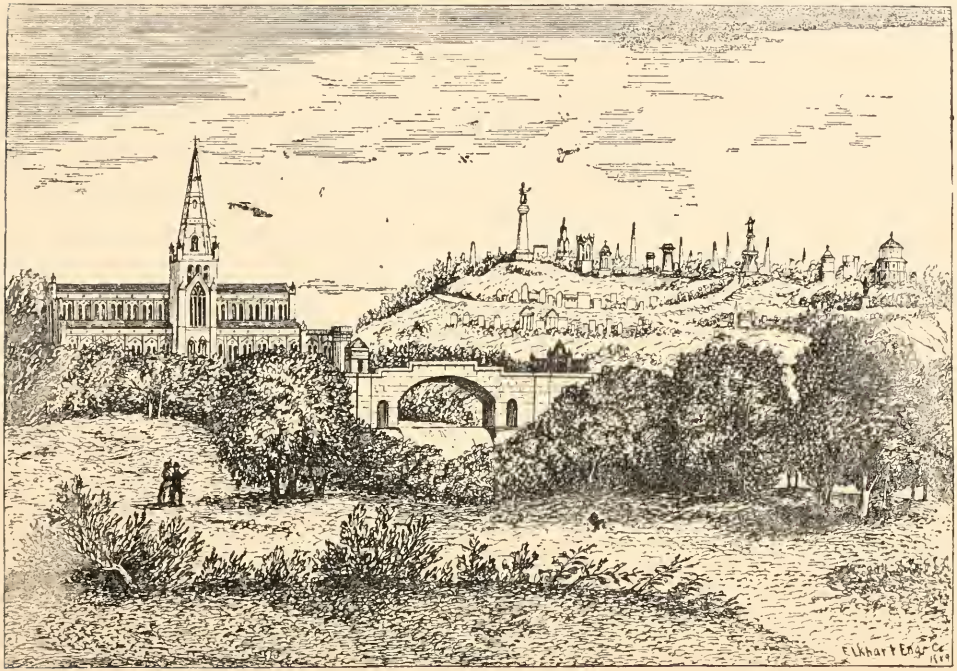
The fine windows, especially those behind the choir and in the nave, attract attention. That in the east end was presented by Her Majesty, Queen Victoria, at a cost of over $10,000. To the architect, the church is a delightful study. The gorgoils, or water spouts, consisting of a "monstrous mouth, on the lower jaw of which a grotesque face is sculptured in bas-relief" claim the notice of all visitors. So proud of this church have the citizens of Glasgow ever been, that on different occasions they have been in arms to protect it from demolition by the magistrates during the Reformation, as also on another occasion when the magistrates had determined to tear it down and with the material build several small churches for the convenience of the people. In "Rob Roy" will be found Scott's description of one of these events. The chapter house, the choir and the crypt all deserve attention. "It is in the interior however, that the true dignity and elegance of the original design is conspicuously manifested. The vast length of the vista, formed by the nave and the choir, with the lofty vault overhead; the lines of beautifully clustered columns and arches on each hand; and the large and beautiful window that casts its light down from behind the choir; all contribute to produce upon the spectator an overpowering impression of solemnity and magnificence." Its length is 319 feet, and it contains 147 clustered columns, and 159 windows of great beauty. Around



GLASGOW CATHEDRAL.

the cathedral is a church yard; large flat stones laid horizontally over the grave, mark the last resting place of the departed. Around many of the graves are iron fences or grates which entirely enclose the graves, and are securely locked. These are pointed out as the remains of a time when body stealing was so common that such a precaution was necessary to prevent the theft of the interred. Passing along a path on the south side of the cathedral, and crossing the Bridge of Sighs the visitor finds himself within the Necropolis. It is just to the east of the church and on a high hill overlooking the city. From the entrance ornamental paths lead in different directions; the sides of the hill covered with monuments of almost every design, clusters of shrubs, patches of green grass and beds of flowers lining the paths, present an appearance grotesque and oriental in the extreme. On the top of the hill is a monument to John Knox, and from this point the visitor sees the city below him, and stretching away to the south and west like a vast forest of chimneys. Descending and retracing my steps, I find myself again mounted on the top of a street car, and alight near Kelvin grove park, across which I walk, cross a little stream of water, ascend another hill, walk along a beautiful drive lined with shrubbery, pass through a huge iron gateway, and stand upon the beautiful and well kept grounds of the University. The buildings are large and massive; the architecture early English, with open courts, squares and quadrangles. It was founded 437 years ago, by the Scottish Government. The present buildings are new and entirely of stone. There are fifty-nine professors and assistants, 2,300 students, and departments of arts, science, theology, medicine and Scot-

tish law. The salaries of professors are provided by endowment, and are increased by fees. Some professors receive as high as $10,000 per year. The present buildings cost nearly four millions of dollars. The library contains 370,000 volumes.



THE CATHEDRAL AND THE NECROPOLIS, GLASGOW.

Chapter 3.

Customs, Hotels, Railroads.

In many ways we are constantly reminded that we are strangers. Many of the expressions are new, and are constantly getting us into trouble. I want to find a book store, and am sent to the railway station. On arriving there, I ask a policeman where the book store is, and he asks me in return if I want to store away some books. But when he understands finally, that I want to buy a book, "Oh," he says, "a book stall," and directs me to what any civilized person calls a book store. I suppose, in Glasgow, not all book stores are at the railway stations, but this one was. We also hear and note the expression "beg pardon," which with its peculiar inflection is used exactly as we use the interrogative "what." We are at once known as Americans. I do not remember that anywhere during the trip, we were mistaken for English. So distinct are the manners, speech and dress of the American, that he is invariably known. In this respect he may be said to be "*sui generis*." One day in a shop we noticed that the shop girl was greatly amused at some expression used by us, and she began at once to talk about America. When asked how she knew us to be Americans, she replied, that she could recognize an American at once. "Look there," she said, "across the

way are three Yankee girls." We looked and there were three of the ladies of our own party.

Upon one occasion, while on my way to visit the Kew Gardens, London, the driver stopped to change horses, I dismounted from the top of the conveyance and entered a bar and asked the bar-maid for a lemonade. She set out a bottle of something that resembled "pop" with a lemon flavor. I told her that what I wanted was the juice of a lemon, some sugar and water well shaken up. "O," she said, "you want a lemon squash". She made me a lemonade and was about to put some wine into it, when I told her I wanted it plain. She looked at me, as if suprised, and said: "Is that the kind of drinks you have in America?" Now let it be remembered that not one word had passed between us but the conversation detailed above, and yet she knew as well that I was an American as if I had announced the fact upon entering the door.

In many respects the traveler finds the manners, customs and institutions of Europe disappointing. In means of transportation and hotels, this is especially true. The latter are seldom provided with elevators, which an American deems an essential feature of any good hotel. But there, you must climb a flight of stairs to the fourth or fifth floor to gain your room. And often after coming back from a long day's tramp, over the hard pavements of streets, through galleries and museums, very hungry and very tired, we fervently wish that we had an American elevator to carry us up the weary flight of steps leading to our room. In your room, you invariably get a tallow candle for a light. There is no exception to this rule, so far as my own experience can testify. Of course

in such hotels as the Grand or the Langham, in London, one finds all the modern conveniences, but I speak of the average hotels; and it is always charged as an extra in the bill. On the continent, the same is true as to soap. It is not furnished except when ordered, as the guest is expected to carry a cake of soap of his own. And when ordered, it becomes like everything else, an extra item in the bill.

The doors are provided with huge locks and great iron keys, which one might imagine had come down from some Mediæval prison. A heavy iron chain, a little lighter, sometimes, than an ordinary log chain, is frequently seen, which is used to draw across the door at night to make it more secure. That such cumbrous affairs appear odd to the American, who is familiar only with the small locks and keys of excellent workmanship to be found at home, may be readily imagined. The maids invariably dress in black and wear a white cap, while the waiters, invariably men, dress in broadcloth and wear dress coats, and look as if about to go out to some fashionable entertainment, and all seem to expect a munificent fee for the slightest possible service. If there is anything known to civilization more detestable than the "tipping system" of Europe, the writer is not aware of it. Being out until eleven or twelve o'clock at night, when you return you find the entrance closed by heavy wooden doors, which seem to be copied from the port-cullis of their ancient castles. To get in you must ring a bell, if you can find it without hunting up a policeman to show you where it is. This brings down a sleepy attendant who lazily asks you the number of your room before he will admit you. If you have forgotten it or failed to ascertain

it previously, you may stay out all night, unless you are disposed to bribe the servant with a sixpence or two. This of course you do, and as you ascend to your room, you compare the system with that of America, with the result, that if expressed in language, would generally be more emphatic than elegant. When you come down in the morning, unless you have ordered something extra, a plain breakfast is set before you. A plain breakfast consists of coffee, bread and honey; then follows at about one o'clock, "lunch," and "dinner" in the evening. But you can take your meals "*a la carte*," in which case you order what you desire. But of one thing you may be certain always, the waiter will take his own time in serving you, regardless of your necessity for haste. On the continent you can seldom find the proprietor of a hotel. A woman, almost without exception, has charge of the establishment. and with her you make your bargain and settle your bill. Then there is another important person, the "*portier*." His business is to give you information about everything you want to know. He is gorgeously uniformed, and his clothes are decorated with the brightest of shiny brass buttons. His salary is paid by the guests in the way of fees.

The railways are even more unsatisfactory than the hotels. They are not built into the city on the surface, but are either under ground or on bridges. A two-story station at which one can take a train from either floor is a curiosity to the American. But such a depot is to be found in Glasgow, and from which our party of "tramps" left the city. The average road is laid on a bed of unusual solidity and excellence. The ballast consists of stone in most part. Usually there is a double track. The rail is

not spiked to the tie as on our roads, but is held in an iron bracket by means of a wedge and the bracket is bolted to the tie. In the matter of construction, the road bed is superior to our system. The highway seldom crosses a railroad track on the same level. The road either crosses over a stone bridge, or under through a tunnel lined with stone. I only noticed one place in Scotland, where, at the crossing, the highway and railroad were on the same level, and at that place the crossing was guarded with gates. The crossing of the different railways is on the same plan. Although so well constructed, the service on these roads is not good. The trains move quite slowly. The locomotives are very small compared with ours, and have no "cow catcher" and but very few have any cab for the engineer and fireman, who usually stand on a platform in the open air, in all sorts of weather. The freight car is quite small, resting on only four wheels, which is also true of most passenger cars. The passenger car is divided by partitions across the car from side to side, with a seat along the side of the partition. In this way a car is divided into six or eight compartments, with two seats facing each other in each compartment. Thus, if a compartment is full, one-half of the passengers must ride backwards. There is no escape from it. The door is at the side of the car, being one for each compartment; thus there are from six to eight doors on each side of the car. It is impossible to go from one compartment to another when the train is in motion. There is no bell rope with which to signal to the engineer. The depots are usually large and built of stone or brick. The track is covered at the station, and frequently there is a building on each side, with

the track between, and a roof spanning the space. The passenger is not allowed to cross the track, but must go over on a bridge or under through a tunnel from one side to the other. On the continent many of the depots are within the protection of the guns of some large fortification. There is no conductor in our sense of the term, but there are several "guards." Usually the passenger can not gain admittance to the inside, unless he has purchased his ticket; this he shows to a guard who permits him to pass in. When the train has arrived, and the guards have passed along and opened all the doors, and the passengers have alighted, then he is permitted to enter. When the train is about to start the guards close and fasten the doors, and he finds himself shut into a little room about five by ten feet in size. There is no water, no stove, no closet —in fact, no conveniences whatever. In the winter the passenger must carry wraps enough to keep him warm, though sometimes a can of hot water is put into the car to keep the feet warm. When he alights he must give up his ticket to a guard before he can pass out of the depot, though this custom is more general on the continent than in Scotland. On some roads there are first, second and third class compartments, and on others only first and third. A few sleeping cars after the American plan are used. But their usual sleeping car, though only made to accommodate four persons, is more convenient than ours. The car is of the ordinary size with a hall through the middle from side to side. By this means two convenient rooms are made, one in each end of the car. These are entered from a hall, and the hall is entered from the side of the car. A berth is constructed on each side of these two rooms, making four

berths in all. The passenger thus has ample room to dress and arrange his toilet. The guards are even more gruff and uncivil than American conductors, which all will admit is quite unnecessary. And on some of the continental roads they are almost brutal in their incivility. At some German stations it is amusing to see the ostentation of the officers. The train being about to start, the head guard blows a shrill little whistle, which resembles our police whistle, the engineer responds with a blast from the locomotive whistle and rings the bell, then the station master rings a bell on the side of the depot, then the guard blows his police whistle again, and the train begins to move away. Such is the brief and necessarily imperfect description of the railways of Europe.

Chapter 4.

Loch Lomond, Loch Katrine, The Trossachs.

But it soon became evident that if we were to do any "tramping" we must quit Glasgow. Accordingly, one bright June morning we found ourselves entering a compartment of a car on the North British Railway, and shortly afterward the train was rumbling along through a dark tunnel until the limits of the city were reached, and then through a beautiful and well kept country, with here and there a busy town, and an elegant country home with its parks and grounds. The railway is extremely crooked; we rushed past mills, and factories and ship-yards; flew along in sight of the Clyde, upon whose water we saw many a craft, and a great ocean ship steaming toward Glasgow. Soon Dumbarton Castle, built upon a huge rock, which measures one mile around, and 560 feet in height, appears in view, and the road turns suddenly to the right, following the Leven to Loch Lomond. The simple minded peasants will point out the huge rock and tell you in all sincerity, that Satan threw it at St. Patrick, and that it fell into the river where it now is. As we leave the Clyde the ground becomes more broken and hilly; the gentle ascents are covered with parks of trees and shrubs, and ruins of old stone houses, and stone fences covered with ivy. The sun shines bright and clear over all; the birds chirp and flit from shrub to tree;

DUMBARTON CASTLE AND PIER.

a gentle wind dallies with the leaves of lovely green, the whole, for miles, presenting a rare scene of continued loveliness. Two old castles, not far apart, suddenly come into view with their stone towers, and turrets, and battlements, and ivy-grown sides. Scarcely have we realized the beauty of this scene, when the train stops along side the little steamer on Loch Lomond at Balloch. We are now at the entrance to the loveliness and romantic beauties of "bonny Scotland." In this part of Scotland, the mountain lakes whose surfaces shine "like burnished sheets of living gold," and the heather covered hills, and crystal streams and showery cascades, present a strange mixture of wildness and loveliness, and sweetness to be found nowhere else.

We pass from the cars to the boat, and are soon moving off over the smooth water of the Lake. Loch Lomond is a long and comparatively narrow lake, being about twenty-six miles in length and about five miles in width at the widest place. Its greatest width is at the south end, and it quickly narrows; islands are scattered about with old ruins upon them; beautiful residences line its shores; castles and country "halls" further back; but soon the mountains rise abruptly from the water's edge to the height of a thousand to three thousand feet. The water is clear, the banks green with foliage, the hills brown with the unblossomed heather, and many a glen opens into the mountains.

As the boat glides along, swinging around islands, shooting through narrow passages between projecting points of land, into wider spaces of sparkling water, a new view, a more beautiful scene constantly appearing, the lake presents a perpetual series of surprises and

delights. "It blends together in one scene a greater variety of the elements which we admire in lake scenery, than any other Scottish loch." We pass the village of Russ and soon, Ben Lomond, the highest peak in Scotland. Ben Arthur, but little lower, also guards the lake. Glen Douglas is passed on the left; Rob Roy's prison on the right, and now we are approaching Inversnaid where we land. Opposite this place, is the island on which is the ruined castle, once the home of the MacFarlanes. As we alight, we see a picturesque waterfall on our right, that comes tumbling down from the mountain, breaking and dashing into spray as if in a perfect abandonment of joy. A greater interest attaches to it from the fact that here Wordsworth met his Highland girl. And though we met no Highland lass, we can say with the poet:

"Now thanks to Heaven, that of its grace
Hath led me to this lovely place.
Joy have I had, and going hence,
I bear away my recompense."

At this place, according to the itinerary, we were to begin our "tramping." The path, or rather highway, leads from Inversnaid to Stronachlacher on Loch Katrine and climbs over the mountains between the two places. It was a beautiful day for a walk, the sky clear, the sun bright, the grass and foliage green. But like Mark Twain, at the last moment, "for private reasons we changed our minds and took carriages." While these were preparing, we scrambled up the hill to the top of the cascade, and then up steps, over rocks, along paths lined with underbrush and carpeted by nature with designs and hues and patterns never rivaled by art; we toiled on, gathering rare botanical specimens and examining the

The Falls at Inversnaid.

curious strata of the rocks, until we emerged upon the road several hundred feet above the starting point, but almost directly over it. A pretty picture it was, as we sat there on rocks and patches of grass, and stumps of trees, each in a place of his own choice, the ladies in their picturesque "tramping suits," the white and winding road on one side, and the rugged hill at the other, dropping away in ridges and terraces to the beautiful lake below.

> "And those gray rocks; that household lawn,
> Those trees, a vail just half withdrawn,
> This fall of water that doth make
> A murmur near the silent lake."

Here we awaited the arrival of the carriages which were to take us to Lake Katrine. Nor did we wait long. Soon they came, and we mounted upon the high seats, and a more joyous or happier party never rode across those beautiful hills. The road is McAdamized, about twenty feet wide, hard and smooth as a floor, and winds around like a great serpent through and over the highlands.

Here, on the left is a high peak, rugged and almost bare of vegetation; there, on the right is a rolling valley a quarter of a mile wide, flanked with huge peaks and rocky sides. A few sheep wander over the valley, and climb the hills in search of food. On the right we pass the ruins of the stone house, which was the home of Rob Roy and Helen Macgregor. A little lake on the same side reflects back the sun's rays like a mirror. A little stream winds along and the road follows it; passes a few stone houses and stables and sheep pens, winds over rolling

ground, reaches the summit of the "divide," begins a rapid descent, passes piles of peet, dug and drying in the sun, sweeps around the base of a huge peak and the waters of Lake Katrine burst upon or sight, like a diamond set in emeralds.

Almost before we realize that the beauties of the drive are behind us, we are descending from our seats in front of the Stronachlacher Hotel, with the beautiful waters of Lake Katrine spread before us. From this lake Glasgow gets her water supply. Scott has made it famous in the "Lady of the Lake," and its beauties deserve all that has been said and sung of it. Riding its entire length, the beautiful scenery seems floating by one. At the eastern end is "Ellen's Isle," which any reader of Scott could at once point out from his description. In shape, in size, in the closely growing and low hanging foliage that fringes its edges and drops into the water, in every way the poet has caught the beauty and richness of its position and surroundings. As I passed it, I almost imagined I could see through the wall of verdure to the chieftain's ideal abode, and hear the clinking sound of broadswords. But while lost in contemplation of the beauty of the isle and the memories it awakens, the boat glides on and stops at the landing at the entrance to the "Trossachs." Here again we take wagons over the winding mountain road, lined with forest trees, and flanked by huge gray hills, with here and there glimpses of heathery dells, from any one of which we might imagine that the stag started up from his "heathery couch" at the deer

ELLEN'S ISLE, LOCH KATRINE.

hound's distant bay, in Scott's beautiful description of the "Chase."

The scenery in the "Trossachs," is weird, wild, grand. On our left is the mountain on which the huntsman lost his "noble gray," and further on, we pass on the right, Loch Achray, across which the stag swam. This is the scenery so dearly loved and so eloquently described by Sir Walter Scott, and almost every object seems to call forth some forgotten couplet of his poems. It is little wonder that he wrote poetry. Born in Edinburgh, reared on the border, where he early became imbued with the tastes of border warfare and the romances of his island home; placed amid the grand and rugged beauties of the Highlands, at a time when his heart was most susceptible to the influence of nature; a mind as powerful in exercise as it was delicate in conception, he was born a poet, and developed by his favorable surroundings. Among these hills, along these lakes, one seems to breath in inspiration with every breath of this entrancing atmosphere. We take our dinner at the Trossachs hotel, a large stone structure with towers and battlements. Then we go on around Loch Achray, climb the hills again, see the towering heads of Ben Voirlich and Ben Venue, look upon the smooth surface of Loch Vennacher and in the distance, almost at the effluence of the latter, is Coilantogal Ford, the scene of the fight between Fitz James and Roderick Dhu.

On we go, along the winding road, scaling the spur of the mountain on our right, through a beautiful glen,

along the edge of a high cliff, looking down upon a beautiful lake, and then down a rapid descent to the village of Aberfoyle. Here is a railway leading out to the main line to Edinburgh. We are just in time for an outgoing train, and soon we are on our way to Stirling.

"WHERE TWINES THE PATH," IN THE TROSSACHS.

Chapter 5.

Stirling, Edinburgh, Holy Rood.

The first object to be visited at Stirling is the castle. From the depot we walked through the streets of the town, turned to the left of Grayfriar's church in which John Knox preached the coronation sermon of James VI, passed through the church yard to the high rock, where in the days of chivalry, the ladies sat to witness the tournaments of their knights, from which a most delightful view is obtained; descended and passed into the castle yard, climbed a long flight of stone steps, and found ourselves upon the esplanade, or drill ground. We crossed the moat by means of the draw bridge, passed under the ancient portcullis, and stood within the first court yard of the castle. The walls of the castle enclose about eleven acres of ground, and the rock upon which the castle stands is 340 feet above the surrounding plains.

This rock was used as a place of defense as early as 80, A. D.; the castle is of ancient origin though most of it was erected by James III, whose tomb is at Cambuskenneth Abbey, about a half mile away. The Palace, the Parliament Buildings, and the Chapel Royal are the

most noticeable, though the Douglas Room in the upper square, is the most interesting, as being the spot where James II assassinated the Earl of Douglas. In this room is the communion table and pulpit of John Knox. Aside from the fine view, which includes some half-dozen or more battle fields, the most celebrated of which is the field of Bannockburn, the chief interest of the castle is its intimate association with the history of the Stuart family. James II was born here, James III, and James IV resided here, James V was born and crowned in the castle; Queen Mary was here crowned, as also was James IV. The student of Scottish history will tread its pavements and survey its walls and towers and battlements, see its scenery and location and study its parts with interest and emotion. He will look at the Grampian hills at the west where Ben Lomond, Ben Ledi, Ben Voirlich and Ben Venue stand like sentinels; he will see at the north the Ochil hills, and to the eastward, as if watching all the rest, Arthur's Seat towers aloft. It has been pronounced the finest view in Scotland. Reluctantly I turned away from Stirling Castle to make a night journey to Edinburgh, the ancient capital of the Scots. And as we moved away that June evening there came to my mind Scott's words:

"It was a night of lovely June,
High rode in cloudless blue the moon,
Demayet smiled beneath her ray;
Old Stirling's towers arose in light,
And, twined in links of silver bright
Her winding river lay."

Edinburgh is two cities in one. The old city lies south; and the new, north of a deep ravine, which was at one time a long narrow lake. From the depot of the North British railway, the traveler ascends a long flight of steps and emerges upon a long, narrow street leading north to Princess street in the "new" city, and intersects the latter street a short distance east of the Scott monument. Almost opposite the monument stands the New Waverly hotel, at which the "tramps" stopped during their stay in this ancient capital of the Scots. On a piece of ground on the level of Princess street and extending from north to south across the ravine, stands the museum and picture gallery, both of which attract the attention of the stranger by the beauty of their architecture, and both are worth a visit. To the south-west from the hotel, is seen the castle, perched upon a huge rock several hundred feet high, her grim and ancient walls frowning upon the city beneath. On a bright June morning, when all nature seemed to rejoice in the consciousness of her own loveliness—the sun shining brightly, the air cool and invigorating, the sleepy city resting in a sort of happy indolence; our spirits boyant; half intoxicated by the novelty and strangeness of the scenes around us, we walked down Princess street, crossed the ravine, near the museum, and began to climb to the old castle above. We had not been long in Europe yet, and castles were a novelty. Had it been later on, I am disposed to think that many who climbed that hill that morning, would have devoted the time to something else. But after a hard climb,

over stone pavements, through winding and crooked streets, we reached the esplanade, now a drill ground, where a regiment of Brittish troops were drilling. The troops belonged to one of the famous Highland regiments, and were all dressed in the peculiar Highland costume. We passed over the moat by means of the draw bridge, walked through the gateway under the ancient portcullis and began the tour of the castle. This, like most of the old castles of Scotland and England, is used as barracks for soldiers of the Brittish army. The castle is larger than Stirling, but does not enclose as much ground. The rock upon which it stands is five hundred feet above the sea level, and from the castle is a splendid view of the city and surrounding country. To the north lies the new city, laid out in squares and crescents, well built; fine streets and elegant public buildings; while further to the north can be seen several colleges and hospitals and other charitable institutions. Nearer is St. Mary's Episcopal cathedral, a fine building which can not fail to attract attention. At the base of the rock, and between it and the new city, is a beautiful garden, occupying the bottom of a former lake. The castle is strongly built, in a commanding position, and seems to be almost impregnable, but it could not hold out long against the modern engines of war. One of the most interesting things in the castle is an old gun, forged at Mons in 1486, and used at the siege of Norham castle in 1497. In 1754 it was taken to the Tower, at London, but was restored to Edinburgh in 1829 by His Majesty, George IV, at the solicitation of Sir Walter Scott. The most noticeable feature of the gun, however, is its construction. It is

HOLYROOD PALACE AND ARTHUR'S SEAT, EDINBURGH.

made of iron staves which are bound together by iron bands, upon the same principle of our most improved modern cannon. The balls which were used for this gun were hewed out of stone, several of which lie beside it. This is the highest part of the castle, and here stands a chapel built more than 700 years ago in which Queen Margaret worshiped. At the south of the royal court stands the ancient parliament house; at the east is the palace of the royal ladies and gentleman of Scotland; at the west, the building for the maids and men of the courtiers and ladies. The buildings are grand and massive. In this castle, Mary, the mother of Mary Queen of Scots died. Here also was Mary Queen of Scots imprisoned for eleven months, and here the two young Earls of Douglas were betrayed and murdered at the "blank banquet." To the east is seen Arthur's Seat, at the base of which is Holy Rood Palace where lived the unfortunate Mary and her jealous husband, Lord Darnley. Leaving the castle, we go down the cannon gate; visit John Knox's church and house; see the "heart of Midlothian;" stand by the square brass plate in the pavement which is said to mark the resting place of Knox; and walk on down the street which every few blocks changes its name to something else; go into a close here and there, pass the "White Horse Inn," formerly the most celebrated Inn in Scotland, and finally arrive in front of the Holy Rood Palace. The ruins of the Abbey still stand connected with the palace at the north-east angle. In the Abbey were married many of the Stuarts; and some of them before the union, were crowned here. Mary and Lord Darnley were married in this Abbey. By order of her majesty, Queen Virtoria, the historical apartments are thrown open

to the public under certain restrictions. The picture gallery, containing many of the portraits of Scotland's rulers, the apartments of Mary and Darnley and the ruins of the Abbey are the most interesting parts, on account of their great historic associations. Here in Mary's private chamber, while at supper with her, Rizzio, the Italian, was assassinated by Darnley, who with his fellow murderers had concealed themselves in the narrow private stairway leading to Mary's apartments. The guides show some dark stains in the floor which they tell you is made by Rizzio's blood. The tapestry still hangs as it did when used by Mary; much of the furniture used by her, such as the chairs and beds are kept in these apartments just as Mary left them.

A little to the north-west of the palace is the Necropolis and the unfinished Parthenon. Between the palace and the Necropolis stands the magnificent monument to Robert Burns. Across the street, and a little west of the monument is the high school where Scott is said to have developed a greater propensity for telling stories than earning lessons. The buildings of Edinburgh University are not handsome, though large. They are in the midst of the old city, with no grounds around them and in comparison with Glasgow university, are quite ordinary. But I suppose buildings, though very desirable, do not constitute a university. The manners and customs of the people in Edinburgh are not different from those of other Scottish cities.

Pictures and books are dearer than with us; railroad fares and living expenses are about the same. Clothing and gents' furnishing goods are but little cheaper, if any,

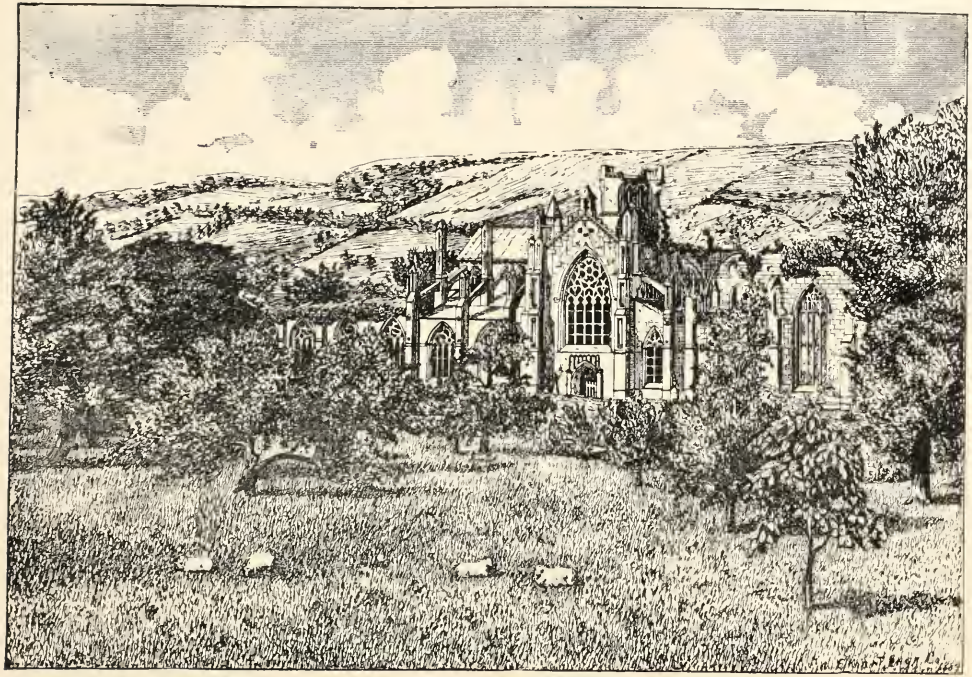
than in the United States. Here as everywhere else on that side of the ocean, everybody wants a fee.

At last we are ready to say good-bye to Edinburgh. We take a special car and roll away enroute to Melrose. The road, like all others in Scotland, is exceedingly crooked; the country hilly and beautiful, devoted largely to grazing. On the right we passed the ruins of an old hall, moss and ivy grown, which reminded me of Bertram Hall, the home of the Laird of Ellangowan, as described by Scott. As we approached Melrose memories of Scott come to me as I realize that I am now in the precints of the life and labors of the immortal bard.

Chapter 6.

Melrose, Abbotsford, Dryburgh.

Melrose is a town of about 2,000 inhabitants. The houses are of stone, the streets are narrow and winding. Desiring to go to the post-office, I found it by going down an alley between high stone walls, passing through a gate and entering the back door of a private residence. We go to the Abbey Hotel and are assigned to a pleasant room on the east side of the hotel, overlooking the church yard and the Abbey. It is a fine old ruin. The hotel is a rambling old house of stone, pleasant and quaint. The country round about is rolling and hilly and very beautiful. Throughout the town and around the Abbey an almost unbroken stillness reigns. The song of birds interrupted by the occasional caw of a rook is the only sound I hear as I write. Everything I look at seems to embody forth a reminiscence of Sir Walter. The Abbey is an interesting and melancholy sight. Birds fly through the grand old windows; around the crumbling towers, and under the ruined archways, unconscious that this old pile is hallowed by associations, and immortalized in song. It is built of very hard stone, and where it still stands it is plain and clearly cut, many parts being not affected by the elements and time, and showing excellent workmanship. A noticeable feature is that no two capitals are alike. The ruin is caused by the wanton destruction on the part of the people, nearly



THE RUINS OF MELROSE ABBEY.

half of the entire structure having been torn down and the stone used in building houses. Over a part of the ruins grow bushes, grass and moss. In some places on the roof and tops of walls a large amount of soil has accumulated merely from decay and dust, being nearly eighteen inches thick, with plants and bushes growing there, the seed of which was probably carried there by the birds. On the north side of the nave are the marks of Cromwell's cannon balls. Intimately associated with the Abbey is Scott's "Lay of the Last Minstrel." As one stands within the grand and gloomy walls, the scenes and incidents of the Minstrel pass before him like a panorama. Here is a small postern gate through which William of Deloraine entered on his midnight visit to the wizard, Michael Scott. There is the aged monk's stone cell, here the broad stone over the wizard, upon which fell the "Cross of red." Such a spell has Scott's tale of the wizard created, that many of the simple folks, if out at night, constantly expect to see the wizard; and the children of the entire town are always safely within doors at the first approach of darkness. Near the center of the intersection of the nave and transept is a stone where, it is said, Sir Walter was accustomed to sit for hours, in silent contemplation of the east window and the splendid roof. His own description of it is the best:

"The moon on the east oriel shone
Through slender shafts of shapely stone,
By foliaged tracery combined;
Thou wouldst have thought some fairy's hand
'Twixt poplars straight the osier wand
In many a freakish knot had twined;
Then framed a spell when the work was done
And changed the willow wreaths to stone."

Night is the best time to view the ruins. It was built by David I, of Scotland, or rather under his patronage. The fanaticism of Knox and Henry VIII, caused its destruction. One can scarcely find a prettier picture than the old Abbey, "like some tall rock with lichens gray," nestling in the beautiful valley, bathed in the afternoon sun of a bright June day, the Tweed, like a thread of silver in the fore ground, the Eildon hills in the back ground, here and there through the valley old oak trees that have kept guard over the Abbey for centuries.

We climbed Eildon hills, and standing on the summit, beheld far beneath us and around us a landscape that is worthy the poet's pen or the artist's pencil. The hills are a part of the estate of the Duke of Bucchleuch, whose residence lies on the side opposite the town. The remains of an old Roman wall is seen on this hill, and marks the site of a Roman camp. Some dozen or more villages can be seen, the Tweed can be traced for miles; parks, forests and cultivated fields are intermingled in charming confusion. The residence of the Duke of Roxbury can just be seen in the distance. Ravenwood, the elegant country seat of Admiral Fairfax, presents a delightful appearance.

"And far beneath in lustre wan,
Old Melrose rose, and fair Tweed ran."

At night, sitting at the window of my room, looking at the old and venerable Abbey bathed in a perfect flood of silvery light, the words of Scott occur to me:

"If thou wouldst view fair Melrose aright,
Go visit it by the pale moon-light.
For the gay beams of lightsome day,
Gild but to flout the ruins gray.

When the broken arches are black in night,
And each shafted oriel glimmers white;
When the cold light's uncertain shower
Streams on the ruined central tower;
When buttress and buttress alternately
Seems framed of ebon and ivory,
When Silver edges the imagery—
Then go—but go alone the while,
Then view St. David's ruined pile;
And, home returning soothly swear,
Was never scene so sad and fair."

The visitor to Melrose will hardly leave without seeing Abbotsford, the home of Scott. It lies but a short distance from the town. The way leads through a most delightful country, the road hard and smooth, and as usual about twenty feet wide. It winds around like the course of a small stream. Neat hedges or stone fences, mostly the latter, border the sides. An abundance of roses, which grow to a surprising size, adorn many of the stone fences and house sides. Holly grows at the road side; laburnums adorn the landscape with their peculiar yellow. The plowed fields on the hill sides are a perfect terra cotta in color and afford a delightful contrast to the fresh green fields by their side. All this land on both sides of the road from Abbotsford to Melrose was once the property of Sir Walter Scott. Finally we reach the house. In a pretty valley, nestling close up to the hill on the south, and a green lawn stretching away to "Tweed's fair river broad and deep," lies the house called Abbotsford. It is what any student of Scott's works would expect to find. In almost every respect it is a reproduction of the old feudal castle adapted to modern modes of life, and to more recent social conditions.

It was not built of course, for defense, but it is large, enclosed by stone walls and imitations of all the means of defense to be found in the old castles. It is built of stone, with towers, turrets and battlements. We enter at a postern gate on the east side, traverse a stone walk guarded on either side by high stone walls, and enter the house. Only the rooms on the east side are open to visitors. The remainder of the house is occupied by the present owner, the Hon. Mrs. Maxwell Scott, great grand-daughter of the Baronet. We are first permitted to enter the study. It remains just as the poet left it. In the center stands the table or desk which he used when at his literary labors. Arranged around the wall from the floor to the ceiling are shelves of books covering the entire space except that used for doors and windows. A short flight of steps at the west side of the room ascends to a narrow walk about half way to the top of the room, which renders the higher shelves accessible and also leads to the south east corner to a door that enters the author's bed chamber. In an alcove in the same corner but below the chamber, is a cast of the poet's head taken immediately after his death. From the study we enter the library, a very large room facing the north and overlooking the pleasant grounds, the Tweed, and the beautiful hills beyond. The library consists of 20,000 volumes of books, which now are never touched, except to be occasionally dusted. Every thing in this room, as is true of all others also, remains as the author left it when he died. In the north window stands a case containing many valuable and historical relics; at the west a cabinet presented to Sir Walter by His Majesty, George IV. It is made of ebony and is almost the

exact counterpart of one recently patented in America. Here is also a curiously hand-carved cabinet, which was the property of Sir Walter's father. We next pass into the drawing room. The same furniture of red plush or velvet, and brass trimmings, used by Sir Walter, is yet in this room. The paper on the walls is Chinese hand-painted. The ceiling is painted to resemble the sky with a huge brass sun in the center, from which drops the gas fixture. The windows of this room also overlook the Tweed. Next we pass into the armory. Here are many rare and curious arms, among which are Sir Walter's sword, the sword of Rob Roy, and that of Col. Scott, the Baronet's son. One thing in this room recalls a sad bit of English history. It is the small cross, inlaid with pearl, that the unfortunate Mary, Queen of Scotts, held in her hand at her execution. Hung upon the wall, may be seen the poet's hunting guns, and pictures of his favorite dogs. From the armory we pass into a room that might be called the museum. Of the many rare and curious things collected by Sir Walter and placed in this room, perhaps the most interesting is the chest in which the unsuspecting Genevra perished. All who have read that touching poem will pause with interest before this wooden chest. Here also are two complete suits of armour, one of which was picked up after the battle of Flodden Field, and with it a huge two handed broad sword, in the use of which the Highlanders were so skilled. We now pass out and have seen all that is open to the public. I think Abbotsford is one of the most charming spots in Scotland. A poet's appreciation of the beautiful was manifested by Scott's selection of this place for a home. We leave here with many a lingering

look at the hills, the river, the grounds and the house. We drive to Dryburgh Abbey, where the author is buried. It is one of the most complete ruins in Scotland. But little of the ancient Abbey stands, yet the crumbling walls show its former glory. The monastery partly remains, and the chapter house is in a good state of preservation. The author and poet is buried in the north part of the transept. Many others of his family rest here, among whom are his wife, mother, son and son-in-law. This abbey was founded about 1150, A. D. Not far from the grave of Scott is a yew tree which is known to be seven hundred years old, but to whose real age the "memory of man runneth not back." So much for the historical associations that cluster about quiet Melrose. But did the traveler know nothing about Sir Walter Scott, he would know that here not long ago a man had lived. He would find indisputable traces of one who had lived and loved and elevated those about him, and upon whom he has left the impress of his greatness. The chief characteristic of his greatness was his goodness. The mention of Scott's name, will bring tears to the eyes of many of the old and aged people of this quiet town. They loved him, and their children love his memory. Walter Scott was not a nobleman because he kneeled at the feet of royalty and was dubbed a knight, and received a patent of nobility creating him a baronet, but he was a nobleman because he had a noble character. Let us pray that there may be raised up among us many Sir Walters to leave the impress of their goodness and their wisdom upon the people and the institutions of our land. One characteristic of the people of Melrose must not be omitted because it is so rare. Everybody goes to church

on Sunday morning—even the saloon keeper and his family. There are many churches—all fine stone structures. The established religion is the Presbyterian, but many other denominations are there, and all seem to be of about equal numerical strength. Nowhere else in my life did I ever see such a swarm of people on the way to church on a Sunday morning.

In both Scotland and England, one cannot fail to observe the extent to which oak is used for finishing in buildings. The old houses are, almost without exception, finished with polished oak, which gives a rich appearance to the rooms. Furniture is also made of oak in many instances.

In the towns which are generally visited by tourists, rates at the hotels are exceedingly high in comparison to the cost of food at the shops or stores. In one instance, some of us got a better meal at a bakery for 3d than we had at the hotel for 2s. 6d. In Scotland, during the long summer days, the cows are milked three times a day. The climate is delightfully cool and pleasant. I remember one day when the people were complaining of the heat, that to us it was very pleasant—about such a day as is often experienced at home in the month of May.

Chapter 7.

Cambridge University.

From Melrose to London the railroad is crooked as the roads usually are in Great Britian. Tunnels abound, and the lamps in the cars are kept burning to relieve the darkness of the numerous tunnels. As the train goes southward, the stone houses are gradually replaced with red brick structures. The stone fences give way to neat hedges, and the hills to level or slightly undulating country. Farming becomes more general, though the absence of improved methods and modern machinery is noticeable. Grass is cut with a scythe in a great measure, and occasionally an old wind mill, such as Don Quixote contended with, is seen doing service for the want of better motive power. These mills are really a curiosity to an American who has never seen any other than the neat, trim mill of his own country. In every part of England which I visited, it seemed to be one vast park with neatly trimmed hedges, groves of rare old trees, massive buildings, beautiful gardens of flowers and herbs, pretty streams and delightful roads. The Englishman may well be proud of his native country—but far from justifiable, or even excusable, is any pride of her institutions, or her social or political condition. Along the line of the railway are numerous large manufacturing towns—such towns as Charles Dickens has

faithfully described in "Hard Times." We may well ask ourselves whether the misery and want, the brutal treatment of operatives, the low tide of morals, the ignorance and crime, the necessity for the entire family—husband, mother and children—to go into the mill or the mine, or into the heat of the forge, are the legitimate result of a dense population, and inevitable where a country becomes old and populous? Being on my way to visit the University of Cambridge, I only stay one night in the metropolis of the world, and leave early the next morning for the seat of this ancient institution of learning It had always been my desire to see a real university. But few people, except those who have visited one of the two great universities of England, realize what is meant by the term. There is no similarity between a German and an English university. The latter is a monstrous aggregation of colleges. Yale, Harvard, John's Hopkins and Ann Arbor are modeled more nearly on the German plan than any others. We have no school in America similar to the universities of Cambridge or Oxford. Cambridge consists of seventeen colleges. Each one of these colleges is an entirely distinct and separate school from the other. Each has courses of study covering about the same ground and of about equal value for mental discipline. If, in Indiana, we should take DePauw, Butler, Notre Dame, Wabash Colleges, together with all the other colleges and place them together in the same town, reserving to each its separate and entire control of its own affairs, but giving a general supervision of the general affairs to a board chosen annually from the faculties of the various colleges, we should have precisely an English university, except that it would be quite small in

comparison with either Oxford or Cambridge. So at the latter place each college is a separate and entirely independent corporation. The management of each college is in the hands of a "Master" and a faculty of professors, fellows and tutors. The master corresponds to the president of the American college. Although each college is independent of all the others as to the work done by them, yet all are subject to the higher law of the "university" corporation in the matters of general and common interest to all. The relation of the colleges to each other and to the university, is about the same as the relation of our several states to each other, and to the general government. The nominal head of the university is a chancellor, but the real head is a vice-chancellor. The discipline of all the colleges is vested in proctors, assisted by two professors from each college, the latter having jurisdiction of matters of discipline coming from their respective colleges; the power of the two proctors being nominal merely. The salary of the masters of the various colleges varies, being about $10,000 per year for each; that of the professors is a little less; that of the fellows depend upon the endowment of the fellowships, while the tutors being largely dependant upon fees, often amounts to as much as that of the master. The smallest college at Cambridge is larger it point of buildings, than the largest one in Indiana. The buildings at the university of Notre Dame, Indiana, the largest in the west in point of buildings and grounds, are not as massive and substantial, or as large and numerous as those of St. Peter's college, the smallest one at Cambridge. Some of the colleges are four times as large as St. Peter's, and by keeping in mind this fact and remem-

bering that there are seventeen of them, the reader can form some idea of the size of Cambridge University. I was surprised at the size and magnificence of this university. Besides the college buildings, there are several buildings belonging to the university corporation, just as our state buildings belong to the various states, and our public buildings at Washington belong to the general government. Among these are the university library, the senate building and the museums. Each of the seventeen colleges has its separate library, ranging from 6,000 volumes to 100,000 volumes each, while the university library has 400,000 volumes besides, just as our states have public libraries for each state, and the National library for the general government. The constitution of the university bears a close analogy to our government. It may be called in fact, a "Literary commonwealth." The attendance is about 10,000. The students wear gowns and caps.

These colleges at Cambridge represent a growth covering several centuries. They owe their existence to endowments from rich men and women, to acts of parliament, to donations of England's various monarchs, to the work of the Bishops of the established church and many other sources. To describe the architecture is an impossibility, it being of all kinds, though Italian and perpendicular Gothic prevail. All the college buildings are constructed with quadrangles and courts. The windows in many of the chapels are elegant and very costly. The river runs in the rear of most of the colleges, and the grounds are kept in splendid condition. The most noticeable chapel is at King's college. Its architecture is that known as third pointed or perpendicular Gothic.

"The exterior of this building is very striking and grand; at each angle is a lofty octagonal tower, and on either side are eleven buttresses of four stages, which terminate eleven feet above the battlement in crooked pinnacles; these immense buttresses have, between their lower stages, a series of eighteen small chantries or side chapels which, while they take off the massiveness of the buttresses externally, add also a most interesting and unique internal feature to the edifice. The interior is still more impressive. The vast roof vaulted throughout with exquisit fan tracery; unsustained by a single pillar, the 'dim religious light' shed by richly painted windows and the grand and awful perspective, generally impress the mind of the spectator with a feeling of devotional solemnity almost unearthly." The roof is vaulted in twelve divisions; each vault is supported by a keystone weighing more than a ton. The organ and windows are wonderful. The bellows of the organ is worked by water power; and the paintings of the windows are some of the rarest specimens of English art. Each college has a chapel, but none approach King's in grandeur. Such, in brief, is Cambridge university.

Chapter 8.

Rotterdam, The Hague, "The House in the Woods."

I suppose that for a party of "tramps" we had hardly done the amount of walking that should have been expected of us, but defying criticism, we again took cars for Harwich. Here we are on the shore of the North Sea, our destination, Rotterdam, Holland. Of course we can't walk across the sea, so we embark in a trim little steamer called the "Princess of Wales," which carries us safely to our destination without encountering any of the rough weather so characteristic of this sea.

When we awoke in the morning, the boat was in the river Maas, a passage from the Rhine to the sea. On both sides are dykes, behind which, considerably lower than the surface of the water in the river, is the land which has been reclaimed from the sea by these thrifty Dutch. These lands, once the bottom of the sea, are now quite thickly inhabited. Thriving towns and villages lie along the river; the fields are as flat and level as a floor, and herds of Holstein cattle graze upon them. In these towns windmills are almost entirely used for motive power in the factories and mills. The houses are mostly built of brick, and look old, and as to style are decidedly "Dutch." A superficial examination of our luggage is

made by some custom-house officers, and we are then permitted to go on board a smaller boat which steams on up the river and lands us finally at a dock on the north side of the river. We take street cars, which in Rotterdam, only stop at regular stations, and find ourselves soon at the Market place. It is a small rectangular space surrounded by high buildings; and almost everything imaginable is displayed for sale. Not the least tempting is the fine fruit. The strawberries and cherries were the finest and largest I ever saw. The "tramps" made a rush for the fruit stands, and when we had ascertained the ridiculously low price, we bought in a princely (?) way, in huge quantities, to the astonishment of the bystanders, and the delight of the old women who kept the stands. But we attracted attention. But I think that a crowd of twenty strangers under the same circumstances, would attract attention, even in America. The natives began to gather around and watch us. Even the pretty lady clerks came out of the shops to see the "tramps." This I particularly objected to (my wife was along). However some of the boys did not seem to object in the least. The Dutch evidently thought we were curiosities —rare ones at that. In about ten minutes there must have been two or three hundred people around us, their mouths wide open, their eyes wide with wonder. To be frank about it, I think we were very proper objects to excite astonishment. Remember that in Holland no one ever so far forgets himself as to eat anything on the streets, yet we were very successfully trying to dispose of two or three bushels of berries, more or less, in the most public market place in Rotterdam. A policeman in white pants, a drawn sword in his hands, finally drives

back the crowd; and the lately surrounded tramps march away to the hotel, which happens to be on the opposite side of the square. But the crowd follows. They even get there ahead of us, and form a file on each side, and we march through the avenue thus formed and enter the hotel. One of the most peculiar things on the continent is the size of the beds. Seriously, I think I am within the truth when I say that the beds are no more than two feet wide. Not knowing this, I ordered a room with one bed. Judge my surprise when I see it. Mark Twain says that the beds are so narrow that when one forgets himself and goes to sleep, the cover invariably slides off onto the floor. Mark is right about it. You are expected to lie awake to hold the cover on the bed. Another peculiarity about hotels on the continent is that no soap is ever furnished. You must carry your own if you desire it. This custom, however, I think is founded on good sense and sound hygenic principles, unlike many others. It is superior to our practice in this regard. We had been in the hotel but a few minutes, when a boy appeared with a box of toilet soap, neatly put up, which he wanted to dispose of at a fabulous price per cake. But we had already provided ourselves with soap before leaving America, and we dismissed him with "thanks."

The streets of Rotterdam are very narrow, many of them do not exceed six feet in width. They are so crooked that I can't think of anything with which to compare them. The narrow streets have no sidewalks. Those which are wide have walks at the side varying in width from two to three feet. But they are seldom used for walking upon. They are always obstructed by bales of goods, boxes, crates, and when nothing 'else can be

thought of for which to use them, then you may walk on them. But the inhabitants universally walk in the middle of the streets. Carts and wagons are usually pulled by dogs and women hitched up together, sometimes a man and a dog. But one who has never seen a dog trained to pull carts, can scarcely realize how they will pull, and how angry they become when another dog and cart succeeds in passing them. In many places dogs are used exclusively to draw milk carts. But when later I saw in Germany a woman harnessed to a wagon beside a donkey, the astonishment at seeing them hitched up with a dog somewhat subsided. Now, this is an actual fact that in many places on the continent the traveler can see women thus used at the side of donkeys, dogs and oxen as beasts of burden. It is only the fact that they are hitched up with dogs and oxen that looks queer, for we often see women in America hitched up for life alongside donkeys.

A number of the streets are canals with a narrow sidewalk on each side. Boats are propelled along these canals by means of a long pole. The boatman in the prow thrusts the pole to the bottom, places it against his shoulder and begins to walk toward the rear of the boat, which is thus pushed forward.

The women are generally bareheaded on the streets and wear a peculiar ornament on each side of the head and about the level of the eyes. It resembles a large spiral bed spring, and is usually made of polished brass wires. Many people in Rotterdam speak German. In many of the shops, English speaking clerks are employed. The Dutch are the most incessant smokers I saw in Europe. The principal business is commerce and ship-

building, but everything "is subordinate to coloring meerschaums." The men are boorish and ungallant. I have several times seen a number of them enter a compartment of a railway car, and puff away at their vile cigars and strong pipes in the presence of ladies, until I was nearly choked. Yet the women seem to take it as a matter of course. They have never experienced anything different. It is the custom of the country, and therefore proper. Indeed everywhere on the continent smoking in the presence of ladies, and at dinner between courses, is so common that it is regarded as quite the proper thing to do.

"As flat as Holland," is a simile quite familiar to every reader, and it is a true one. The land is the flattest to be seen anywhere. A ride from Rotterdam to the Hague, reveals many things that to an American are quite curious. First he is amazed at the long, flat stretch of country, all the way as level as a floor. Then he wonders how it is drained. Nowhere does he see a fence. Instead of fences are canals or wide and deep ditches. The land is divided into fields by means of these canals full of water. They serve the double purpose of fences and drains. Bridges that can be drawn back from over the canal take the place of gates. Sometimes the bridge is stationary and a gate is thrown across the bridge. The principal crop is hay. The chief industry of the country is raising Holstein cattle and making cheese. All these ditches and canals lead to larger ones which, in turn, lead to the dykes. But here the water must stop flowing, if it can be said to flow, because it is several feet lower than the water on the other side of the dyke. Hence at convenient intervals along the dyke, huge old-fashioned

windmills are stationed by means of which the water is pumped up over the dyke and into the sea.

The Hague is the capital of the Netherlands, and is laid out irregularly with crooked and narrow streets not at all different from other Dutch towns. The houses in both the Hague and in Rotterdam are generally built of red brick, have tiled roofs, and the fronts of many of them lean forward far over the street. How this peculiarity is accounted for, I could not learn, but some will tell you that they were built that way, others that the soft and yielding ground has settled and caused it. But I am disposed to think that much of it can be attributed to awkward and careless workmanship. Our first object of interest at the Hague was the Royal Palace. We were quite cordially received by the servants, to whom we gave a liberal fee, to show us through the palace, the king and queen being away at their summer residence near Amsterdam, (much to to their regret, no doubt, when they learned that our distinguished party had been there), and were permitted to go entirely through the palace, visiting the queen's waiting room, dining room, boudoir, sleeping apartments and toilet rooms. The finish of the rooms is mahogany, the furniture is of various rare kinds of wood, and the upholstery of the finest satan elegantly worked. We next went into the small and large ball rooms and the king's dining room, in which are portraits of the various members of the royal family, among which is one of William II, the reigning king's father. In front of this portrait stands the stuffed remains of the horse ridden by William II at the battle of Waterloo. This horse, it is said, lived to be 66 years old. The walls of the king's reception room

and sleeping rooms are covered with satin. The walls of most of the rooms of the palace are covered with velvet or silk, and the ceilings are beautifully decorated. The name of the reigning king is William III, the queen is Emma, a German princess. The king is 70 years old, the queen is 29. Having walked through the various rooms inspecting everything with an American's proverbial freedom, and in one short hour having become wearied of the grandeur of royalty, we pass out of the palace and direct our steps to the Royal picture gallery a few blocks away. My reverance for the "divine right of kings" was, however, not sufficiently strong to keep me from wondering how or by what process of evolution, a people were ever brought to endure miseries and burdens and tyranny, to support a few in elegance and ease and grandeur such as I had just witnessed. Having the termerity to express some such sentiment, I was at once voted "horrid" by the ladies who regarded it all as "just lovely." Perhaps after all, it is to the women, that royal families owe the stability of their thrones.

The royal picture gallery, though not so extensive as most European galleries, contains many productions of the various schools, though, of course, that of Reubens predominates. From the gallery we took carriages to the "House in the woods." Most of our "tramping" was done in carriages, but this mode has the virtue of being a most delightful way to "tramp." The "House in the woods" is the residence of the Princes Amelia, Queen of Frederick Henry. The building was erected in 1648 and is the loveliest spot in Holland. We visited the dining room with its chandelier of Venetian glass, and ancient plate and wares. The decorations on the walls so well repre-

sent sculpture that one is completely deceived. The Chinese room, the walls of which are covered with Chinese hand-painted paper, and the Japanese room hung with tapestry of curious and beautiful design, and the Chinese boudoir, the tapestry on the walls of which has hung there for 150 years, are most interesting. But the most striking feature of the palace is the Orange room. It is a large octagonal room, the walls of which are fifty feet high. The decorations of this room are master pieces by nine pupils of Reubens, and represent the continuous labor of four years. They represent, in allegory, the life of Frederick Henry.

We were also shown many other rooms, among them the Queen's sitting room and ball room, but an attempt to describe them is a waste of time. The forest in which this palace is situated is extensive and consists of natural forest trees with splendid drives winding through it in various directions, with rustic bridges across the canals, and summer houses, and rustic seats in the shade of the spreading trees, and vines and shrubs, in delightful contrast to the narrow streets and ugly houses and stone pavements of the city hard by. In Holland the principal fuel is peet and wood. The method of obtaining the wood is worthy of mention. Trees of rapid growth, principally willow, are set out in groves, along the banks of canals, and the supply of wood is obtained exclusively from the tops. The tops of a certain number are cut off one year, the next year the tops of a certain number of others, and so on, until the tops of the first have grown

out again, when they are again cut off, and in this manner a perpetual supply of wood is obtained from the same trees.

In Rotterdam one is constantly reminded of the Dutch Governors of New York and the early settlers of Manhattan Island, so truly representative of Dutch character are the illustrations of our school histories, and the illustrated editions of Washington Irving's works. At every turn, one seems to recognize a Peter Stuyvesant, or a Wooter Von Twiller, or a comely Dutch matron, the sight of whom carries us back to the white sanded floors and neatly kept houses of early New York history.

Chapter 9.

Cologne—The Cathedral, St. Ursula, Rolandseck.

But the time has come to leave Holland and we take cars for Germany. We pass through Utrecht, which every school boy remembers by its associations with the treaty of 1713, and about noon reach the German frontier. The frontier town, on this line, is Emmerich. Here we pass through the custom house. As this one is a type of all interior custom houses, a brief description may be given. The passengers all alight from the train and together with the luggage of every description, are hustled into a large room; in shape, a rectangular parallelogram. Eight or ten feet from the walls, a counter extends entirely around the room; and within the space enclosed by this counter, the trunks and heavy baggage are piled, the valises and lighter baggage are deposited on the counter. Seven or eight officials in full uniform are present, and are supposed to make a thorough examination of the contents of all valises, trunks, etc., but in fact a very superficial examination is made.

My valises were not opened. I told the officer that I was a traveler and had nothing liable to duty. He marked the valise with a piece of chalk, and I was then

permitted to pass out through an eating room to the platform between the depot and the track, and I again took my place in the train. The trunks, however, were all opened and hastily examined. We were now in German territory. What Dutch money we had left, we exchanged for German coin, which is a decimal currency. The unit is the mark, which consists of 100 pfenig, and in value is nearly twenty-five American cents. The pfenig is coined in one, five, ten, twenty and fifty pfenig pieces. The gold coins are a ten and twenty mark piece, nearly equivalent to our two and one-half and five dollar gold pieces respectively.

About the middle of the afternoon, we arrived at Cologne, or "Koeln," as it is in German. It was not our intention to stop long at this city, as the only objects of interest which we desired to visit were the famous cathedral and the church of St. Ursula. Cologne contains 160,000 inhabitants, 95 per cent. of whom are said to be Catholics. The cathedral is beyond any possible description. It is a type of those wonderful architectural enterprises of the middle ages. It has been over 600 years in building, and was finally completed in 1879. The amount of sculpture and imagery and stone tracery upon the outside is wonderful. The dome, the last part completed, is 518 feet high. As you ascend, you will see at intervals the date when each section was completed, with the name of the supervising architect. Thus, from the bottom, you pass the work of the middle ages as well as that of the intervening six centuries until, at the top, you see that of our own time.

From the top the visitor sees the city and country below him, and the winding course of the Rhine like a silver thread, which is lost to view in the distance. We entered the cathedral while vespers were celebrating. The grand tones of the wonderful organ rolled through the transept and nave, swelling and bursting and dying away in waves of melody. Then it was supplemented by the chanting of the priests from the altar and choir, which in turn, was answered by the devout responses of the worshipers. Then again the organ would peal forth and the waves of music would seem to dash and break against the clustered columns, and rush down the vast length of the nave and echo and answer back again to the echoes of the transept and then die away as if in deference to the chanting of the surpliced priests in the choir behind the altar. The bright sunlight as it came through the magnificent, stained-glass windows, seemed to be purified and mellowed and to fall in a subdued and holy radiance upon the heads of the worshipers like the "smile of God in benediction." The scene, the service, the entire surroundings united to produce in the beholder a feeling of solemnity and awe. He, who for the first time stands within the walls of some great cathedral and looks down the vast aisles, beholds the clustered columns, and works of art, the magnificent windows, and vaulted roofs with delicate stone tracery, and hears the deep tones of the mighty organ and the chanting of the priests, all objects subdued in the mellow light, experiences sensations indescribable, and realizes fully the pomp and glory of a cathedral service. There is something in the

service that is truly awe-inspiring, and arouses in the attendant, feelings of devotion and reverence for religion which, perhaps, were never experienced by him before.

The church of St. Ursula, at Cologne, is said to stand on the spot where Ursula and the 11,000 virgins were slain by the Huns, on their retreat from the south after their reverses at Chalons.

If the story of St. Ursula's life and the tragic death of herself and companions is true, and if this indeed be the scene of the massacre, then this church is a monument that should command the admiration of the civilized world. For, if the premises are true, it commemorates an act of heroic defense of virtue and chastity and nobility of womanly character that finds no parallel in history. The Huns, so the story goes, retreating with a large army after the defeat which decided the fate of all Europe, came to Cologne, and after a short seige, captured and sacked the city.

Shortly before this Ursula and her British companions had been compelled to flee from England on account of religious persecution, and had come to the religious settlement of Cologne. Here Ursula's purity had made her the model and leader of all the maidens and women of the city. They were delivered to the barbarian soldiers and threatened with the most ignominious dishonor; but, sustained by the courage and counsel of Ursula, they firmly resisted the efforts of their brutal captors and in one spot the 11,000 were put to death because they chose to defend their honor and purity.

Such is the story, though of doubtful authenticity, of an act of heroism without parallel in history. The church is now decorated on the interior with the exhumed bones of these virgins. Whether the bones are those of the slain virgins or not, certainly some industrious individual has succeeded in getting together an enormous number of human bones. If the story of the virgins is true, or has any foundation in fact, this disinterment of their remains is little short of sacrilege. But the church of St. Ursula certainly finds this ghastly exposure to visitors, at a fixed price per head, a source of abundant revenue.

From Cologne to Rolandseck we traveled by rail, in the evening twilight, passing through Bonn, the seat of a famous university, where the late Emperor of Germany was educated, and at which also the present Emperor and the Crown Prince (now William III), were trained, as are all the male members of the House of Hohenzollern. It was here that Beethoven, for the entertainment of a poor blind girl, extemporized his wonderful sonata in C minor, popularly called the "Moonlight Sonata," and after its production, hurried away to his room to put the composition on paper for preservation. We arrived at Rolandseck just after nightfall, though the brilliant moonlight, which fell in floods on hills and valley, and river, left it anything but dark. Rolandseck is a delightful little country town, pleasantly nestled in a beautiful valley between the hills and the Rhine. All around it are vine-laden hills, in front of it the noble river, whose current sweeps onward toward the sea placidly, smoothly like the rhythm of some majestic poem.

Over across the river, and to the left of the observer, rise the seven mountains, while nearer and in the middle of the river, on a little island, is the famous convent of Nonnenwerth, and high on the opposite hill, which rises almost perpendicularly from the water's edge, is the ruined arch, all that remains of the castle of Roland the Brave. After a supper of bread and milk, during which a bottle of Niersteiner in some manner had mysteriously disappeared from the writer's table, the "tramps" started out to climb the hills to Roland's arch. The evening was perfect. The surroundings were enchanting. The way lay for a short distance along the edge of the river, then suddenly turned to the left and began to wind around through vineyards, higher and higher, until it led into the dark forest high above the river. The transition from the moonlight to the shade of the trees, rendered the road, which now became little more than a bridle path, difficult to follow; and at times the trees were so thick and the foliage so dense that the darkness became intense. Then, through an opening in the tree tops, a flood of mellow light would fall across the path, and a little further on the intermingling light and shade, in fantastic shapes and forms upon the earth, presented a strange, wild scene.

Now we reached a stone tower, and began to realize that we had missed the way. We were at the summit of the hill, and the trees and shrubs were not so dense as farther back, and aided by the light of the moon, we scattered off in parties of three or four and finally arrived at the arch. Here is a beautiful view of the Rhine, the

cloister of St. Hildegund, and the "Siebengebirge." The place, like all romantic spots on the Rhine, has its legend. It is something as follows: Near here lived Roland, the brave, who loved the beautiful Hildegund, who returned his affections. The knight, whom Hildegund had promised to wed, departed to a distant war. Soon after his departure, it was reported by one who thus sought to win the beautiful Hildegund from Roland, that the latter had been slain in battle. The result little met the rival's expectations. Hildegund betook herself in her grief to the cloister Nonnenwerth and took the veil. When Roland returned, flushed with victory, he found Hildegund the bride of the church. His disappointment resulted in a deep melancholy, and he erected a castle upon the hill which overlooks the cloister, and there lived and waited to catch a glimpse of his beloved Hildegund. After years of painful waiting and watching, his constancy was rewarded. One morning the convent was in commotion. A death had occurred. Later, in conformity to the rites of the church, a sister, the purest, the best, the most saintly that had ever lived within those walls, was carried out to the little churchyard behind the cloister. Roland saw and recognized. His reward had come, it was Hildegund. And now all that remains of the old castle is the single arch, by which we stood on that lovely evening. The legend may lack some essential details, and is undoubtedly devoid of literary finish. However, it is one of the best of the enormous number of the "Legends of the Rhine," all of which no doubt lose very much in the translation from

the German, which is so admirably suited to romances and legends.

We found a much shorter way down than the one by which we had ascended, and again we stood at the edge of the river. There is something indescribably pleasant in standing for the first time in the vicinity of the Rhine, drinking in its beauties; seeing the craft passing and repassing on its placid surface, which glitters like a band of polished steel in the bright moonlight; hearing a party of Germans, over a bottle of some favorite brand of Rhine wine, singing some patriotic song of the Fatherland with all the ardent love of both song and country, which is the most predominant trait of the German character.

It was here in this delightful Rolandseck, that Longfellow, in contemplation of this remarkable river, was moved to write: "Oh, the pride of the German heart in this noble river. And right it is, for of all the rivers of this beautiful earth, there is none so beautiful as this. There is hardly a league of its whole course, from its cradle in the snowy Alps to its grave in the sands of Holland, which boasts not its peculiar charms. By heavens, if I were a German, I would be proud of it too; and of the clustering grapes that hang about its temples, as it reels onward through vineyards in a triumphal march, like Bacchus, crowned and drunken. But I will not try to describe the river Rhine, to do it well, one should write like a God; and his style flow onward royally, with breaks and dashes, like the waters of that royal river, and antique, quaint and Gothic times be reflected in it."

Chapter 10.

Up the Rhine, St. Goar, German Peasant Life.

From Rolandseck we were to go up the Rhine by boat. Many people prefer to make the trip by carriage along the roads on either side, which wind among the hills and over them, disclosing lovely views of the river, and country and vineyards. Others make the journey by foot, and these are they who really are the wisest. No exercise is better than walking; when a majestic landscape lies before you, all the time that is necessary can be taken to view it; the exercise in the pure air sends the blood pulsating to the remotest cells of the body, thrilling and filling the pedestrian with ecstacy unspeakable. The Rhine is lined with old castles and ruins, perched high upon the hills and almost inaccessible rocks, and you can climb up to them, go through them, see the river and hills for miles, with quaint houses and picturesque villages, where the people speak about an equal amount of bad French and worse German. The fatigue is not great. Walking is a reflex action of the muscles, and when your attention is attracted from the exertion, to the many queer houses and queer customs; the conversation that all this induces, the funny incidents, the strange costumes of the travelers you meet by the way, you are surprised to find

how many miles you leave behind you without becoming weary.

But some one will say this kind of speculation is all very nice for one to indulge in who is sitting on a camp stool on board a boat that is steaming up the river. But yet it is true, for later on, I did some walking along the Rhine and a great deal in Switzerland, all of which convinced me that I had missed very much by riding up the Rhine on a boat.

The sun shone brightly as the little river steamer swung away from the landing with our party on board, our luggage in a heap where it was recklessly thrown from the shore to the lower deck of the boat (talk about the American baggage smashers). The pleasant town, the cloister, the seven mountains, and Roland's arch dropped to the rear. The vine-laden hills began to glide past us like a moving panorama. With a habit that one soon acquires while traveling, I turned from the scenes we were leaving to scrutinize the faces and the groups of persons on board. There were Germans from all parts of the Fatherland, Dutchmen from the low countries, Frenchmen who longed for the time when this noble river should again be the boundary between France and Germany; Englishmen who looked at the river and hills and faces of the ladies through a single eye-glass, and Americans who regarded themselves as the infinite superiors of all the rest, and who walked the deck like kings; and then there were other Americans who could see in every hill and vine something vastly better than America could afford; who could recognize nothing as grand unless at least ten centuries of history were connected with it, and who probably did not know ten years of history of their own

or any other country, and whose only knowledge of places or events was confined to the half dozen lines to be found in their red-backed guide books.

Oh, it makes an American's heart beat and swell with pride to meet some of his American cousins abroad. They are so intelligent. They know so much. They have "done" so many places; they are so "cultured," they know with unerring certainty the sizes of European capitals and the names of the reigning princes and their houses. They have gained so much valuable knowledge by contact with foreign people. Yet nine out of ten of them are unable to tell what kind of government exists in the countries they have "done;" they could not for their miserable lives tell the difference between our institutions and those of France or Italy. They can't tell the names of the President's Cabinet (if they happen to know there is such a thing). In short, they are like a certain class of college graduates, who would blush to put the wrong ictus of a Greek word on the wrong syllable, but for the life of them could not tell whether the femur is a muscle or a bone. Why can't we have a school system in this country that will aim, first of all, at teaching that good sense and unaffected behavior are the first elements of culture?

But we must not pay too much attention to this class; we can study this species without crossing the sea to do it. But there seems to be something about the atmosphere, or climate, or scenery across the sea, that is favorable for fully developing and bringing to view many ludicrous phases of character of this class of people. In the prow were a German and his wife and daughter, who evidently were from North Germany or some district

A Castle on The Rhine.

distant from the Rhine. They were dressed in typical German costume, paid strict attention to their own business, which was to look at everything through a huge pair of field glasses, make comments to one another, occasionally to express their delight in deep, guttural exclamations, and to pay particular attention to a huge bottle of wine. Another group attracted my attention. They were also Germans, but evidently of quite a different class from the first. They too enjoyed the beautiful scenery, but were undemonstrative and very quiet in their comments. The two ladies I took to be sisters, and the gentleman to be the husband of one of the sisters. This I found later on to be the case. The sisters had studied English, and spoke it quite well, and seemed to be pleased to make the acquaintance of some of our party, and took a pardonable pride in carrying on the conversation in our language. But this might be accounted for by a sincere desire on their part to avoid hearing their own language murdered by our attempts to speak German.

It is really an interesting study to observe a person, who only has a smattering of a language, attempt on all possible occasions, to air his attainments in that direction. And a pretty spectacle he makes of himself many times, too.

Some of the most noticeable features along the Rhine are the old castles, formerly held by the Robber Knights. The king's summer palace is a beautiful place, occupying a commanding position; further up the river is the Marksburg castle, remarkable as being the only old Rhine castle that was never destroyed; but chief of all the castles on the Rhine is Ehrenbreitstein, the strongest

fort in Germany, and is opposite Coblentz and the mouth of the Mosselle river. The hills in places are quite high and exceedingly picturesque. The sides are almost invariably covered with grape vines. Where the hills are very steep, as most of them are, walls of stone have been built, and soil carried up in baskets, and terraces thus formed, upon which the vines are cultivated. To some, no doubt, it appears that the natural beauty is marred by this cultivation on the hill sides, but to me the vineyards gave to the scenery an added charm.

On the boat, as elsewhere, it is easy to discriminate between the people from the country and those from the large towns and cities. One will be impressed at once with the existence of the two classes. The distinction is far greater between them than between the same classes in America. The men in the larger places are selfish, boorish, and impolite. Those in the country and smaller towns are quite the reverse.

Everywhere is to be seen the influence of Germany's military rule. It is infectious. The civil authority, what little there is, takes on a military exactness and firmness. Authority and restraint are everywhere apparent. It is said that the absence of these in our country strikes the foreign visitor as the greatest peculiarity of our government. And having seen the display of power and authority by the officers there, I do not wonder at the fact. At different times I saw men under arrest, and their treatment was brutal in the extreme. Before trial, they were treated as guilty. The conduct of the officers is overbearing and disgusting to our sense of fair play. Ah, how many Americans realize the privileges which in this country are our inheritance.

The custom of feeing everybody for the slightest service, is in Germany the most abominable that exists in Europe. You ask a chance pedestrian in the street to tell you the way to any place, and he expects a fee for the information. It is not confined to servants, but hotel proprietors and officers on the boats and elsewhere, expect a fee for every trifling service. Fees that a negro porter in an American sleeping car would not think of asking or accepting, are clamorously demanded. At any rate the porter of a sleeping car will await the end of the journey, and then will not directly ask you for a fee, but over there you must pay cash for every act or move made in your behalf. They won't even trust you to the end of the journey. They have no hesitation or delicacy in reminding you that they expect a gratuity. "Trinkgeld," is the music of the country.

As you come out from dinner, a man whom you take for a count or a prince in full dress, politely takes your hat, turns it around once or twice in his deft fingers, and with a low bow hands it to you. Somewhat surprised, you take your hat into your own possession and attempt to pass on. The "prince" gently detains you and says: "Excuse me, but you have forgotten me?" You rack your brain and strain your memory to recall where you ever met a prince or an earl, and failing, you reply: "Certainly my dear sir, you must be mistaken, I do not remember that I ever had the pleasure of an introduction to your lordship." Then again you try to pass. You think you have risen to the height of the occasion, and have triumphed. But before you can realize your victory, he is directly before you, and in a modulated voice is saying: "Trinkgeld." It is no use, you can't escape,

and so you slip a piece of silver into his palm, and stopping within sight and hearing, await the exit from the dining room of some friend, who meets with the same ignominious failure, in which you take a sort of savage delight. Now, why should this fellow have a fee? He has taken advantage of you. You unsuspectingly left your hat where he could get at it, and when you come out he hands it to you. By stretching out your arm a foot or so you could have taken it from the rack yourself. He has not aided you in the least. He has simply robbed you, and the custom of the country upholds him in the extortion.

On the boat, the officers strut about like turkey-cocks, and delight to show their authority. On passing another boat, the officers of each greet each other with very elaborate military salutes. If one is in the least irritable, or "quick tempered," he had better walk than take a boat up the Rhine. Usually he will find it far less labor to walk, than to hold his temper on the boat. Of the two kinds of exertion, walking is to be preferred. In riding from Rolandseck to St. Goar, an ordinary individual, with the faults common to humanity, feels like fighting the whole boat's crew, jointly and severally, about forty times. Dinner is sure to be ready just when the boat is in the most romantic and interesting section in the river. You must miss the scenery or the dinner. You generally let the scenery go and swear afterward because you didn't let the dinner go, irrespective of the merits of the scenery. You sit down at the table, where you can't see anything but the person opposite you or at your side, and wait an hour for the waiter to bring you soup with an unpronounceable French name, which you won't eat if

you have any respect for yourself; and with almost equal intervals between the courses, which are little better than the soup, you finally get through with the misery, and finish with a bottle of sour wine; and when you come up on deck, and those who did not go down to dinner, provokingly tell you what a glorious bit of scenery you have missed; what a splendid old castle, and what grand hills are just around the last bend of the river. And then, your discontent is increased by the fact that you can't take your usual after-dinner smoke. Of course you can buy a cigar, and German etiquette permits you to smoke it in the presence of the ladies, and all that, but unfortunately for you, or fortunately, according to the time and place, you learned to smoke in America with cigars worthy of the name; and to smoke a German cigar—Heaven preserve us, it is worse than the dinner! There is only one consolation, a pint bottle of Rhine wine only costs three-quarters of a mark, or seventy-five pfennig (about eighteen cents), so instead of a cigar, you can drink another bottle of—vinegar. It is hardly proper to call it wine or vinegar; it is pure juice of the grape, with no more alcohol in a bottle of it than there is in a single dish of canned cherries, as they are put up in this country. It is not intoxicating to any extent, and is pure. It is so cheap that there is no inducement to adulterate it, for the material which would be used in its adulteration would cost more than the grapes to make an equal amount of wine. And when one looks about him at the vine-clad hills, he does not wonder at it.

Yet, in spite of all these little annoyances, the ride up the Rhine is enjoyable. In some places the current is quite swift and the boat goes slowly. In other places the

river is shallow and wings of masonry are built out into the river to throw the water to the center and thus deepen the channel. The heavy-laden freight boats make their way up the river in a way quite novel to us at least. In places where the current is quite rapid, a heavy chain made of links that will fit the cogs of a cog-wheel, is laid on the bottom of the river, for miles, and fastened at the ends. On the deck of the boat is a large cog-wheel over which this chain is carried. The engine turns this wheel and the boat is drawn along against the current. The noise of a Mississippi river boat is as nothing compared with these boats. The chain rattles over the cog-wheel like seven furies, and the noise echoes and re-echoes among the hills, while the boat wheezes and groans and puffs like a huge monster sorely afflicted with asthma.

St. Goar is a delightful little town in a romantic and beautiful spot on the Rhine. I shall always remember it most kindly. My visit there was one of the pleasantest in Europe. The people are courteous, kind, obliging in every way, and presented a pleasing contrast to those most generally found in South Germany. The children invariably uncovered their heads, or courtesied, as they met us on the streets. We could not help feeling the contrast between these children and those of an average country village in America. Yet I am not sure that the contrast is altogether favorable to the German youth. The conduct of the American youth is the result of natural animal spirits, unrestrained by authority and permitted, if not encouraged, by a national sentiment of freedom and liberty. The German youth has the same animal spirit, the same joyous nature, and the same

innocence and simplicity of childhood, and the same tendency to an exuberant manifestation of his natural propensities ; but more, the national sentiment of restraint, and the peculiar influence of the priest, crystalized by a half century of existence, have tamed his nature, and rendered a mere machine out of what is, in America, a happy, free, joyous human being. One cannot fail to notice with what reverence a priest or a clergyman of any denomination is treated. The men always tip their hats to them and make way for them on the streets in a manner that seemed inexpressibly strange to us.

Along the river at St. Goar runs a beautiful street with very fine buildings on one side, while between the street and river bank lies a long garden with shrubs, trees and walks. Stretching down the middle of the street are two rows of linden trees about twenty feet apart, so trimmed that the tops spread out, each touching its neighbors and forming a perfect canopy that shades the entire street at all hours of the day. Its counterpart, on a larger and grander scale, is the "Unter den Linden" in Berlin. The town is long, narrow, and semi-circular. It occupies the level ground between the river and the high hills which, but a short distance back from the stream, rise abruptly to a height of two hundred feet or more. Almost directly opposite the town on the other bank of the river is St. Goarhausen lying almost directly beneath one of the three old castles found in this vicinity. I crossed the Rhine in the afternoon, to climb up to a ruined castle and to take a walk through the country. Having climbed up and inspected the castle whose appearance creates a strong suspicion that it has been constructed in very modern times to attract tourists ; and

having climbed down again, I started, in company with a number of our party, to see a portion of the country and its people, which should be off the beaten track of tourists.

We followed a delightful road, which winds among hills, that rise on either side from 100 to 300 feet. We finally took a path up the side of a small mountain, rather steep, but easily accessible, and passed through a beautiful grove, and emerged upon a high plateau which was then under cultivation. Passing on toward the north, we had a view of a landscape as lovely as the eye ever rested upon. It was not as grand and sublime as our American mountain views are, but it was exceedingly beautiful. On our right was a valley; across this rose a high hill sloping gently and covered with intermingled woods and fields and vineyards. On this side the valley, grain was waving in the wind. On our left the plateau stretched away to a considerable distance covered with growing crops. There seems not to be a foot of land anywhere that is idle. Every inch is cultivated; even the old drill grounds and open courts of the ruined castles are cultivated to bear vines; possibly an improvement over their former use. We walked on at an easy pace, and a few miles back from the river came to a village or "Dorf." Here we began to see the characteristics of German life. The streets are laid out very irregularly, and apparently without any design as to direction, width or grade. The houses are of various materials, though all are of the same general style of construction. Some are of pressed brick between the timbers, some are plastered on the outside to resemble stone; all have projecting roofs, and all, I believe without exception, have a room

under the same roof for a cow stable. Nothing separates this stable from the dwelling rooms but an ordinary partition. This is done for economy. In the winter the heat from the body of the animal contributes considerably to the warmth of the dwelling, and besides the proximity of the stable gives an opportunity for economizing time in attending to the care of the cow or oxen. An American farmer would consider it a great hardship, no doubt, to be compelled to resort to economy in saving in fuel what the heat of the animals would contribute to keep off the winter's cold; but yet it is a necessary economy with these people, for as small as is the amount saved by this means, it is no inconsiderable sum to them. But there are some habits and customs which I think even their poverty will hardly justify. In this village, as I afterward observed also in many others, the manure and refuse from these stables are thrown out in a heap about six or eight feet from the house, and almost always directly in front of the kitchen door; and in many cases, a trench is dug at the side of the heap of manure so that the water that falls during the rains may filter through the pile and collect in the trench, thus extracting the strength of the manure in a liquid form which is dipped up into barrels and hauled out of the village to the farms and sprinkled over them. But often a trench full of this kind of fluid is seen standing but a few feet from the open door with a hot summer sun shining directly upon it, creating an odor quite the reverse of "New Mown Hay."

This custom may find some excuse in two facts which we do not experience here. 1. The farmers do not live on the little patches of ground that they till, but

they collect in villages where they have no ground but just enough upon which to set the house. 2. The land has been under cultivation for hundreds of years, and its productiveness must be stimulated to its utmost capacity, and hence the best form of a fertilizer must be used. One cannot help but be strongly impressed with the difference in the conditions between European and American farmers.

When we reached this little farming village, we had been walking for a couple of hours and we took this opportunity to refresh ourselves. We went into a house and asked for some milk to drink. The peasant woman kindly brought us the desired milk and also some rye bread and cheese. The woman carried a jug and some huge glasses, while her daughter carried the bread and cheese. The milk was delicious, and the rye bread was about the same as all rye bread is, but God save my countrymen, one and all, from a taste or even a smell of home made German cheese. It will be interesting to know that this fare of which we partook, in addition to large quantities of beer, is the almost exclusive diet of these peasants. Meat is a luxury.

Before going among these people the writer had seen a statement in the *Century Magazine*, that a farmer with an ordinary sized family, in that country, lived for a year upon what would actually cost about $70. It then seemed incredible that such could be the case, but now, based upon my own observation and experience, my opinion is that many of them come considerably below that estimate. The American housewife who buys a soup bone for twenty cents, and with but little additional cost makes a good meal therefrom, congratulates herself upon

her economy. But the economical and thrifty German woman, with a ten cent soup bone, makes a meal of soup, another of the meat pared from the bone, and then takes a hatchet, pounds the bone into pieces, again boils it and makes a third meal of better and more nutritious soup than the first. Such is the difference between American and German economy. If we would practice from choice the same economy that I have seen practiced in Europe from necessity, we would be the richest people in the world, and the question of pauperism would be well on toward its solution in this country for many years to come. Why, many working people here have spent more money in one year for tobacco than whole families have for their entire living for the same length of time in many districts of Europe. But I do not want to create the impression that it is so everywhere over there. In some places certain classes and guilds get good wages and live quite well. Yet the wages only suffice for an actual living and they are also compelled to be economical in their habits. Nowhere is seen that characteristic and unjustifiable extravagance that is common in this country. Then again they save very much in dress, for they do not, as a rule, follow the changing styles and fashions which everybody observes in America. These farmers, for instance, wear a baggy suit of stout cloth that will wear for several years, and the idea of being out of style never enters their heads. A dark blue cap is worn which often looks as if it had seen service in the same family for several generations. Then among mechanics and tradesmen and the different classes each have a peculiar mode of dress and none of them attempt to copy after the rich and aristocratic classes. In this particular the lines of

society can be accurately traced and one can readily see how powerful is "caste." Now in America we cannot tell what a man's position or wealth is by his dress. The poorer people often dress the better. Many of our merchant's daughters dress in the style and fashion of the period more carefully and precisely, and with more costly materials, than a countess or marchioness of Europe. But I do not find fault with this, I only cite the fact to show how much better our condition is than that of the people of Europe.

The costume of the German peasant woman is peculiar. In the field or about the house, she is invariably bare-headed; her hair is combed straight back, and one, sometimes two, plain braids at the back. She wears a white waist-coat with a short, dark colored skirt hung from the shoulder and reaching about to the knee, and heavy cow-hide shoes with soles a half-inch or more thick, and filled with iron pegs or nails. In form they are stout and robust; in the cheeks, browned by exposure to the sun, is the flush of perfect health such as comes only from frugal diet and hard physical labor. That they are far happier in their simple life, than the butterflies developed in the hot-houses of fashion and the namby-pamby so-called aristocracy of either Europe or America, I have not the slightest doubt. Yet, after all, I should not like to see the women of my country in such a position as that occupied by these peasant women. I believe the woman's proper place is the home; where, if she will, she can transform the cares of this world into the delights of heaven; her place is not in the field, the mill or the factory. Nor is it in the dissipation of what is called "society."

As we started on along a road leading to the north and still farther from the Rhine, we overtook one of these women driving an ox-team. She was going to the field after hay, and the rack being empty, we asked and obtained permission for the ladies to ride. They all mounted to the hay-rack, the girl cracked her whip, the oxen started on, and a merry ride it was, accompanied by jest and merry peals of laughter. Several of the young men of our party showed a decided tendency to walk ahead and to try to assist in managing the staid and sober-looking oxen. But this is not to be wondered at, when we remember that the driver was a pretty, red-cheeked peasant girl, all the more attractive by reason of her peculiar costume. It afforded considerable amusement when the young minister of our party was detected leaving his photograph in the fair driver's possession, which she accepted and kept with a readiness that showed she regarded it as a rare curiosity. But soon we arrived at the fields where the girl was going after a load of hay, and the ladies dismounted, good-byes were said, we trudged on, and the oxen, the wagon, and the pretty girl turned into a hay field where each had an office to perform, the girl to pitch up a load of hay, the wagon to carry it, and the oxen to pull it, and let us hope, finally to eat some of it. As we walked on, we frequently looked back and we saw her drive the oxen into the meadow, with a skill and dexterity that only comes from long practice, and as we disappeared from the girl's view behind a low hill, she was pitching the fragrant hay upon the wagon. It was a characteristic scene and

afforded a picture that, once seen, will not soon be forgotten. The women are usually beasts of burden, or the "best man" in the fields; and that they are superb ox-drivers, I had ocular and ample demonstration. On every side as we walked on, we saw women working in the fields and vineyards. The absence of male laborers in the same places is quite noticeable. An hour's walk brought us to another village very much like the other, but larger. In this village we met a clergyman of the German Reformed Church, a very good man and exceedingly pleasant. He invited us into the house, but, on account of our number, we declined the invitation; and he then asked us to come into the garden, which we did, and found it the most charming and queerly kept of anything of the kind we had ever seen. In form it was a parallelogram. On our right as we entered was a delightfully cool summer-house, further on a hard, smooth walk that led to the right and left. The vegetables were few, while roses and various kinds of flowers were abundant. The rose bushes were trimmed as trees and supported by stakes, so similar in form, looks and size, to the trunk of the "rose tree" as to be scarcely noticeable. The distance from the ground to the branches was about five to eight feet. The top of the trees was almost a perfect ball of fragrant roses. The queer combination of vegetables, flowers and shrubs gave a charming effect. Our host evidently knew from our looks that we were prohibitionists, for he left us for a few minutes and returned with his compliments in the way of some fine cigars instead of wine, which is ordinarily served upon such occasions. He apologized to the ladies for being at

the time unable to furnish them refreshments, and we thanked him for the cigars which we really enjoyed, and now remember with pleasure as being the only decent cigars that we found in the Fatherland. Our reverend host was a well educated man, profuse in hospitality and very gallant. If you want a compliment, look to a well-educated German. To each of us who could say but little to him in his native language, he said: "You speak very good German; were not your parents natives of this country?" And when we replied in the negative he affected surprise.

Our good friend accompanied us a part of the way back, showing us across some fields and pointing out the way down the mountain side to a road in the valley, so that we might return to the Rhine by another and different route than that by which we had come. We scrambled down to the valley, which we reached when twilight began to fall. The walk back was quite enjoyable. The valley is narrow, almost a canon; the stream by the roadside is clear and rapid. The hillsides were covered mostly with their natural verdure. We passed a quaint old water mill, an occasional collection of sombre looking houses, and an old castle perched high upon the rocks, the effect of the whole scene being heightened by the semi-twilight, and as we proceeded, beautified by the clear-moon light. A brisk walk of two hours and a half brought us to the river again. A ferryman was found who rowed us across the Rhine, and another short walk brought us again to our hotel, and shortly we could have been seen partaking of a substantial meal at 10:30 p. m.

Chapter II.

THE RHINEFELS, A PRUSSIAN SCHOOL, WIESBADEN.

We slept well that night after our tramp, and had breakfast at seven o'clock the next morning, after which we paid a visit to the Rhinefels, one of the most celebrated castles of the Rhine and about fifteen minutes walk from our hotel. In Germany, as in all other parts of Europe, distance is expressed by the number of minutes or hours required to travel it. If you ask the distance to any place, the reply is "one hour," or "twenty minutes," and so on. And so the Rhinefels is "fifteen minutes" from our hotel. The way leads up an easy ascent, curving gently to the right, and lined with trees and on the right hand side a stone fence with here and there, under the trees, seats upon which to rest. The entrance to the castle is up a short flight of steps. The castle itself is very large and very old. It was built in 1245 and before its destruction, was one of the strongest on the Rhine. It stands 400 feet above the river and is admirably situated for defense. The ancient outer walls and defenses are quite extensive and enclose about ten acres of ground. At the entrance the visitor goes into an open court at the east of the palace; between this court and the palace walls is a very deep depression from which he goes into the lower rooms. Turning to the left, he comes to the wine cellar with its high vaulted

roof and a capacity for wine enough to supply all Prussia. Coming out of the wine cellar, the visitor approaches the dwelling rooms and chapel at the northwest corner of the castle. Passing through these and turning to the right, he finds himself on a high eminence, looking down a valley to the south, in which ten water mills are visible. Retracing his steps a little way, and going to the left he passes up another flight of stone steps and stands upon the highest tower of the castle, and fully 100 feet above the surface of the rock upon which the castle is built. Here is a magnificent view of the Rhine and surrounding country. Boats are seen passing up and down the river; the town lies far below, over across the water and against the hills lies St. Goarhausen with a silvery sheet of water in the foreground. The outer and inner walls of the castle are plainly in view, showing how well it was built for defense. This castle was never taken but twice in its history; once by surprise, and once by starving the garrison into surrender. On both occasions it was captured by the French. It is now the property of the German Emperor.

Descending from the tower the visitor enters the underground apartments. Tunnels, with secret outlets, lead from these to the valleys far away. We traversed as much as a quarter of a mile of subterranean passages and emerged upon the outside of the west wall some two hundred feet above the river. We clambered up the side, entered the enclosure again, entered another tunnel and came out into an open court surrounded by high stone walls. We passed into another tunnel, turned to

the right and came into a long narrow room from the bottom of which six well-like openings go straight down thirty-two feet to the dungeons below. There is no light in these dungeons. They are hewed out of solid rock and the only opening into them is the one leading to them from the bottom of this room. Only prisoners condemned to death were put into these prisons. They were lowered by ropes and left to die of starvation. From this room we go up a flight of stone steps, along a passage into the court which we first entered, pass out and away from Rhinefels, the oldest, strongest, and and most interesting castle of the Rhine.

Arriving in the village again, two of us concluded to visit the village schools. We were very much disappointed to find school dismissed for the morning session. Our ramble through the castle had been longer than we thought. However, we met the master, or principal we would call him, who showed us over the building and with whom we had a long conversation on the Prussian system of education. He invited us into his dwelling apartments, in the school building, and sat down with us for a social chat on school matters, telling us much of their system and asking much concerning ours.

It certainly would have amused a spectator to hear us talk. Part of the time he tried to talk English and part of the time we tried to talk German, but he soon gave up the English in despair and from that time on, we talked in his language, and understood him quite well, while he seemed to have no difficulty in understanding us, much to our surprise. This is what we learned. The country is divided into districts and a chief officer has

charge of each. Each district seems to be entirely independent of all the others. There is a chief educational officer for the empire, but he seems not to have much more connection with the schools, than does our Commissioner of Education at Washington. We hear much in America about the "uniformity" of the German school system; but the only uniformity that really exists is that it is everywhere compulsory. Beginning at six years of age, the pupil must attend until he is fourteen years old. The government has officers to pursue truants and return them to school, to punish them and to fine the parents, because without the latter's knowledge the child ran away from a school room so devoid of attractions and pleasant surroundings that he could scarcely be blamed for running away from it. For laziness, inattention and neglect of duty in the school room, or misbehavior of any kind while at school, the master punishes the child, greatly to the master's enjoyment I think, judging from the gleeful chuckle with which he supplemented this part of the information which he gave us and the involuntary glance toward a large bundle of switches which occupied a convenient place on the wall. The benches upon which the children sit in this school are long wooden seats, about twenty feet in length, the seat being very narrow and the back very straight. On the wall, near the master's desk, hung a violin and a crucifix; the former he uses to lead the singing in the opening exercises, the latter he did not see fit to explain to us, but undoubtedly it has been placed there by some well-meaning priest for the improvement of the moral and spiritual nature of the children.

One who does not inspect these schools for himself, and depends upon what the people say, or even upon what the Germans in America, tell him about the Prussian system, is apt to have a much more exalted opinion of the system than it deserves. Text books are not uniform; in many cases they are not used at all; information is poured into the pupil as water into a pitcher. The child becomes, sometimes, well-informed but not educated. The mind is not trained to original thought; originality, activity, mental power, growth of the mind are secondary matters. Information is first. There is little to inspire the pupil to original thought, and he learns by rote much as a parrot does. In the Reale Schule, Gymnasia and University, it may be far different and I have no doubt that it is; also it may differ greatly in other districts, but in the schools I saw, these were the impressions I got. The strong arm of the government shows itself everywhere in the school system; the parent is fined if the child is a truant; the master, as representative of the government, has almost absolute authority and is seldom loved by the pupils, though the boys tip their hats and the girls courtesy when they meet him on the street. The people have no voice in the choice of a master. He is appointed by the officer of the district who has full power over the appointments. The master has almost a life lease upon his school. The one to whom I have just referred has been at St. Goar twenty-nine years, and in the profession forty-five years, and has only had one other school in all that time. The system of instruction becomes necessarily routine, or at

any rate it *is* routine. The wages vary from 900 marks to 2,000 marks, being in our money from $225 to $500 per year. But in addition to these wages the master receives his fuel and house rent free. For similar positions in Indiana the wages are from $900 to $2,000 per year. I am sorry to say that I was not at all favorably impressed with the Prussian school system. I was, perhaps, expecting too much. We hear so much of Germany's compulsory education and its merits that we are led to over-estimate its real worth. I am firm in the conviction that the system and the schools of Indiana are both full as good, if not better, than those of Prussia. To be sure there is a great similarity, but while Germany has been passive and conservative, we have been active, progressive, and have, from the German model, evolved a superior system. But on the other hand, Germany is the only country in Europe whose school system can be compared with ours.

It is not her school system that has made Germany great. It is the systematic training of her youth, from infancy, to be soldiers, that has made her the greatest military power in Europe. And besides her military power in what is she great? Are her people really educated? I think not. They are better informed than most people; they can recite more statistics, give more dates, and perhaps, quote more poetry, but lack in a quick, clear perception, originality, power and self control. A people educated in the true sense of the term, would hardly work their women in the fields as beasts of burden and harvest hands, and ox-drivers, in order to support a million and a half of soldiers in idleness.

We spent an hour or more with the old school master and took our departure, feeling that it was an hour most valuably used. But we find it necessary to leave St. Goar, and again take boat on the Rhine with Biebrich as our destination, from which place we are to walk to Wiesbaden, one of the most famous watering places in Europe. Just above St. Goar we pass the Lurlei rock on which, an old legend tells us, the sirens sat as they lured the boatmen to destruction. As we glide up the river we take a last look at the Rhinefels, and "the Cat," and "the Mouse," as these three castles are called; sweep around the bend of the river and leave them behind and out of sight. The scenery for some miles above St. Goar is the best on the Rhine. The number of ruined castles, dating from the period of the robber knights, is very large. Quite a number of them have been restored and are now occupied; one of the finest of the latter is Rhinestein, whose lofty situation and beautiful surroundings, render it one of the loveliest spots on this lovely river. Passing numerous towns and villages, we arrive at Bingen. Above this town the country becomes flat, the hills recede and finally disappear, and the river becomes very wide, being no longer confined to the narrow limits which it occupies further down its course.

The distance from Biebrich to Wiesbaden is about three English miles, and the way lies along a delightful avenue, consisting of three parts, with a row of trees on each side and between each part. The west division is for pedestrians, the middle for wagons, and the east for equestrians. The country is rolling, or slightly undulating, well cultivated, and in its general effect is quite pleasing. Having traversed about half the way, Wiesbaden is seen

lying in a beautiful valley with splendid buildings and shaded avenues, and parks and villages in the distance, and McAdamized roads, showing very plain and very white in the afternoon sun. One meets a quite different class of people here. They are generally more refined, more agreeable in every way than in most German cities. One is surprised too, to see so many Americans here, ostensibly attending the springs and drinking hot water with most unutterable names, and most sickening tastes, and most offensive odors. If the principle laid down by Dr. Hahneman, that "Similis similibus curantur." is true, then some of the people who come to drink these waters must be afflicted with the saddest combination of diseases of which the mind can conceive.

It was here that one of the "tramps" found a man who could speak English. This particular "tramp" had a habit of being very precise and deliberate in speaking, so as to be understood, if possible. Approaching a well-dressed gentleman, he addressed him somewhat as follows: "Speak-you-English?" "Oh yes," came the response, in a clear, musical voice, "I speak nothing else." He was a native of America. Many exceedingly amusing things in this line occur to a tourist in Europe. I remember one day while riding in a diligence through France, on my way to Chamounix, that I made a very ludicrous blunder. Just after we had sighted Mt. Blanc, which appears grander and purer, and more sublime from this point than any other, we had skirted a beautiful valley and entered a village, where the diligence stopped to change horses. I got down and purchased a glass of

fruit-juice and water, and liking it quite well, wanted some more; but how shall I ask for it? Calling to mind some scraps of French, I beckoned the pretty French girl to me and began: "Avez vous;" now what? I remembered that in the theatre when we want a repetition we say "encore," this then, was the word needed, and so I said: "Avez vous encore?" It was too much for the girl, and in spite of her evident attempt to refrain, a merry peal of laughter followed. Then she said in quite good English, "What do you mean? If you speak English I can understand you." I felt like asking her "why she did not say so before." The absurdity of my question is apparent. And I was laughed at some time for my proficiency (?) in French.

Wiesbaden has many very fine, wide streets, elegant residences and a profusion of roses and flowers and shrubs in the front yards. However, many of the streets are narrow and winding, as in other European cities. The principal attractions are the springs. Many people from all parts of Europe attend these baths and drink these waters, and listen to the music in the Kursaal. While we were at this place, some of our party had the pleasure to attend services at the Greek Chapel. Among the worshipers that morning was King George, the present ruler of Greece. The Kursaal is a music hall and library, and a place of general resort, situated in a splendid park with streams flowing through it, rustic bridges, graveled walks, shaded avenues, stately trees, flowering shrubs, spouting fountains, and in the evening brilliantly iluminated by electric lights. The concerts given here on Sunday afternoons are superb as musical entertainments. Hundreds of well-dressed people, among whom are

representatives of almost every civilized people on earth, promenade the walks or loiter about the music stand.

From Wiesbaden, with three others of our party, I took a walk to a village some miles away. The road which we followed was McAdamized, and lined on either side by trees. Small patches of grain and various crops of farm products, always in small lots, gave evidence that agriculture was the principal pursuit of the peasants; though an occasional milk cart, drawn altogether by dogs, showed that some dairying was going on to supply the adjacent city with milk. Our walk finally brought us to a little village, the name of which I have forgotten, but in which the characteristics of German rural life already given were predominant The streets were cleaner and more regular than usual. A large beer hall with a tremendous organ, with all the parts of a cornet band, worked by machinery, was one of the features of the place. A visit to the town hall, which has all the rooms for the town officers, including the Burgomaster, and the school rooms, similar to those before described, and a walk down the street brought us to the house of a minister whom our director had met before. He welcomed us heartily, took us into the best room of his house and conversed with us in a very intelligent manner, asked about our trip and wanted to adopt one of the ladies, offered to keep the other one and teach her German; told of his son in the army; and ordered two huge bottles of wine and some cigars. Of the four of us I was the only smoker, but all remembered St. Paul's injunction and helped dispose of the wine for the

"stomach's sake." After a pleasant visit, a rather warm walk brought us back to Wiesbaden. At the latter place nearly every denomination has a church edifice. The Greek church, the Catholic, the Episcopalian, the Lutheran, the Presbyterian, and so on, are all there. The cosmopolitan character of the summer population, renders this, if not really necessary, at least quite desirable. Whatever be the visitor's creed, he finds here a congenial place to worhip. We left Wiesbaden for Worms, to pay a visit to the monument of Martin Luther, the monk who nailed his theses to the church door, and whose indomitable will and energy brought on the Reformation. It was here that the celebrated Diet of Worms met. In these streets, these cathedrals, in this atmosphere, we saw and felt Luther in everything. Two hours in Worms, and we pass on by rail by the way of Ludwigshaft and Mannheim. On the Rhine I saw some mills that were curiosities, at least to me. The building was built in shape and size like a side-wheel, river steamboat. It was set in the water and anchored firmly. The wheels, one on each side, reach down into the water, and the current striking only the lower portion, turns them around, thus propelling the machinery in the mill. By this means the expense of the dam is avoided, and all that is necessary to furnish power is a tolerably swift current. The railway cars will be found to be better, generally, in Germany than elsewhere on that side of the Atlantic, but the trains run very slowly, and there will be found a greater variety of cars than anywhere else in the world, I think; and the officers are quite discourteous

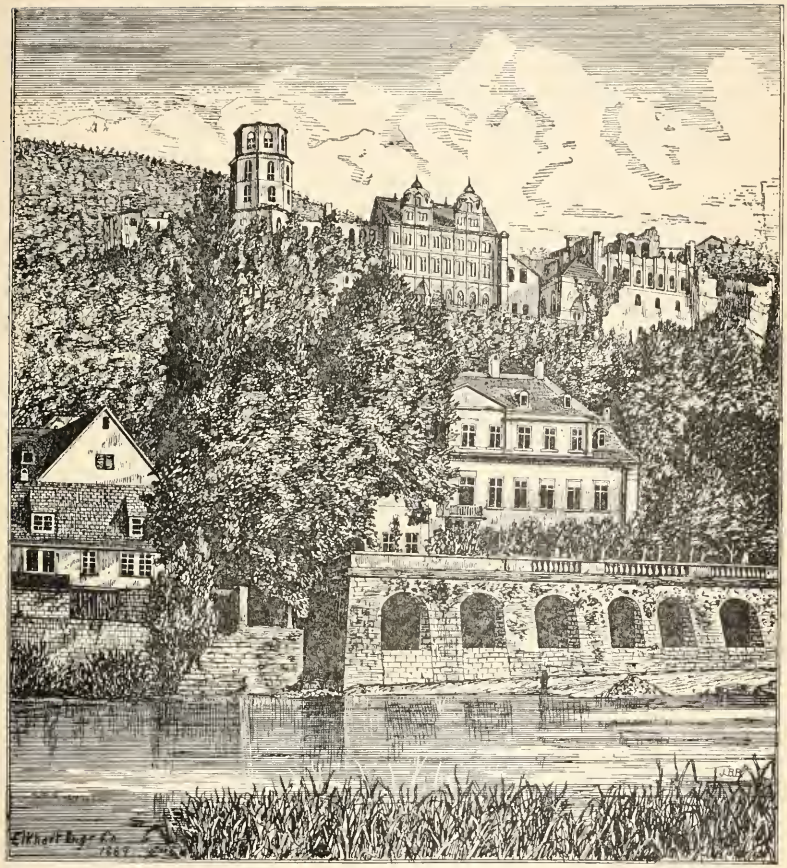
and uncivil to passengers. But a mark or two quietly slipped into the guard's hand will work a wonderful transformation in this respect.

One peculiar feature of the railroads in Germany, I must not omit to mention; that is, the method of lighting the cars at night. On many of the roads a car similar to our "flat car" is used, with three iron cylinders about two or three feet in diameter laid upon the car, two being directly upon the car, and the third above these two, as three saw logs are often piled in a mill yard. These cylinders are filled with gas, and so arranged that a pressure can be applied to maintain a constant flow. They are connected by tubes with the cars, which are thus lighted with gas instead of oil. The arrangement is quite novel. The idea is a good one; but their mode of making its application is quite awkward. In America, you will see on nearly all trains, one car labeled "smoking car." In these you may smoke, but in all others you must refrain. In Europe it is just the reverse. Smoking is so general that you are at liberty to smoke in any car, no matter how many ladies are present, unless it is labeled "Not smoker." On many trains you will see a car or a compartment labeled "Nicht-Raucher," but also on a great many, there will not be a car on the entire train in which you may not smoke.

Chapter 12.

Heidelberg.

We arrived at Heidelberg in the evening, stopped at the Darmstaedter Hof, had supper, and started out to view the celebrated castle by moonlight. It is a splendid old ruin, thus described by Longfellow: "High and hoar on the forehead of the Jettenbuehl stands the castle of Heidelberg. Behind it rise the oak crested hills of the Geisberg and the Kaiserstuhl, and in front, from the wide terrace of masonry, you can almost throw a stone upon the roofs of the city, so close do they lie beneath. Above this terrace rises the broad front of the chapel of St. Udalrich. On the left stands the slender, octagon tower of the horologue; and on the right, a huge round tower, battered and shattered by the mace of war, shores up with its broad shoulders, the beautiful palace and garden terrace of Elizabeth, wife of the Pfalzgraf Frederick. In the rear are older palaces and towers, forming a vast, irregular quadrangle; Rudolph's ancient castle, with its Gothic gloriette and fantastic gables; the Giant's tower, guarding the drawbridge over the moat; the Rent tower with the linden trees growing on its summit; and the magnificent Rittersaal of Otto Henry, Count Palatine of the Rhine and Grand Seneschal of the Holy Roman Empire. From the gardens behind the castle you pass under the archway of



HEIDELBERG CASTLE.

the Giants' Tower into the great court-yard. The diverse architecture of different ages strikes the eye; and curious sculptures. In niches on the wall of St. Udalrich's chapel stand rows of knights in armour broken and dismembered, and on the front of Otto's Rittersaal, the heroes of Jewish history and classic fable. You enter the open, desolate chambers of the ruin; and on every side are medallions and family arms; the Globe of the Empire and the Golden Fleece or the Eagle of the Ceasers resting on the escutcheons of Bavaria and the Palatinate. Over the windows and doorways and chimney-pieces are sculptures and mouldings of exquisite workmanship; and the eye is bewildered by the profusion of caryatides, and arabesques and rosettes and fan-like flutings, and garlands of fruits and flowers and acorns, and bullocks' heads with draperies of foliage, and muzzles of lions, holding rings in their teeth. The cunning hand of art was busy for six centuries in raising and adorning these walls: the mailed hands of time and war have defaced and overthrown them in less than two. Next to the Alhambra of Granada, the castle of Heidelberg is the most magnificent ruin of the Middle Ages." So grand did the old castle and its surroundings appear by the pale moon-light that I decided to pay it a second visit on the following day. In front of the palace walls is a wide veranda or stone terrace, at the east end of which is the old tower and at the west an octagonal room or sort of observatory. To the north is the deep valley through which flows the Neckar and along each side of it lies the city. Away to the west is the railway station where there is

such a number of lights, blue, red, white and all colors, sparkling and gleaming and dancing, that one almost imagines it to be a rich bed of diamonds and emeralds, and rubies under the brilliant rays of an electric light. The scene, as I saw it, was indescribably beautiful. As I stood here viewing the hills and city and river by the mellow light of the moon, a song and music came from the town below, where evidently a number of students had congregated and were indulging in those two accomplishments of German students—song and beer.

The situation of Heidelberg is lovely in the extreme. On each side the hills are high. Breaking through the hills comes the Neckar on its way to the Rhine. West of the town is the broad plain that skirts the Rhine and across this plain, rising in a shadowy almost indefinable line or ridge, are the "Blue Alsatian Mountains." The houses and streets of the town are both of stone.

Heidelberg University is the oldest in Germany, and one of the most celebrated in the world. The buildings are quite old and very commonplace. They occupy a square in the middle of the town with no grounds around. It is not in as great favor now as formerly though its medical department is, I believe, regarded as the best in Europe. Here Longfellow studied and many of our best scholars in America have spent some time at Heidelberg. This, like most other German universities, has always been famous for dueling among the students. Indeed, no student has any standing as such, unless he bears a scar received in a duel. Many men are met in Europe with ugly scars on face and head who regard their disfigurement as their greatest honor. The scar that

comes from a sabre cut in a university duel, is a source of great pride to the average German heart.

The University is nominally under the patronage of the Grand Duke of Baden, though I suspect the Duke gives it little personal attention. Students may enter Heidelberg to do hard work or to have a good time. The majority are thoroughly in earnest, and work very hard in the course chosen by them. One may, however, pay little attention to his studies and university duties. It depends entirely upon the taste, wants, inclinations and financial condition of the individual. No examination is required for entrance, the student merely matriculates and pays his fee, receives a certificate entitling him to attend lectures, chooses the professors he will hear lecture and then goes to work in earnest, or sinks into indolent leisure as the case may be.

It must be remembered that there is a great difference usually between the German and American students who attend the University, in the manner of their preparation or previous training. The German students come to the University from the Gymnasia when they have gone through a course of study and discipline nowhere excelled in extent of work or in the intense application to labor required of the pupil. He has already, as a usual thing, mastered the science or specialty which the foreign student comes to Heidelberg to pursue. Hence the German student can play if he wish to, while the foreign student works "like a horse" to go over the ground already traveled by the former. The classes of

the professors are sometimes large, sometimes small, according as the lectures and the professor may be popular, or the reverse.

The student is in a very large measure his own master, free from restraints, at liberty to attend lectures or not, to drink beer or roam on the wood-covered hills, to prowl around the castle, to sing, to fight duels, and to do or not to do anything else as his inclinations may dictate. If he violates any of the laws of the municipality or of the Grand Duchy, and is to be arrested by an officer, he merely claims the protection of the university corporation, in which case the officer takes his name and reports him to the university officers. He is then accused, tried, often in his absence, sentenced to confinement in the university prison, called upon by a university constable, who inquires when it will be agreeable for him to come to prison, ascertains the date and takes a note of it and goes away well knowing that on that date the student will present himself for punishment, according to the sentence of the court. he student can also be complained of, tried in his absence, convicted and sentenced to confinement in the university prison for violation of the laws of the university corporation. I was told that this queer custom is very old, and that a student never fails to come to prison on the day he agrees to do so.

Many stories are told of their duelling and the various pranks that certain students will play in order to provoke a duel so that he may gain the glory supposed to

be due to all students who bear scars, but it is useless to repeat them here. Many of the students own dogs, indeed it is regarded as quite the thing to tow a dog around by a string.

It is not the majority, however, who own dogs, drink beer, fight duels, sing sentimental songs, and appear constantly upon the streets. The majority come to the university to work. They come from the colleges and gymnasia to prepare themselves for teaching some specialty and perfecting themselves for professorships. These men *work*, they do not idle away their time. To them time is money. Their resources are limited; they must make the most of the opportunity. Indeed, it has been well said that "it would be a mistake to suppose that the easy-going, pleasure-seeking student carries an empty head. Just the contrary. He has spent nine years in the gymnasium, under a system which allowed him no freedom, but rigorously compelled him to work like a slave. Consequently he has left the gymnasium with an education which is so extensive and complete, that the most a university can do for it is to perfect some of its profounder specialties. It is said that when a pupil leaves the gymnasium, he not only has a comprehensive education, but he *knows* what he knows—it is not befogged with uncertainty, it is burnt into him so that it will stay. For instance, he does not merely read and write Greek, but speaks it; the same with the Latin. Foreign youth steer clear of the gymnasium; its rules are too severe. They go to the university to put a mansard roof

on their whole general education; but the German student already has his mansard roof, so he goes there to add a steeple in the nature of some specialty. So this German attends only the lectures which belong to the chosen branch, and drinks his beer and tows his dog around, and has a general good time the rest of the day. He has been in rigid bondage so long that the large liberty of university life is just what he needs and likes and thoroughly appreciates; and as it can not last forever, he makes the most of it while it does last, and so lays up a good rest against the day that must see him put on the chains once more and enter the slavery of official or professional life."

Putting aside whatever of sarcasm may be found in the foregoing quotation, there is still found in it much truth and faithful representation of university life at Heidelberg. However, an injustice is done in it to foreign students. They do not steer clear of the German gymnasium, because they go to Germany as thoroughly prepared for a university life as any training in a gymnasium could make them. The student who goes to a German university, as a rule, is a man who would be thoroughly prepared for it, if there were no colleges or gymnasia. I say as a *rule*; of course there are exceptions. The American college and the German gymnasium do not materially differ in the opportunity in either to acquire an education, except that in the American college there is much more freedom; and the college usually turns out an earnest, tireless worker who can

think and investigate for himself, and who is thus peculiarly fitted for the freedom of a university life, while the gymnasium turns out a machine, or at least the product of a machine-like discipline. The reader can not fail to note the difference between the German university at Heidelberg and the English university at Cambridge, described in an earlier chapter. Heidelberg is a type of the German university. The students do not sleep or board in the college buildings as they do in the English universities. In fact there are no colleges in the German universities. The buildings at Heidelberg are quite meager compared with any of the English universities. Indeed, in America, many colleges which makes no pretentions to the rank of a university, have much more pretentious buildings than are to be found at Heidelberg. The American university is founded on the German model, with one notable exception. The American university has not inaugurated the practice of duelling. So much is said of duels among students that it may not be out of place to quote the description of one by an eye witness. The duels are fought by a small proportion of the students, and generally by those who belong to what is known as the "corps." The students who are to fight are stripped and padded with cloth at every vulnerable point, and wear iron goggles over the eyes.

"The combatants were watching each other with alert eyes; a perfect stillness, a breathless interest reigned. I felt that I was going to see some wary work. But not so. The instant the word was given, the two apparitions

sprang forward and began to rain blows down upon each other with such lightning rapidity that I could not quite tell whether I saw the swords or only the flashes they made in the air; the rattling din of these blows, as they struck steel or paddings, was something wonderfully stirring, and they were struck with such terrific force that I could not understand why the opposing sword was not beaten down under the assault.

"Presently, in the midst of the sword-flashes, I saw a handful of hair skip into the air as if it had lain loose on the victim's head and a breath of wind had puffed it suddenly away.

"The seconds cried 'Halt!' and knocked up the combatants' swords with their own. The duellists sat down, a student official stepped forward, examined the wounded head, and touched the place with a sponge once or twice; the surgeon came and turned back the hair from the wound, and revealed a crimson gash two or three inches long, and proceeded to bind an oval piece of leather and a bunch of lint over it; the tally-keeper stepped up and tallied one for the opposition in his book.

"Then the duellists took position again; a small stream of blood was flowing down the side of the injured man's head, and over his shoulder, and down his body to the floor, but he did not seem to mind this. The word was given and they plunged at each other as fiercely as before; once more the blows rained and rattled and flashed; every few moments the quick-eyed seconds would notice that a sword was bent—then they

called 'halt!' struck up the contending weapons, and an assistant student straightened the bent one.

"The wonderful turmoil went on—presently a bright spark sprang from a blade, and that blade, broken in several pieces, sent one of its fragments flying to the ceiling. A new sword was provided and the fight proceeded. The exercise was tremendous, of course, and in time the fighters began to show great fatigue. They were allowed to rest a moment, every little while; they got other rests by wounding each other, for then they could sit down while the doctor applied lint and bandages. The law is that the battle must continue fifteen minutes if the men can hold out; and as the pauses do not count, this duel was protracted to twenty or thirty minutes, I judged. At last it was decided that the men were too much wearied to do battle longer. They were led away drenched with crimson from head to foot."

In these duels, of course, every precaution is taken in preparing the adversaries, that no serious injury shall be inflicted on either side. If the duel result as the one above described, it is called a drawn battle, and must be re-fought.

This matter of duelling will, I believe, be recognized as another material distinction between the German and English universities.

As we were about to leave Heidelberg, an amusing incident occurred. Mr. Conger and my friend Davis, became separated from us. Here as elsewhere you cannot walk across the railroad track without danger of

arrest. Our train was on the opposite side and outside of the depot. To get there, it was necessary to go under the tracks by means of a tunnel. When we crossed under, our two members were paying attention to something else. Discovering that they were alone, they began to rush frantically up and down the depot, asking every German they met whether they "had seen eighteen Americans anywhere?" The only answer they received to their inquiries was a shrug of the shoulders and a shake of the head which so significantly indicates, "I don't understand you." Finally they met an Englishman whom they accosted in the same way. "Why, my dear sirs," he replied, "I can't tell Americans from anybody else." Then Conger frantically started across the track, upon which a policeman kindly took him in charge, but upon discovering the species of his captive, promptly released him. "What shall we do?" said Conger. "I haven't a cent with me," said Davis. "We can't make any of these confounded Dutchmen understand a word we say," said Conger, whose eyes were about to protrude from their sockets. In the meantime the train was due to depart and none of us knew where they were. We gave the guard a bribe to hold the train a minute or so, and Spangler went to look for them. He found them condoling each other and lamenting their sad fate in being lost in a strange country, whose language was as strange to them as Chinese. Spangler returned with the two worthies and we were again a united party and, metaphorically, we fell upon their breasts and welcomed them back.

The independent spirit of an American frequently gets him into trouble. At Mayence, Conger asked for a

glass of milk at a lunch stand at the depot. It was served by a girl, and when he tasted it he found it to be sour. He protested that it was not sweet and that he would not pay for sour milk. The girl insisted, and Conger walked away. The girl called a big burly policeman who took him back to the stand, where he was compelled ignominiously to pay for his sour milk. After paying for it Conger drank the milk, saying he would not let her sell it to some one else, if it killed him to drink it.

Chapter 13.

Nuremberg, Bavaria, Munich.

Nuremburg, or Nuernberg, as the Germans spell it, is the quaintest old city in Europe. After five changes of cars, and having ridden in cars of every possible construction and style, including a cheap imitation of an American smoking car, we arrived before the walls of this ancient city. She is surrounded by a formidable wall of heavy masonry, in front of which is a deep and wide moat. At intervals on the wall are watch towers. The ancient city is within the walls; the modern part without. The buildings are ancient and quaint in the extreme; gable roofs, oriel windows, narrow streets, shop windows full of toys and jewelry and gloves; and gloomy looking houses, are characteristics of the place. Statues abound in the public squares, and in the churches, and around fountains in the public streets. Many of these pieces of statuary are fine specimens of true art. The house of Albrecht Duerer, the famous painter of Nuremberg, is worth a visit, for its associations, but not on account of its architecture or convenience of arrangement or beauty.

The castle at Nuremberg is a gloomy old structure of the Middle Ages, and has always until 1866 been the royal residence of Bavaria's monarchs. It occupies a high rock, overlooking the entire city. It stands to-day

as a representative of the cruelty, superstition and barbarity of the Middle Ages. Dark dungeons and long tunnels abound. Two of these are remarkable. One leads to the outside of the city, a mile and a quarter distant to the river, the other leads to the court house, a half mile away. The former was built to enable the inmates to procure water from the river, in the event that it should give out in the well, when the castle was in a state of siege; the latter for prisoners, condemned to perpetual darkness at the court house, to go to the castle well for water.

This well is 325 feet deep, dug through solid stone, and the tunnel enters a gallery near to the bottom of the well. It required thirty years of constant labor to dig this well, and the work was done entirely by condemned prisoners. The well contains excellent water, cool and clear. A small quantity of water dropped into the well from the top reaches the bottom in six seconds. Our guide, a pretty bright-eyed little German girl, took a cup of water and poured it out in six parts about a second apart, as the last part left the cup we heard the first strike the water at the bottom; and following in the same order as the water was dropped, came the successive reports from the bottom. It was quite interesting to note what pride and enthusiasm the girl manifested in showing us the mystery of the well. But in nothing else is the barbarity and inhuman cruelty of the Dark Ages so conspicuously manifested as in the rooms containing the instruments of torture. Long since unused, they are now kept together and exhibited as the legacy of an age of cruelty and selfishness, the reality of which to us seems impossible.

The instruments of torture are the stocks, the duck-

ing stool, the Dutch chair, the thumb-screw, the rack, the cradle, the chair and two-edged sword, the "Eisene Jungfrau" and many others, the use of which it is horrible even to contemplate.

The stocks are of two kinds. One is like a modern churn in shape, with a hole at the top. The criminal was placed inside of this churn-like affair, his head protruding through the hole. and he was placed in the public square and market place and remained there for a period longer or shorter, according to his sentence. The other kind is the ordinary instrument through which the feet and arms were fastened which is familiar to all. The ducking stool was used to duck bakers who cheated in the weight of a loaf of bread. They were ducked in the river as many times as the loaf lacked ounces in weight. One noticeable instrument is a kind of frame in which scolding women were tied and left in the public place to be jeered and scoffed at by the crowds.

The thumb-screw so extensively used in religious persecutions, consists of two parallel pieces of iron with teeth like a saw, so that the pieces will fit together like two saw blades, the teeth of one fitting into the notches of the other. The thumbs of the victims were placed between these pieces of iron and they were then screwed together. The pieces of iron are connected with a crank, by means of which they are given a vibratory motion. The effect thus produced upon the victim is not only painful in the extreme, but it is also a nervous shock much like that produced by electricity, though less intense.

The Dutch chair is a large chair with the bottom full of long sharp-pointed spikes projecting upward.

The victim is seated upon these and heavy weights hung upon his feet, which do not touch the ground by several feet. These weights gradually pull him down farther and farther upon the spikes, for hours causing excruciating pain.

There was one instrument, the name of which I did not learn, which resembles a huge pair of tongs with ragged and teeth like edges. These were heated red hot and used in that state to pull off the flesh from the victim's body. The suffering caused by this cruel treatment can be better imagined than described.

The "Eisene Jungfrau," or the iron young-wife, is another remaining monument of the barbarism of the past. It is much the shape of a human body upon the outside —the inside entirely so. The victim comdemned to death was placed inside, and the doors having long, sharp spikes, of which two were so placed as to enter the victim's eyes, the others placed so as to pierce different parts of the body, were then closed and sooner or later death followed the fearful suffering of the victim.

The rack is a long table upon which the victim was laid upon his back. His hands were fastened securely at one end and his feet attached to a rope which ran over pulleys on the same principle as the "block and tackle." He was then stretched out until the body suffered intense pain, when the body became partly paralyzed or inured to the pain a few turns of the pulley revived, in an intensified manner, the pain.

The cradle is an instrument much resembling a wooden cradle. It has sharp spikes projecting inwardly from the bottom, sides and ends of the instrument. The

victim was tied hand and foot, and laid into this cradle and rocked.

The iron chair and two-edged sword were used for executions; the victim merely sat down upon the chair and the executioner swung the great sword and the head dropped off.

The foregoing are only a few of the instruments of torture which I saw and examined in this old castle. It seemed to me as I viewed them, that all the ingenuity of the Middle Ages had been employed to invent means to prolong and to intensify human pain. What a change since then! Now it is the study of mankind to relieve and prevent pain. Intense hatred and cruel selfishness have been replaced by loving kindness and sympathy. But the saddest fact that thrusts itself unbidden upon my mind is this: Most of these engines of cruelty were the inventions of the church, or rather, I should say, of priests. Preaching "peace on earth and good will among men," they put to death, with every species of cruelty and devilish ingenuity they could invent, those who happened to incur their displeasure. But the church of Jesus Christ was started on earth to succeed even against the "gates of hell." And she has come down to our times in spite of the crimes and blunders and criminal selfishness of her professed friends, bringing in the fullness of time a grand civilization. That we enjoy and partake of this civilization instead of the barbarism of which these instruments of torture are evidences, we should be profoundly thankful.

Nuremberg is celebrated for its manufacture of toys and jewelry. The people dress in ancient costumes; their customs are old, their houses older yet; almost

secluded from the world, the spot seems to be a little remnant of the Middle Ages that has lagged behind the progress of the world and is unable to catch up with it. Here also dogs are used to draw milk-carts. In Europe but little ice is put up. Refrigerators are almost an unknown quantity outside of the more progressive cities. To keep milk sweet, it is boiled. During the Middle Ages, what skill and ability were not used to make engines of torture, were employed to decorate and beautify their cathedrals. Nuremberg, therefore, has some fine churches, which the chisel and brush of artists have rendered interesting and beautiful. At this place is one of the finest Jewish synagogues in Europe.

But after all, Nuremberg is interesting more from her associations, than anything else. Her painters, poets, sculptors, have done more to render her name immortal than all her ancient commerce, or kings or castles.

Longfellow felt this when he wrote of her as follows:

"In the valley of the Pegnitz, where,
Across broad meadow-lands,
Rise th e blue Franconian mountains,
Nuremberg, the ancient stands.
Quaint old town of toil and traffic,
Quaint old town of art and song,
Memories haunt thy pointed gables
Like the rooks that round them throng,
Memories of the Middle Ages, when
Thy emperors rough and bold
Had their dwellings in thy castle
Time defying, centuries old.
And thy brave and thrifty burghers,
Boasted in their uncouth rhyme
That their great imperial city
Stretched its hand through every clime.
Everywhere I see around me rise the
Wondrous world of Art:

Fountains wrought with richest sculpture
Standing in the common mart,
And above cathedral doorways
Saints and bishops carved in stone,
By a former age commissioned as
Apostles to our own.
Here when Art was still religion,
With a simple reverent heart,
Lived and labored Albrecht Duerer,
The Evangelist of Art.
EMIGRAVIT is the inscription on the
Tombstone where he lies;
Dead he is not—but departed—
For the artist never dies.
Fairer seems the ancient city
And the sunshine seems more fair
That he once has trod its pavements,
That he once has breathed its air.
Here Hans Sachs, the cobbler poet,
Laureate of the gentle craft,
Wisest of the twelve wise masters
In huge folios sang and laughed.
Vanished is thy ancient splendor
And before my dreamy eye
Wave these mighty shapes and
Figures, like a faded tapestry.
Not thy councils, not thy Kaisers,
Win for thee the world's regard,
But thy painter Albrecht Duerer
And Hans Sachs, thy cobbler bard."

In Bavaria I was surprised to see many tracts of country covered with natural pine forests. The country is rolling and usually the hill sides are covered with wood. One is surprised to see the large amount of hops that is raised in this section of Germany. In many districts one would get the impression that they are the only crop, so many are seen. But one of

the most astonishing things to an American, is the large number of fortifications. Within the distance of a half hour's ride, I counted five very large and powerful forts, the only use of which I could discover, was to guard the railroad on which we were going to Munich. At each fort, of course, a large body of soldiers were stationed, and almost every town and city had its complement of soldiers. It seems disgusting to see these thousands of the ablest-bodied men of the empire, who ought to be producing wealth instead of consuming it, supported in idleness, or employed in work worse than idleness, while the old women and girls are left at home to support a military tyranny. Everywhere the railroad depots are very substantial buildings and not unfrequently guarded by soldiers, or within the protection of the guns of a fort.

I was told that in Bavaria the people largely own their land in small parcels of a few acres each, and that there are fewer landlords holding large estates than elsewhere. They are unable to accumulate very much and the lands remain in small holdings.

The amount of beer which is consumed is incredible. It is made from hops which accounts for the numerous hop fields seen in this country. It is not adulterated because hops are cheaper than aloes or other materials used to adulterate beer. Therefore the beer is better and healthier than that found in England or America. The size of the glass and the smallness of the price stagger one. The glass is a mug shaped receptacle with a handle on the side and a pewter lid. It holds a pint or a pint and a halt; and for this quantity the prevailing price is not above two cents of our money.

The average price, I think, is not more than one and a half cents per glass. Smoking and beer-drinking are considered a national trait of character, and one is not patriotic to the Fatherland who does not do both. Beer gardens abound everywhere. But I must say that I did not see a boisterously drunken individual there. Whether there is much drunkenness there, depends upon what is meant by "drunkenness." If a man is regarded as drunk as soon as he has taken a glass of beer, as some people contend, then the whole population, and most of the visitors, are drunk all the time. But if it is only meant one who becomes boisterous and partially loses control of his faculties, then very few become drunk. Everybody drinks beer there—men, women and children. The extent to which men and women patronize beer gardens can only be realized by those who see it. In one beer garden in Munich, I saw 4,000 people, about equally divided as to sex, sitting at tables under the trees, or in the verandas, under brilliant electric light, drinking and chatting and laughing; while a military band belonging to one of the regiments stationed there, was playing excellent music.

Munich is the capital of Bavaria and one of the most celebrated cities in Germany. Here art flourishes under royal patronage, and two galleries contain many master pieces of painting from every celebrated artist. One is hung with productions of the modern painters and is called the new Gallery; the other is hung with the old masters and is called the old Gallery. There is also a gallery of sculpture. One cannot help indulging in the thought that either these old masters were industrious and indefatigable in their work to a degree unknown now,

or that some of these pictures seen in European galleries are attributed to men who did not paint them.

A visit to the principal picture galleries of Europe discloses a surprising number of pictures by the same painter. Surprisingly long lives these old masters must have had, and an energy and industry of which we know not even the rudiments. But Munich is really one of the art centers of Europe; few, if any, places surpass it in this respect. In the Old Gallery, Duerer, Van Dyck, Rembrandt, Weenix, Paul Veronese, Titian, Raphael, Michael Angelo, and many others have left some of their best productions.

Munich has broad streets, well shaded avenues, beautiful buildings, splendid bridges, and is altogether a very beautiful city. As in other places, there are many churches, which are monuments of art, rather than places of worship.

The visitor will go to the Royal palace, out of curiosity if for nothing more. The room and the bed in this palace in which Napoleon slept in 1809, are kept just as they were, not having been used since. All of the different rooms have inlaid floors, each of a pattern different from the others. The military dining room is adorned with pictures of the great battles of Napoleon. This seems a strange decoration for the walls of a German king; but when we remember that the Bavarians were some of Napoleon's bravest soldiers, and were allied to him in several campaigns, it will be seen that by this means they are only commemorating many of their own deeds of valor and heroism.

The royal stables contain places for two hundred and forty horses; the animals are all very fine, and all of

blooded stock, being mostly English. The State carriages are superb, but modeled upon old, clumsy patterns. All are very heavy, profusely ornamented in gold, some with rare and costly gems. The number, including sleighs, is thirty, and they represent 1,200,000 marks in value. Bavaria's mad monarch, before he began his wholesale building of palaces, had a mania for building State carriages, which accounts for many of these.

The palace of Nymphenberg, which lies west of the city, is not itself remarkable, but the grounds are extremely lovely. Water courses, small lakes, water falls, spendid walks, shady lanes; swans floating gracefully upon the water, which is so clear that thousands of fish are plainly visible; shrubbery, fresh and green; summer houses, and stately forest trees are some of the elements of its beauty. Fountains spouting fifty feet high cool the air and add beauty to the grounds. Many deer, tame and graceful, are seen in the shade of the trees, or quietly browsing twigs and shrubs.

One of the features of the city is the statue of Bavaria seventy feet high, facing a vacant tract of land and situated upon an eminence, where it shows to good advantage. The library, the Bavarian national museum and many other places will be found to be of interest to the visitor. The Bavarians seem to have more energy and enterprise about them than the Prussians; and moreover, are not too well pleased with their position in the Confederation. They love Bavaria first and the empire afterwards. Much dissatisfaction is expressed by them concerning the present government. Bavaria is about as important as Prussia, and has her place in history and accepts a second place in the Confederation with ill-concealed

dislike. Every one is familiar with the melancholy history of her insane monarchs. Ludwig II. committed suicide by drowning, and is succeeded by Otto, his brother, who is also mad. When I was there, Luitpold, their uncle, was prince regent, and the virtual ruler. Should he survive Otto, he will be the actual king, as Otto has no brothers and no issue, and Luitpold is next in the line of descent.

In Bavaria as elsewhere, women are drudges. Opposite my hotel a street was being paved. Women were hitched to carts to haul the stone and water. I saw two women hauling a heavy cart-load of stone, and at a moderate grade in the street they became unable to pull it. For some time they pulled and worked at the heavy burden, but failed to move it further. Then one of the men went to their aid and pushed from the rear while they pulled, and thus started, they pulled the load to its destination. But as soon as the man had started them his assistance ceased. In other places in Munich I saw men sawing wood. The women split it with an axe and loaded up huge piles in a rack, with straps which go over the shoulder and under the arms, by means of which it is carried. The rack is set upon a block, so that when filled, she can put the straps over her shoulder without lifting the burden. This done, she leans forward, lifts the heavy load and walks away with it.

In another place, a large block was building and women were carrying the brick, stone and mortar to the masons. They climb a ladder and usually carry the brick and stone in a bucket. I did not see a "hod" used. It is not an uncommon occurrence to see a poor, weak mother with an infant child compelled to do this

work. You will see at the bottom an older child taking care of the infant, and when the mother reaches the ground, she may be seen to take the sickly child in her arms, nurse it a little while, give it back to the older child, fill her bucket with brick and again climb to the top with her load.

This is the civilization that Matthew Arnold prefers to ours; because I have seen just as bad scenes in his country as ever were or ever will be seen in Bavaria, or any part of the continent. We may be uncivilized in America, but we do not care for a civilization that will reduce our people to such conditions as may be seen daily in any part of Europe.

Chapter 14.

Austria, Salzburg, The Koenigsee, Berchtesgaden.

One hot afternoon, after leaving Munich for Salzburg, at about three o'clock, we sighted the Tyrolese Alps. Though they have no great elevation, yet they are covered in many places with snow, which from the hot plain, on which we skirted their base, looked delightfully cool. At about 6.30 p. m. we rolled into the city Salzburg, and were, for the first time, in the Austro-Hungarian Empire. We submitted our luggage to examination and passed out of the custom-house, toward our hotel, the "Tiger Hof."

The German language is spoken in Austria, and coming from Bavaria into this country, one does not realize, from the language, manners, customs or appearance of the people, that he is in another country. The money is florin and kreutzer. A florin is equivalent to forty-two cents, and is divided into one hundred kreutzers.

After a plain supper, I looked around the town. The streets are narrow, the houses tall, and there are the usual number of beer gardens with bands of music. The town lies in the edge of the Alps, which tower all around it. On a low mountain is a huge old castle.

Early the next morning we started in carriages to visit the Koenigsee and the celebrated salt mines. The road

is hard and smooth, winding among the mountains, following the course of the river Alm, which is the outlet of the Koenigsee. In all directions can be seen snow-clad peaks; the snow remaining at a much less elevation than in American mountains. The valley varies in width; at first it is quite wide, but narrows as it recedes into the mountains, until in many places it is not more than two or three hundred feet wide. The current of the stream is rapid, here rushing around an abrupt curve, there sweeping away, wide and beautiful, again rushing, breaking, foaming in milky whiteness over rapids.

At many places the water is diverted from the channel of the stream and carried along lateral channels at a less gradient for a mile or more, thus furnishing a head of water of thirty feet or more for water power. It is diverted exactly as the irrigating canals in Colorado. There are many factories and mills along the stream in which flour, furniture, and various articles are made. The houses in the little villages are old and quaint, and solidly built. In many places the roofs are merely held upon the houses by stones, which are laid upon them.

In many places in Europe this is the common way to hold a roof in place. Sometimes the roof consists of thin slabs of stone, which hold themselves in place by their own weight.

In this valley, as in all other places, every inch of tillable ground is utilized. Nothing goes to waste. Even the sides of the streams are lined, in many places with stone masonry, and the ground cultivated to the edge. In many places the valley is picturesque and beautiful beyond description. The snow-clad peaks, their virgin snow gleaming in the bright sunlight, the

verdure of tree and shrub and grass; the rushing water, clear, white with foam, and throwing spray which reveals many a beautiful rainbow, spanning the stream from side to side, the winding road; the mingling of shade and sunshine; flowers of various hues; the songs of birds—all make a picture of indescribable loveliness.

At last we arrived at the Koenigsee. Before us lay what appeared to be a very small body of water, an island in the center, a wall of stone and mountain peaks beyond. The color of the water is an emerald green, tinted with various other hues—a most peculiar color, with a most peculiar effect. We engaged a boat for twenty. It was propelled by oars, and the oars were handled by four women and two men. There is no steamboat upon the lake. All boats are propelled by oars, and the oars are worked chiefly by women On our boat the four female rowers were old. Their sleeves were rolled up to the elbow; the arm and hand brown and hard from labor and exposure. One woman who sat in the prow working an oar with a steady, monotonous stroke, was not less than sixty-five years old. One who sat nearer to me told me that she had been engaged in this work for fifteen years, and said it was very hard work, which I readily believed.

But we were soon undeceived as to the extent of the lake. Rounding a point, we see stretching away before us, a long, narrow, and exquisitely lovely body of water. It is fully six miles long by two miles wide, surrounded on all sides by towering mountain peaks six thousand feet high. The lake was once, undoubtedly, the crater of a volcano. The water is six hundred and thirty-six feet deep. Water comes tumbling down thousands of feet on the almost perpendicular sides from melting snow

above. With the exception of the north and south ends, there is no place where a boat could land, the sides being so nearly perpendicular. At the south end there is a natural amphitheatre about three miles long and about a mile wide. At the east end of this there is another little lake, perhaps a mile and a half wide, and between the two lakes is about a square mile of land, or rather rock. The lakes are connected by a clear, sparkling stream. The surface between the lakes is weird, grand—huge rocks of every conceivable shape and size are scattered about in the most fantastic manner. Great gray and brown walls of mountains rise thousands of feet on every side. Above and beyond these are glimpses of great snow banks; down the sides, cataracts of water, foaming, and breaking into mist and spray, fall many hundred feet into the lake. Here and there a tree or shrub, with its roots twined around the rocks, and following the crevices in the stone, struggles for existence. It looks as if it might have been the weirdly and fantastically-set stage of a theatre for the gods. Standing near the eastern side and looking back toward the Koenigsee, a most lovely view was seen. Out across the rugged amphitheatre, with its green sides, and over against the western edge lay the south end of the Koenigsee. Along the western side lay the water, in its greenest of green colors; nearer it was a lovely blue, while still nearer it was clear and almost white. A slight wind broke the surface into myriads of ripples, mixing and blending these colors into a thousand different tints, chasing and following each other, breaking into pieces, again to be resolved and blended into others—like diamonds of clearest water, flashing and blazing from green and blue settings—a

perfect sea of precious gems, mingling and flashing as they move by some unseen force.

Again we take our places in the boat and move over the smooth surface of the lake, again drinking in the beauty of the scene. But the enjoyment is marred by the sight of the women working in the hot sun, at labor far too hard for men to do; and we feel culpable in riding thus when we learn that for this work these women receive less than twenty cents a day.

The costume of the Tyrolese peasant is peculiar. A feather usually graces the hat; an ordinary coat generally braided or embroidered; short pants not reaching the knees and usually made of leather; leggins reaching from the ankle to an inch or more below the knee and embroidered or braided or beaded; if shoes and stockings are worn, the stocking laps over the lower part of the leggin; the space between the bottom of the pants and the top of the leggin is about three inches and always bare—this is the picture he presents.

Throughout the Tyrol, the roads are lined with innumerable crucifixes. They are seen affixed to trees or posts or fences at not more than a hundred feet apart. Sometimes for a mile they will be found not more than a rod apart. Some are on a grand scale, with not only the crucified Christ upon the cross, but also upon either side the two thieves. Some have an arrangement for a candle which is lighted at night. Some again are very plain, some only a small picture of Christ upon the cross. They are found wherever a human footstep can go. They line the rocky walls of the lakes. They may be seen high upon the mountains and low down in the valleys. The religion is Catholic, and many who pass these cruci-

fixes and shrines lift their hats or cross themselves and it keeps them pretty busy on some of the roads.

In the towns, Sunday, after ten o'clock in the morning, is a holiday. Bands play on the streets and the beer gardens overflow with patrons and the patrons overflow with beer.

In this section beggars abound. Begging is forbidden by the government, but in these mountain districts, of course, the law is not enforced. In some cases the mendicants are worthy, but usually begging is their trade. They begin when but an infant and continue this disreputable mode of life until death comes. Frequently little children meet your carriage and holding their hands aloft as if in prayer, follow you a mile or more, clamorously demanding alms. Little girls will take up a place where you must pass and when you approach they will sing until you are past, expecting a coin. Again an old physical wreck is met, and here and there a man or woman who warbles the peculiar "jodel." The prevalence of beggars detract from the pleasure of the ride on any road in the Tyrol. They are persistent and disagreeable. They are usually quite undeserving.

On our return from the Koenigsee we stopped at Berchtesgaden to visit the salt mine. If any of the readers of this book should ever be in this part of Austria, or rather Bavaria, (the mines are in both countries, the line running about the center of this one) he should not fail to visit this mine. He will never regret it.

We were compelled to dress in costume suitable to the occasion. This, for the gentlemen, was a pair of overpants, a blouse, and a wide-brimmed hat, our own coat and pants being left behind; and for the ladies a

pair of white pantaloons, a black coat, and a black cap trimmed in blue and set jauntily on one side, their dresses and skirts being left behind. Thus attired, our party of twenty, with two German guides, each member of the party having a candle, the party being divided into two divisions of ten each, entered the mine. The entrance is on the west side of the mountain and east of the highway. We went through a long corridor, arched with solid stone masonry and gently ascending, leading into the heart of the mountain. This we traversed for a considerable distance, when we came to an opening on the left hand side. Here we ascend a flight of 126 stone steps, leaving the corridor we had so far traveled. Having reached the top of the stone steps, we found ourselves in another corridor similar to the one we had left, walled up and arched with stone as the first. We followed this for some distance and reached a point where five corridors, all similar in construction to the first, came together. Our guide informed us that these corridors all lead to different galleries where salt is found. He led us into one of these and as we proceeded we saw cross corridors all leading into the darkness, whither we knew not, and I shuddered at the thought of being lost in this net work of passages, now nearly a mile from the entrance and under 600 feet of solid stone in the mountain above. But on we went, trusting to our guide who is continually talking to us in bad German and putting us to our wit's end to understand him. Having followed him a long way in the corridor's deep gloom, which is scarcely broken by the sickly light of our tallow candles, we heard occasionally reports of a deep, low, reverberating boom which rolled and echoed and re-echoed through the many corridors

like the report of the great guns of a distant battle. At first I attributed the sounds to blasting, and was quite surprised to find that they came from the banging of some wooden doors that are set up where the corridor enters the gallery. That such unearthly noises can come from so simple a cause is one of the inexplicable things of nature. We passed through the door and beheld a sight as grand as ever falls upon mortal eyes. We stood just within the solid stone wall of a great chamber or gallery hewed out of the salt rock. It was absolutely dark. No ray of light can enter from the outside. The thick darkness exceeds anything that ever before came to my experience. It seemed so thick that we could feel it. There were suspended in circles around the gallery, in rows, one above the other, a thousand lamps or candles whose light was choked by the intense darkness and appeared as stars might, from a sky of sable blackness. It was a picture indescribable. The rows of star-like lamps ran off on the left seeming to mingle together and dance and tremble in the black distance, and return on the right like wanderers coming home with smiles and radiant faces. The gallery is several acres in surface. Its bottom, its ceiling and its walls are salt rock. Having stood quite still for some time drinking in the strange weird beauty of the scene, our eyes became somewhat better accustomed to the darkness, but it was not until informed by our guide that we preceived that the bottom of the gallery is covered with water and is in fact a lake or salt sea. It was quite true, we were but standing upon a shelf of salt rock, and before us lay a sheet of water about six feet deep. Finally we discovered a boat into which we got and were rowed across the gallery—a strange place to

boat, and a strange ride upon the salty water. We landed upon the opposite side where a transparency displayed the miners' talisman, "Glueck Auf"—good luck. There are thirty-five of these galleries and they are used to produce table or eating salt.

After the gallery has been blasted out, it is henceforth made to produce salt in this way. From high in the mountains where ice and snow are melting, pure, cold water is let in by means of pipes. In a short time, this water disolves the salt from the sides and bottom of the gallery and holds in solution about twenty-seven per cent. of salt. It is then drawn off through pipes to the valley below, where the water evaporates, leaving the fine salt. In many parts of the mines the rock is composed of 95 per cent. pure salt. This is mined and sold in the rock state for packing purposes. It is what is usually known as rock-salt. We saw large piles of this in one gallery, ready to be hauled out and sent to market. From the gallery containing the water, we proceeded through another corridor and came to a descent of some seventy-five or one hundred feet. This we descended in a novel way. It was no more or less than a toboggan slide. One article of our costume I have omitted to mention. It is a leather apron put on behind instead of in the usual manner of wearing aprons. We now perceived its use. It is to sit upon as we slide down. A guide takes his place first, then three or four get on behind him and away they go until the bottom is reached. In this way we all went down and found ourselves in another gallery. This was one of the dry galleries. Proceeding through this we followed another corridor and came to another "toboggan slide," went down as before, went through

another dry gallery into another corridor, going back toward the entrance.

We came to another corridor, turned to the right, discovered that there was a narrow iron track like that we had noticed in the first corridor, and passing on some hundred yards, came to a small room or chamber. Here was a pretty and pleasant picture. The room was about thirty feet long, fifteen wide and twelve or fifteen high. Several walls projected from each side, leaving the space between them about the size of a door. Thus, instead of one room it might be regarded as several rooms. These walls were the original rock as it had been left standing when the room had been hewed out. A light in the farther end of the room shone through the translucent walls of salt, which held here and there opaque substances giving it the appearance of a crazy quilt designed by nature. Here art was at a discount. At the extreme end of the room was a large translucent salt rock, upon which were engraved a crown and the royal arms of Bavaria. A lighted candle behind the rock threw the design into plain view. In front of the rock is a pretty, little spouting fountain, the water of which falls down upon a pile of rocks and trickles away in the darkness. We were astonished to learn that this room is directly under the salt lake upon which we had taken our boat ride some time before. The water in the fountain comes from the lake above, which is readily believed when it is tasted. Coming out of this chamber, we were requested to take seats upon some cars which had been brought along while we were in the room. We got astride of them and when all were ready we started—whither we knew not. Down the incline of the corridor,

THE TRAMPS.

through the intense darkness, our candles immediately extinguished; past corridors leading away from ours, the wind whistling through our hair; every minute gaining speed, the rumble of our car wheels resounding through the mines like the roar of a coming storm; around abrupt curves which nearly unseated us—on we went a mile or more, and like lightning shot out into the light of day from the same opening which we had entered. We repaired to the photographer's to be taken in a group in costume, and the visit was finished.

A delightful ride through lovely mountain scenery, at the close of the day brought us back to Salzburg. "Time thus spent at way-side inns among costumed peasants here in the foot-hills of the great Alpine chain, is time gained for the memory of all future years. We may have been three hours, or we may have been four hours, in going from Salzburg to Berchtesgaden; but should we live for fifty years, no time can dim the charming recollections of that drive."

The salt mine and the Koenigsee are in southern Bavaria, Salzburg in Austria. The road crosses the boundary between the two countries, and lies along very close to it all the way. Accordingly we had to pass two custom houses on the trip.

Salzburg was the home of Mozart. His house stands a short distance from the river, an object of interest to all lovers of music. In this house the great musician was born; here he lived and labored in the profession he so well loved. Here many of his great master pieces were produced.

The usual number of cathedrals are found in this city.

Chapter 15.

St. John in Pongau, Zell am See, Innsbruck, The Brenner Pass.

From Salzburg we go to Innsbruck, stopping on the way at St. John in Pongau and "Zell am See." The route continuing through the Tyrolese mountain scenery, we saw many low-lying clouds. They hung low in the air, clinging to the rough mountain sides, leaving the base and summit in plain view. Here and there great banks of white, cumulus clouds were actually below us in the valleys, though we were at no great elevation. Toward noon the air grew warmer, the clouds broke away, rose to a high elevation, and floating away, revealed to us far stretching mountain views, snow clad peaks and lovely valleys. We stopped first at St. John in Pongau. Here we took two wagons for a ride through a beautiful valley to the entrance to a wild and romantic gorge in the Alps. Alighting, we walked along a path or trail which winds in and out among the hills, up and down, following the course of a rushing mountain torrent. Climbing along the rugged path, we soon passed over a bridge across the stream, in a sort of ante-chamber, to the gorge with walls of mountains almost enclosing it. The chamber is perhaps two acres in area and the walls are about fifteen hundred feet high. Passing on, along bridges hung to the

sides of the rocks, we entered the gorge. It varies in width from ten to fifty feet, the sides rising abruptly fifteen hundred to two thousand feet high. In many places the rocky sides overhang the water, and at one place the only way to advance is through a tunnel; then up a long flight of stairs, and skirting the left hand side of still higher mountain sides, we reached the top of the water-fall. Along the gorge the water tumbles and foams, and dashes, and crashes, and splashes itself into spray; leaps over huge rocks in wild glee, catches the sunshine in its foam and spray, and sends back to us a beautiful rainbow in acknowledgment of our admiration of its beauties. But how the water does go on down the gorge in a perfect frenzy of joy !

The water of Lodore would give but a faint description of the water of this wonderful glen.

Retracing our steps we came to the little hotel where dinner had been prepared for us. The table was in the open air, delightfully shaded, on a high place which commands a delightful view of mountain peaks, snow clad and beautiful; valleys teeming with busy life; bare rocks, huge boulders, green fields and pine forests, all intermingled most charmingly. I have seen no more interesting view in the Alps than this, though it has none of the majestic splendor of many other places in these mountains. It is rather a scene of pleasing and gentle beauty. We partook of a repast of fresh, baked mountain-trout, with fresh bread and deliciously cool, sweet milk.

Invigorated by the walk in the pure mountain air laden with the odor of pine and fir and charged with ozone; a health giving and health restoring atmosphere; our appetite whetted by the exercise, we feasted like kings

and queens at a banquet. And I doubt if royalty ever partook of a meal with as much real enjoyment as we, perched high upon that mountain side, with the lovely panorama spread out before us, and the health giving air laden with the odor of pines and evergreens, and cooled by the great banks of snow on many a peak about us. The meal finished, we were again on the wagons, rolling down the mountain side, through the rich and fertile valley, along the rushing river, and brought up at the railway station; and soon again we were on our way through the Tyrol en route for "Zell am See."

In this part of Austria, I noticed a peculiar, but certainly a convenient custom. On many of the house sides toward the street are large clock dials, whose hands point out the time of day to every passer-by.

Leaving St. John in Pongau, we followed the course of a rushing mountain torrent, which here and there breaks into foaming rapids and beautiful water-falls. In the afternoon we arrived at Zell am See. The town is small. It lies on the west bank of a beautiful lake, whose water is as clear and sparkling as a diamond, and very cool. High mountain peaks surround it on every side; their tops shrouded in eternal snow, their sides partly cultivated. The lake is about three miles long by one mile wide. A little steamboat makes the trip around the lake once an hour. Many boats are to be found for rowing. The hotel on the west side of the lake is an unusually fine one for that country. In every respect the place is charming, and leads one to believe that an American summer resort has been put down in the midst of that ancient country. We staid here four hours, rowing upon the lake, and were drenched in a sudden

thunder shower; we bathed in the frigidly cold water; and disposed of a good dinner in the open air on the bank of the lake.

Innsbruck is a beautiful Austrian town, the capitol of the Tyrol, and famous for the bridge where Hoefer thrice defeated the Bavarians under Napoleon in the war for independence in 1809. A visit to the cathedral is really interesting. I was about to say that Innsbruck is famous for its cathedral, but every town over there has a cathedral. The cathedral contains a statue of Alexander Hoefer, who led the Tyrolese against Napoleon for fourteen years, and was finally shot by Bonaparte at Mantua. Hoefer lies in the silver chapel, under a fine monument. In the center of the church is a statue of Maximilian I. kneeling upon a sarcophagus, surrounded by twenty-eight royal bronze statues, and twenty-four exquisite historical reliefs in marble. In 1754, in this cathedral, queen Christina, of Sweden, abjured Protestantism. A short distance west of the church is the celebrated bridge. Mountains rise around the town, six thousand to eight thousand feet above the level on which the town stands. There are many other places and objects of interest in this town, among which are the palace built by Maria Theresa, the university, the triumphal arch, the museum, the picture gallery, the ancient Capuchin Monastery, the wealthy Abbey of Witten, and the fine old castle of Ambras, built in the thirteenth century. After a delightful visit here, we took our places in the cars for a long ride, the destination of which was Verona, Italy. We began to climb, slowly, up a steep grade on the railroad, passing through innumerable tunnels, so many that the lamps were kept burning in the

cars to relieve the darkness. At one place we entered a tunnel, in which the road curved around in the shape of a horseshoe, came out on the same side on which we had entered, and beheld the track over which we had come some time before, a hundred feet or more below us, on the opposite and lower side of the valley. We passed another train here, saw it dive into the tunnel and presently shoot out at the lower end and fly away down the valley below us and in the same direction with us. We were now crossing the Alps on the celebrated Brenner pass.

The railroad winds around among lofty peaks, crawls along the sides of high precipices and rumbles through dark tunnels, finally bringing up along the side of the beautiful Brenner lake, whose green waters lay below us in the valley like an emerald set by nature to adorn the scenery and to call forth our enthusiastic admiration of her wondrous beauty. The air was delightfully cool as we reached the summit of the pass which is the divide between the Adriatic and the Black seas.

In Austria, as well as in all parts of continental Europe, I was surprised at the primitive sort of farming utensils. Wheat is generally cut with a sickle. Grain is threshed with a flail, largely; and is winnowed by throwing it into the air. Hay is cut with a very peculiar scythe. The blade, as nearly as I can describe it, is like the blade of a corn cutter, such as is used in our western states. The handle is about eight feet long and as straight as a "bee line." At the end of the handle is a hand piece at right angles and in reverse line with the blade. At a convenient distance from the first hand piece is another, which projects at right angles, both from the

handle and the blade. With this ungainly instrument the peasant stands back some seven or eight feet from the grass, and with a long swinging stroke as he takes a forward step, cuts down a prodigious quantity. And everywhere a blade of grass grows, this scythe finds its way. Not one blade escapes. And it is not unusual to see the women swinging the scythe while the men turn and rake the hay—indeed, this is almost universally true.

There is, of course, some improved machinery, but it is seldom seen. The farms are so small, in many places the land is so hilly and rugged, that it can not be used as in more level countries. The tenants are unable to buy improved implements, and the landlords will not. I remember that in Switzerland, we had become so accustomed to see men "plowing" with a "three cornered hoe," that when we unexpectedly came upon a man plowing with a plow similar to those in use here, we were astonished at it. But when we remember that these people are expected to make a living off five acres of stony land, and clothe and sustain a family and pay fifty per cent. of all the gross proceeds to the landlord in the way of rent, we must not be surprised that they cannot have improved machinery. Rather should we be surprised that they keep from starving. In most places in Europe the telegraph is still of the primitive sort. The original Morse receiver is used. The machine makes impressions upon a strip of paper which passes over a roller, when a message is received. These impressions are then read by the operator. They are not read by sound as in this country.

In many parts of Europe the railway train, as it leaves the depot, touches an electric contrivance at three distinct

times, which rings a bell as often at the next station, and thus announces that the train has started. There seems to be no system of train orders in the movement of trains by telegraph, as with our railroads.

Chapter 16.

ITALY, VERONA, ITALIAN WOMEN, ITALY'S PROGRESS.

My first sight of Italy was a distant view of the plains of Lombardy from the crest of the Alps. An hour or so before we had passed through a snow storm, which, of course, was rain further down in the valleys. The clouds had broken away and the sun shone brightly; the air was deliciously cool and invigorating; and what a contrast too, to the intense heat we found the next day at Verona, for it was in the month of July. Words cannot describe the mingled sensations and emotions which one experiences as he stands amid the grey rocks and snow-clad peaks of the Alps, and looks out upon the land that to the student, the historian, the artist, the Christian, or the soldier, is the most interesting in Europe. From boyhood we have read of the Alps, their avalanches, their dangers and their fascination to mountain climbers. Then, too, we are familiar with the exploits of Hannibal and Napoleon. As we stand in their midst, every charming valley and every towering peak seems to be an old friend; the valley invites us to ramble among its beauties, and the peaks entreat us to climb to their tops. But he who has not yet been in Italy, must refuse the hospitable invitations and hurry on to the land of romance, song and art. He sees before him the cradle

of a civilization two thousand years old. He sees the melancholy remains of a land whose history stirs the very depths of a soldier's heart, and which is yet the home of music and art; a land that has bounteously contributed to the perfection of our modern civilization. And so I staid not in the mountains, but hurried on to the plains below, filled with so many treasures of art and hallowed by so many historical associations. As we go, I notice a small stream of water that comes from the mountains, and runs along the road. Further on it receives an addition and becomes larger, soon another, then another, and so on until it becomes a rushing mountain stream, which, long before it reaches the Adige, becomes a large river.

Thus we have seen the source and mouth of an Alpine stream, and it has been our guide to take us down and out of the mountains to the Italian plains beyond. At one place the guard told us we could walk to the next station before the train could reach it. It was not more than a mile or so away and seemed to be almost directly beneath us. About thirty of the passengers availed themselves of the opportunity to scramble down the steep mountain side while the train moved off to make a journey of eight or ten miles to get to the same place. It was a close race but we arrived there first and saw the train roll into the depot.

Again we are in our compartments, and on we go, getting further down and further south, as the increased heat admonishes us, following the mountain stream until we reach the Adige, and then along that river until we are at Verona, familiar to every reader of Shakespeare. The enterprising Italian (induced by the proper fee), seriously

and solemnly points out the tomb of the sentimental Juliet; and if the tourist is sufficiently credulous he shows the very balcony where Juliet sat while Romeo poured out the affection of his heart.

I stopped at the hotel St. Lorenzo, neither better nor worse than the average European hotel. The city is pleasantly situated, has 98,000 inhabitants and many places of interest to visitors. Here we get our first glimpse of Italian life and people. They are much more intelligent, better proportioned physically, and better dressed than I had expected to find. If an American forms his judgment of Italy and the Italians from his observation of those who come to America, his judgment is likely to be quite erroneous. The Italian women are exceedingly pretty, even handsome. The eyes are usually large, dark and melting; the complexion rich and delicate; the features regular and pleasing. Their most effective weapon for conquest is the fan, which they use with a languid grace that captivates before the victim is aware. The costume is generally dark in color, a light weight, but dark colored shawl drawn over the shoulders, and a black lace veil placed artistically and coquettishly over the head. They are all artists in the matter of dress. They wear the shawl and carry the fan at the same time, but the lace veil is generally the only head dress. But the veil never covers the face. It would never do to cover those lovely eyes, and that rich complexion which, with the graceful movements of the fan in that oppressive and enervating climate, combine to render the Italian lady so fascinating. She is devoted to the form of the Catholic religion. But her Christianity is no deeper than the beauty of her face, which fades away early in life, leaving the old woman a

horrible picture by contrast to her younger but beautiful sister. On any bright morning you may go into any of the numerous churches or cathedrals and find the Italian woman kneeling at the altar, glibly reading or reciting her prayers, counting her beads, and responding musically to the chanting of the priests; and in the midst of it all, she will find an opportunity to throw you, a perfect stranger, a bright glance, a pleasant smile, and then coquettishly half hide her pretty face behind an elegant fan, just leaving to view her positively handsome eyes to play havoc with your composure, or entirely put to flight any stray thoughts of a devotional character you may have entertained when you entered the place of worship. Her religion is all form, nothing else, and in strict obedience to this form she is a fanatic. The men of Italy, it is needless to say, are not so religious, not even in the form, much less in the essence. Italy's religious condition is peculiar. Recently emancipated from the government of the church, she is swinging away from an intense devotion to "form" to an intense atheism, or rather indifference to religion. She is, perhaps, no more atheistic now than before, in the true sense of the term.

At Verona, I first visited the Amphitheatre or Arena, which was built under Diocletian, about 290 A. D. It has seventy-two arcades, is oval in shape, 1584 feet in circumference and 106 feet high, with forty-five tiers of seats and can, at the present time, accommodate 40,000 spectators. It is built of stone, but the upper galleries, which were used by the common people, have crumbled away. From the top an excellent view of the city and surrounding country with the fortifications about the city is had. Close by, on one side of the piazza, is "Gari-

baldi's House." The principal entrances to the arena, are at the north and south sides, and on each side of them are the apertures through which the gladiators and lions were wont to enter. That such immense structures could have been built merely to gratify the barbarous desire for the shedding of blood, seems incredible. If human nature must have excitement, and if there must be national games to amuse the people, let them be base ball or cricket; but let not civilization again be disgraced with such brutal and bloody spectacles as this arena has so often afforded.

Another interesting place in Verona is the Market Place. This is a public square, which is by no means square in shape, and which was once the *forum* of the Republic. In this square at one end, is a high shaft surmounted by a copy of the "lion of Venice." The original was formerly on this shaft but was removed to Venice when Verona became a part of the Venetian Republic. Interesting as the Market Place is, as the former *forum*, it is no less interesting now as a market place. Coming into it at the southwest corner, the visitor beholds a large open space, no two sides of which are parallel, surrounded by arcades, under which is displayed every variety of wares that mind can conceive and the climate render saleable. In the open space, under awnings and booths are loads of delicious tropical fruits of every variety and kind that the season can furnish. Under these canvass coverings may be found almost everything in the way of food that the climate permits or renders desirable for diet. They are generally kept by old women, and swarms of people surge through the open spaces surrounding the stands, examining the fruit and meat, and the

proprietor urges them to buy. It is a busy scene. But a short distance from the Market Place are the tombs of the *Scaligers* who ruled Verona from 1262–1389. These tombs are Gothic architecture, very richly and beautifully built, and surrounded on three sides by a very high iron railing, and on the fourth side by the church of St. Maria Antica. Passing through an open arch, before which hangs a rich, red portiere, I stand within this ancient church, where a priest is conducting services and a few women are at worship in various parts of the room, while a few more are quietly moving about examining the rare works of art which abound in this church, as if it were a mere museum of art rather than the place of divine worship. But this is characteristic of nearly all continental churches. They seem rather to be institutions for getting money out of visitors, than anything else. Go into any Catholic cathedral in Europe, and you will see tourists walking about examining the works of art or listening to descriptions or legends from the guide, while services are going on. It excites no comment and arouses no opposition. It is the custom of the country, and of the church.

Verona is literally surrounded by forts and fortified castles. Here is the residence of the Commandant of the Third Army Corps. Many of these forts were built by Austria, and have been strengthened since by Italy.

This teritory was long a subject of contention among the powers, but finally became a part of Italy, in 1866, and is now firmly incorporated into that kingdom.

A few months travel and observation in Italy will convince the most skeptical, that she is rapidly becoming

a great military power. Her history has been as peculiar, and as painful, as it has been interesting. The mighty pendulum of her destiny once swung to the side of greatness, and splendor and power. Her ruined temples, her despoiled palaces, her battlefields, her aqueducts and her military roads which to this day exist are mute witnesses to her former power and glory. In the Roman period, she ruled the world. It began to swing back during the decline and fall of the empire, the ravages of the northern barbarians, and the confusion of the next six centuries. Seized by Charlemagne and subsequently breaking into petty states, whose rulers contended with each other by sword, and intrigue and poison, she finally lay prostrate under the burdens of Papal power, as the pendulum reached the opposite extreme from her former splendor. But the pendulum of Italy's destiny has again started on its return vibration and has been accelerated by the genius and force of Victor Emanuel, Garibaldi and Count Cavour. It seems to me that earthly ambition could not desire more than Count Cavour achieved in the unification of Italy. From her broken and dishonored fragments he constructed a new empire that shall achieve a great destiny. He infused into Italian life a new principle—a spirit of nationality. From the Alps to the Mediterranean Sea, she is now a united, happy, progressive and prosperous nation. Commerce and manufacturing have revived, and throughout the peninsula are abundant evidences of activity and enterprise.

Rome has doubled in population, since the Pope lost his temporal power. Cavour laid the foundation for his country's greatness in the school system, which he caused to be inaugurated. Everywhere education is compulsory

and gratuitous. Italy has twenty-one universities, seventeen of which are supported by the state. Such a spirit promises well for the future. Though the constitution requires the king to be a Catholic, yet religion is absolutely free. A free press and free speech are also constitutional rights of the people. The Senate is composed of members appointed for life, and the House consists of 508 representatives who are elected by the vote of the people. It will surprise some to know that Italy has an army of nearly a million men, and a navy of considerable importance.

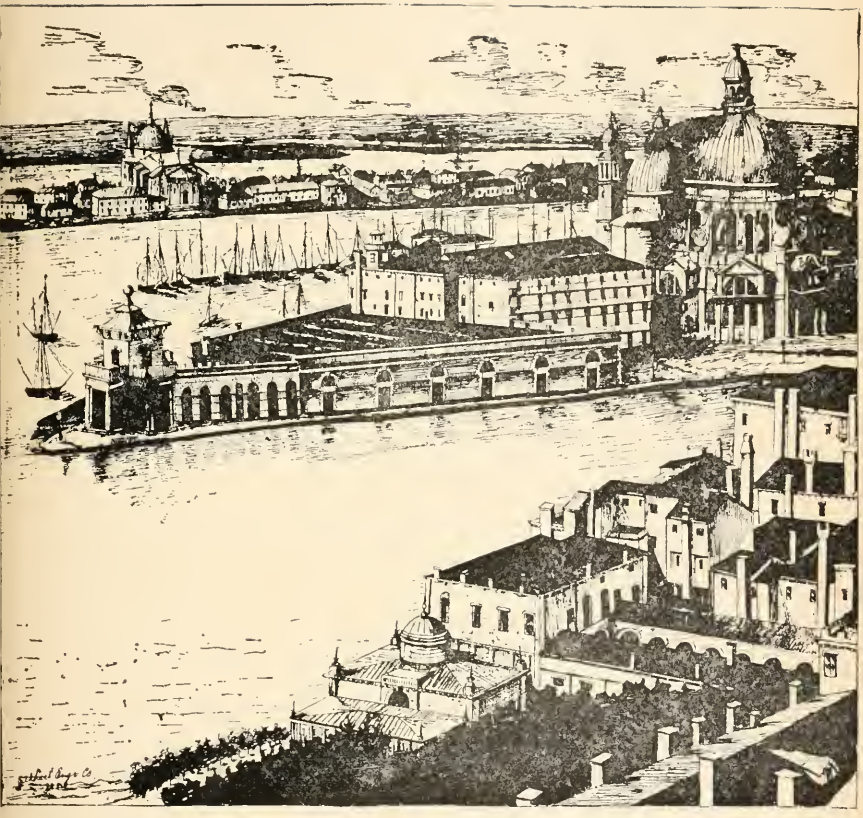
When will the condition of affairs in Europe become such that it will not be necessary to impose on every man a burdensome tax to provide the means to shed his brother's blood? Considering the condition of Italy fifty years ago, her present condition is wonderful. Brigands and Lazzaroni, once the scourge of the country, have disappeared. Fewer beggars are found, as the Government has undertaken to suppress begging altogether. Lotteries and games once encouraged by the petty governments are now discouraged by the king. Victor Emanuel bequeathed to Italy a great blessing in his son Humbert. King Humbert is a statesman, wise and conscientious. The people know it, and their devotion to him is touching. I believe that Italy is destined to become again one of the powers of Europe.

Chapter 17.

Venice and Florence.

Venice lies directly east of Verona, and the railroad follows the Adige River, for a time, and then traverses one of the most beautiful valleys I have ever seen. Distant mountains line either side while between lies a strip of land nowhere excelled in fertility of soil and beauty of surface. Hay, grain and fruit are raised abundantly. Fences, as we understand the term, are almost unknown. The land is divided into fields or sections by means of rows of fruit trees. The rows are usually about one hundred feet apart. In the space between these lines of trees the land is cultivated. There are no orchards set out separately as we are accustomed to see them here; but every fence is an orchard of itself. The land wasted for fences in America, is there used for richly bearing fruit trees. Not content with this economy, grapes are planted and the vines are trailed along from tree to tree in green festoons of surpassing beauty. Most beautiful roads wind through these lands, lined with fruit trees and trailing vines. The landscape seen in mid-summer is a pleasant one. The green corn, the yellow wheat, the fruit-laden trees, and the festoons of vines, all charmingly mingled together and relieved by the bright white surface of the drives, with here and there elegant houses, neat

villages and cool, rippling brooks, all combine to make it a picture of nature's rarest beauty. Through this continued scene of pastoral beauty we roll along, as in a dream, and wonder not that Italy has given to the world the best poets of any age. At last we are approaching Venice, "the Queen of the Adriatic." With what emotions one stands upon the brink of the realization of the fondest anticipations of a life time! Charles Dickens describes his approach and visit to Venice as a dream. To me it was no dream, nor do I think it is to very many. Filled with eager curiosity and keenly awake to everything, I looked out across this lagoon and caught my first sight of a distant city which seemed to lie low in the distant sea. As we come nearer she seems to rise up in pride from her bed of water, while thirteen centuries of art and history look down upon us from her gilded domes, her graceful towers, and her stately palaces. At the west the sun is sinking behind the horizon in a blaze of fiery beauty which reflects upon clouds and sea and city. No more favorable entrance into Venice could be made, than it was our privilege to make. The weather was perfect; the air balmy and soothing, the water lying without a ripple upon its bosom; and the city, golden in the slanting rays of the declining sun. The lagoon over which we are passing lies like one vast mirror in its unbroken surface, reflecting back from its tranquil bosom all the surrounding beauties. Emerging from the depot, we stand upon a broad stone terrace with steps leading down to the water's edge in the Grand Canal and, for the first time, look upon the gondolas and gondoliers—the steeds and vehicles of Venice. The city is not built upon spiles in the sea as many erroneously suppose; but



A Scene in Venice.

occupies 117 small islands, three of which are of some considerable size. There is no space between the water in the canals and the outer walls of the buildings. Sometimes there is a small piazza or stone terrace adjoining the outside of the wall, but generally the wall and the water are in contact. The canals are very crooked, having no regularity at all, being the natural channels between the islands upon which the city is built. Some of these canals are quite wide, some exceedingly narrow and they intersect and cross each other in every conceivable direction; and the dexterity and skill with which a gondolier will propel the long slender gondola and turn impossible corners within an eighth of an inch of the walls and never touch them; avoid collisions with other gondolas which shoot across his way from unseen canals, is something wonderful. On each island are narrow streets or by-ways at the rear of the houses, for pedestrians; the canals being crossed by stone bridges arched over the water. The most considerable and important of these, is the Rialto, made famous by Shakespeare in the "Merchant of Venice." How the English bard, never having been in Italy, could so accurately describe his Italian characters and scenes and places, must ever be a mystery to his critics and his students. The Rialto is a large stone bridge consisting of a single arch which spans the Grand Canal. On either side of the bridge are twelve shops, twenty-four in all, and between these is the passage by which we cross from one side to the other. Here was Shylock's money and exchange office. In many of these streets one can extend his arms and at once touch the walls on each side. By means of the streets and bridges one can walk over the greater part of the city, but a

stranger will become immediately confused. They run in all directions, into courts and squares, from which there is no exit but to retrace one's steps along the way he came. A friend of the writer started one afternoon to walk from the Riva degli Schiavoni to the Rialto; he continued to walk, as he supposed, toward the Grand Canal, for more than two hours. Imagine his surprise when he came out of a narrow winding street, upon the Riva degli Schiavoni about two hundred yards from the place from which he started. One street often takes, in successive parts, every direction of the compass. Along some of these streets are shops where the rich Venetian wares are displayed—glassware, beads, laces, all made in Venice. Others lead into the haunts of misery and want and penury and filth and vice indescribable. The writer calls to mind a narrow lane which traverses one of the larger islands. It is about eight feet wide. On either side is a solid row of buildings from four to six stories high. It is evening and quite warm. As I walk along, I stumble over nude children who sprawl upon the pavement. At every door that opens into a small room, damp and noisome, sits from one to a half-dozen old women, hideous in their ugliness, but dauntless in their shame. Younger girls whose characteristic, Italian beauty of face and figure has not yet faded away, half naked, sit indolently in chairs or on the pavement. I pick my way along, doing my best to get through without contact with the filthy creatures who leer and screech and laugh and beg for alms and swear at me for refusing to give. Wretchedness and want and misery are everywhere. But is it really any worse than in other cities? I think not. In other places the people can disperse to various places;

here they are, in a measure, confined to their own locality. For, cheap as is a gondola fare, these people never have that much ahead. At the end of this street, reader, step into a gondola with me. A few strokes of the gondolier's single oar and we glide by a stately marble palace with anywhere from six hundred to a thousand rooms. We pass through its halls and galleries, study its master pieces of art and linger in the marble halls. Does the contrast suggest an idea? Is the social system as perfect in this world as it might be? There is no place to which a gondola cannot take one. It can, of course, go entirely around every one of the one hundred and seventeen islands across most of which one can walk in a minute or less. There are few squares or large open spaces and these only on the few larger islands. The most important of these is the Riva degli Schiavoni in the southeast part of the city and which leads very nearly westward to the Piazzetti running from the lagoon north into St. Mark's Square. The latter is the largest and handsomest square in Venice. It is surrounded on three sides by time stained marble palaces which make an imposing appearance, and at the east side is St. Mark's cathedral; remarkable chiefly for its Mosaics. From the cathedral one can pass into the Palace of the Doges. This square is the centre of Venetian life and gaiety. Here on several nights each week an excellent band discourses music, while hundreds of ladies and gentlemen in rich attire promenade under the arcades or sit at tables in the square eating "*gelato*" or "*granita.*" If you make an appointment to meet a friend in the evening in Venice, the rendezvous is St. Mark's Square, and thither your gondola glides. At the southeast corner of the

square stands the huge old Gothic Campanile or bell tower, 322 feet high and erected in 911, A. D. Ascending to the top of this tower by means of an inclined plane which is laid around the inner sides after the fashion of a winding stairway, the entire city is seen below like a panorama. Being always open, this tower is a favorite place for suicides who throw themselves from the top to the stone pavement below. I was told that scarcely a week goes by that there is not a suicide committed there in that way. Turning from the Campanile, the visitor faces the Palace of the Doges. East of this is the prison, and connecting them is the "Bridge of Sighs" which spans the canal between them. There are one hundred and fifty canals and three hundred and seventy-eight stone bridges in Venice. The Grand Canal winds around through the city like a reversed letter "S" and is lined on either side by old, historic, interesting and beautiful marble palaces. In one palace which I visited are 600 rooms and halls finished with the utmost extravagance in splendid marble and costly stone. One must visit Venice to realize her lovely and romantic situation. No written word or painted picture can reveal it. Dicken's "Italian Dream" falls far short of the real. In Venice, no rumble of a carriage wheel or tread of a horse's hoof is ever heard. There is no such thing as a horse within the limits of the city. Instead there is the soft plash of the gondolier's oar and his graceful movement as he plies it and the smooth and pleasing motion of the gondola upon the water's placid surface. What a contrast to other cities. With 130,000 inhabitants, she

A Venetian City.

lies as still and tranquil and quiet as a Sunday in the country. The city is pervaded with one vast restful quietness. Night after night I glided along in a dream of happiness over the canals, under the soft Italian sky while rarest strains of richest music stole gently to my ear, as if to convince me that I was in a paradise of joy. Listless, happy, dreamy I sit, as the gondola glides about as gracefully as a swan. Suddenly we come upon a large gondola, supplied with light from numerous Chinese lanterns, and carrying a band of Italian singers. Following come fifty or sixty gondolas bearing spectators. The singers' gondola glides up close to the marble walls of a palace and stops. Then there bursts upon the quiet night a flood of melody such as only can come from Italian throats. Then they glide on and stop under the arch of the Rialto, and again they give us a concert which the fantastic surroundings, the dark water of the canal reflecting and multiplying the many lights from adjacent palaces, the fleet of following gondolas, all combine to make an incident so unusual and unique as to form an unfading picture upon my memory. I order my gondolier to separate from the others, and again in the stillness of the night as we move slowly along, the palaces and houses rise up from the water and glide away like the phantoms of a dream. There comes to me a fragment from Rogers:

"There is a glorious city in the sea;
The sea is in the broad, the narrow streets
Ebbing and flowing; and the salt sea weed
Clings to the marble of her palaces.

No track of man, no footsteps to and fro
Lead to her gates. The path lies o'er the sea
Invisible; and from the land we went
As to a floating city, steering in,
And gliding up her streets as in a dream."

My stopping place in Venice is the hotel "Aurora," the host and hostess of which speak a very fair English and do all in their power to render my sojourn in that city the pleasantest that I have in Italy. They are careful to caution us not to use ice in our water, because it is taken from the lagoons and they fear that possibly it may contain germs of the cholera of two years ago. They insist that we must drink wine and not water. But water was served and the ice was packed around the bottles to cool it. A visit to the Palace of the Doges is full of interest. Its architecture, its decorations, its associations, and its picture galleries carry one back in mind to the days of Venetian greatness. In the library is the largest oil painting in the world. Deep down under the palace are the prisons where political offenders were incarcerated. The visitor is given a torch and following his guide through narrow passages between stone walls six to twelve feet thick, down flights of stone steps, along corridors to the entrance to rows of cells from which escape was utterly impossible.

Across the canal, and reached by the Bridge of Sighs, is the prison for condemned criminals. He who once crossed this bridge never came back. "The dagger, the poisoned ring, the close gondola, the silent canal, the secret cells," all bring to one's mind the mysterious history

of this spot. As one goes through her palaces, her churches her glass factories, her lace works, he is constantly reminded of her former glory. But the commerce that made Venice great was destroyed when Vasco da Gama sailed around the cape of Good Hope. Beautiful and romantic she still is, and interesting she ever will be, but her commercial importance is gone. The day when she was wedded to the sea, and became the Adriatic's bride, and when her Doges ruled and loved her, and she was the center of the commercial world, is now but a memory of the past. In Venice, you will of course, visit her palaces, churches, piazzas, Canova's tomb and varied works of art, and perhaps the opera, but you should not omit a visit to her glass works and lace factories. Venetian glassware is celebrated, the world over, for its designs and peculiar finish. You, perhaps, own some of it, or have seen it, and accordingly you want to see it made. I visited one factory which is said to have been in operation twelve hundred years. A visit to the lace factory suggests the same fact that the glass works does. That is, that in Italy, as elsewhere in Europe, women are beasts of burden. They universally have the drudgery and hardest work to do. Seeing this, one can not fail to feel thankful that he is an American—that he lives in a land where every worthy woman is enshrined in the hearts of those dear to her—that she is the ruler, and the wise and loving guardian of the home instead of the toiling slave in the harvest field and the factory. I have seen scores of women in glass factories, working over a flame with

molten glass, in the intense heat of an Italian summer; or bending over a pillow in the lace factory, handling hundreds of bobbins for less than twelve cents a day. In making lace the operative sits on a low seat before a round pillow, over which the pattern for the lace is laid. The thread is wound upon bobbins which have handles very much like the old-fashioned handle of a bell rope. The way an expert lace maker will handle these bobbins is a surprise to the visitor. They hang before the operative, several hundred in number, and she picks them up and throws them down without hesitation, never making a mistake, very much after the manner of one who is braiding a braid of about four hundred threads. The lace is held in place upon the pattern by means of pins, stuck here and there, wherever the threads cross to make a loop or a hole, or a square or whatnot, and are kept there until the threads are secured. An expert lace maker can, if industrious, make three inches of lace of ordinary width and pattern, per day. In one factory I saw an old grey-haired woman, sixty-seven years of age, who commenced making lace when but five years old. She has been constantly engaged in this work for 62 consecutive years. She is one of the most expert lace makers in Europe. She receives for her labor the munificent salary of *twelve cents* a day. A life spent at one occupation, nothing saved—she never received any wages to save—old, grey and patient, she can only look forward to starvation, when her feeble old hands refuse longer to pick up the bobbins. Yet her employers receive

high prices from the Queen of Italy for the product of the old woman's labor, for this factory is under royal patronage.

One bright morning, a little after sunrise, I found myself in Florence. Nestled in a charming valley, with the Appenines rising on all sides, and the sluggish Arno dividing it into two unequal parts, the city is not inappropriately called "the Flower of Tuscany." Florence yet suffers from the artificial stimulus given to her by being four years the capital of the kingdom. The removal of the capitol to Rome was a hard blow to Florence. But while she suffers commercially and groans under a heavy municipal debt, she is yet, in location, in associations, in art and in architecture, one of the most interesting cities of Italy. Here Giotto has built a monument to art and architecture, and himself; here in the church of St. Croce lie the remains of Michael Angelo, whose tomb is guarded by the statues of the three sister arts, painting, sculpture, and architecture, by three of the masters. In the Academy of fine art is Angelo's David, made by him when but eighteen years old, out of a block rejected by other sculptors. The Uffizi gallery, the Pitti Palace are rich in pictures by the masters, as also are a dozen more galleries both public and private. In the more ancient part of the city the streets are very narrow, but in the modern parts they are wide and beautiful. There are many public squares or piazzas, richly adorned by works of art.

Florence is said to be the cheapest place to live, in Europe. Many students of art and music study in her

schools and galleries, and gather inspiration from her master-pieces of sculpture, achitecture and painting. The general appearance is that of solidity and ruggedness. Her cathedrals, buildings and palaces, are massive and heavy, the style simple and severe, "without porticos or columns, and their black facades, which look like old citadels." Du-Pays says: "Florence is the Italian Athens of modern times. It is a glorious name among the glorious cities of Italy, a name ever splendid, and in which are epitomized, as in that of Athens, the noble ideas which have promoted patriotism, liberty and the fine arts." The bridges across the Arno are worthy of notice. Each has a history, and each is associated with an epoch of her life. Passing out of the city at the Porta Romana, one enters the splendid promenade, which is said to be the finest of its kind in Europe. Winding among the hills with beautiful gardens and well kept grounds on either side, passing palaces and churches, one comes to the Piazzale Michael Angelo. From this point is attained, perhaps, the finest view of the city. Here in the square, which is a hundred feet or more higher than the city, is a copy of Angelo's David by C. Papi.

Standing here and looking over the ancient city and at the more ancient hills around it, there come thronging through the memory, scraps and fragments of her history, long before forgotten by the visitor. He sees below and beyond him a city whose origin is unknown, and whose streets were once trodden by Attila and hordes of

northern barbarians; a duchy under Charlemagne; he sees it transformed into a fief of the German empire; a present to the Pope, he beholds it plunged into internecine warfare between the Guelphs and the Ghibillines; then under the protection of Naples and again a republic; finally, the glory of the Medici and the vices of the same family mingle in the vision, and at last he sees it a part of the Kingdom of Italy. Now a part of a strong and progressive state, let us hope that the hopes entertained for her future prosperity and peace may be realized. To the visitor, who really appreciates her history, her art, and her lovely situation, Florence will be associated with his most pleasant memories of sunny Italy.

Chapter 18.

Rome.

Rome! What memories, what historical associations, what legends, what mythological tales flash upon the mind at the mention of her name. With emotion one stands upon the streets of the city which has left her mighty impress upon the world's history.

He realizes as he walks through the *Forum*, that he treads the very stones upon which Cicero has stepped, and that the hard stone walls about him have rung with the orator's eloquence. He stands at the pile of stones, where the mangled corpse of Julius Cæsar lay, he turns and walks under the arch of Septimius Severus, walks down the sacred way, stops before the remains of the Temple of Castor and Pollux, treads the ground hallowed by the Vestal Virgins, looks into the Cloaca Maxima constructed two thousand years ago, and which yet does good service for the city, stands in the basillica of Julius Cæsar and walks around the arch of Titus, views the ruined and crumbling walls of Nero's palace, and enters the Coloseum—mute evidences of a life, a civilization, and a religion long since passed away, and out of which our own were born. As the visitor views the ruins of Nero's palace, there comes to him the fact, if it be a fact, that its owner once stood upon the balcony of his country resi-

dence and played the lyre and sang "The Destruction of Troy," while the wind carried the flaming cinders of four-fifths of the burning city past his palace walls. The act of firing the city being charged to the Christians, ten thousand of them were thrown to the wild beasts in the Coloseum, before which he stands. The visitor remembers that in this persecution the apostle Paul was beheaded. It is not wonderful that a visit to Rome arouses feelings and excites emotions that touch the depths of the human heart. He sees around him the city that ruled the world for centuries, and when no longer able to control the political world, she became, and continued to be, through all the darkness, and ruin and anarchy of six hundred years, the head of the Christian world, until Leo X. by his love of art, which was a characteristic of the Medici family of which he came, in order to build the magnificent Cathedral of St. Peter's, began to sell indulgences which brought on the Reformation.

How many realize as they view the wonderful St. Peter's at Rome, that to its building, the Protestant religion owes its origin? To what person is Rome not interesting? Here painting, sculpture and architecture found a home. Here the Catholic and Protestant turn with interest. Here the student of literature turns to study the haunts of her men of letters. The soldier sees here the glory of Roman arms. The orator gathers inspiration from the *Forum*. But of all, it is the heaven of the archaeologist and the historian.

Driving along the Appian Way, the visitor recalls the military glory of the empire, whose influence reached every land; visiting the amphitheater or the circus, he feels the full force of the barbarity of her sports; treading the

polished floors of her magnificent cathedrals, he realizes the peculiar power of the Catholic church to raise money; diving into the bowels of the earth as he traverses corridors of the Catacombs, and impressed with the awful solemnity and mysterious influences of these retreats for the persecuted and burial places for the dead, he learns, as he never knew before, the early difficulties of the Christian church. Examining the crumbling walls of the baths of Caracalla, viewing the ancient walls that encircle the city, or walking by the base of the Tarpean Rock, or viewing the city from the Pincian Hill, the visitor sees the unmistakable evidences of a former power and glory long since departed, but taking their place, a newer, a better, a purer social condition. Once within her walls, two million people were solving the problem of human destiny, but in 1870 this great population had decreased to less than 150,000. Since then her population has more than doubled. Everywhere within the walls new streets are coming into existence and modern buildings are springing up with surprising rapidity. The traveler while at Rome will, of course, visit St. Peter's and the Vatican. Can any one describe St. Peter's? In all this world it is the grandest monument of art. Its origin dates from the Fourth Century, and it stands upon the spot hallowed by the martyrdom of the apostle Peter.

The cathedral is not the conception of one man. It is a development that tells us of the growth of art during fifteen hundred years. What master among all the painters, sculptors, architects, has not contributed his share to its construction and its greatness. All the glorious names in Italian art are associated with the history of this cathedral. Egypt, Greece and the East have all

ST. PETER'S—ROME.

been laid under contribution for materials, costly stone and works of art by artists whose names are long since lost, to add to its perfection and its finish. St. Peter's grows upon one. It is a constant revelation. Visit it every day for a year, and each day you will find some new matter of interest in its splendid mosaics, elegant sculpture, immense size or wonderful architecture. One will not realize its size when seen for the first time. All of the proportions are so exquisite, so exactly harmonious, that the visitor is constantly deceived as to the size of everything it contains and of which it is composed. Standing at the entrance one will hardly believe that the nave before him is nearly 700 feet long—nearly as long as three ordinary blocks in an American town. At the west end he sees a chair and altar which appear to be of ordinary size and not more than a hundred feet distant. Walking down the nave until he comes near the altar, he perceives his mistake, for the altar is of immense size and the chair forty or fifty feet high. Standing near the altar, his attention is directed to a mitre which surmounts a shield-shaped coat-of-arms, and he is told that he cannot reach the mitre. He does not believe it; but upon approaching it he is surprised to find that it is several feet higher than he can reach. The proportions being all so exquisite and exact, there is nothing with which to compare the size of what he sees; and being accustomed to ordinary-sized churches, the mind compares what is seen with objects already within its experience, and the result is a mental deception. Even after one comes to know by actual touch and experience that the objects are so large, they yet appear small in comparison with their real size. Here is good proof that the mind arrives at the

estimate of distance, size and shape by comparison, contrast and experience.

Standing near the entrance the writer was told that he could not with both hands, reach around the wrist of a marble angel which holds in its hands a bowl containing holy water. It seemed that it could easily be done with one hand, but with former experiences in mind, it would not do to doubt this assertion; and upon trying it he found that he could not by some inches reach around the wrist with both hands. At the north side of the nave, about two-thirds of the way from the entrance to the altar, is a metal statue of St. Peter. The great toe and part of the foot have been actually worn away by the kisses of the devotees. Every devout Catholic who visits the cathedral kisses St. Peter's great toe, or rather the part of the foot nearest to where the great toe was. The writer has seen hundreds of children in charge of a priest thus salute the statue, many of the children being so small that it was necessary for the priest to lift them up in his arms in order to reach the feet with their mouths. There are but a few oil paintings, but sculpture and pictures in mosaic abound. Many of the mosaics are of a high order of art. Some of the statues are master-pieces, but many of them are quite ordinary.

The visitor should ascend the dome. Climbing for a long time, a circular, inclined plane, he emerges upon the roof of the cathedral. Here he is surprised to see a miniature town. It must be remembered that this church

covers 240,000 square feet of ground, and upon the roof are the smaller domes, ridges, parapets, statuary, homes for the employes, with passages much resembling streets and alleys. One might almost as easily become confused and lose himself here, as in the narrow streets of the city below. Now the statuary which adorns St. Peter's east front, and looks so beautiful and small from the square below, is seen to be huge, rough stone figures many feet in height. Having observed these things, the visitor enters the stair-way leading to the first gallery in the dome. What a sight! Two hundred feet below him lies the intersection of the nave and transept, where stands the great altar with the canopy ninety-five feet above it. The pictures which adorn the interior of the dome and appear so beautiful and delicate from the floor are now seen to be great, rough mosaics, so large that to the person this near to them, they lose all semblance of pictures and appear as only large, colored pieces of glass stuck into the wall.

The dome acts as a whispering gallery and a slight noise made at one side is plainly heard at the opposite side, though inaudible at all other points. In diameter the dome is forty meters, the exact size of the Pantheon. The visitor having walked around the light iron balcony, examined the mosaics and observed that the letters, which from the floor of the nave, look to be of ordinary size, are six feet long, goes out and on up the winding stone stairway to the second gallery. Entering this, he sees the first 200 feet below him. From this gallery the

people in the church are as little children to the view. The observer now sees large iron rings in the sides of the dome. They are invisible from the floor below. I was told their use. Every two years a boy is let down from above by means of a rope and is then swung to and fro until he swings far enough to reach and catch one of the rings. To this he holds with one hand while with the other he cleans and brushes the side of the dome. In this way he goes over the entire surface of the upper part of the dome, and the time required to do the work is thirty days. St. Peter's has two domes—one within the other. For some reason, Michael Angelo concluded to construct a new dome and to build it outside of the former, leaving a space of several feet between the two. Between these two domes, the visitor ascends a narrow stairway and emerges upon the top of the dome, where there is a walk guarded by an iron railing encircling the dome. Here one catches a lovely view of Rome, the country round about, the distant sea, the Campagna, the Alban Mountains and the Appian Way The ball, considerably higher than this, and which seen from the streets below appears to be not more than a foot in diameter, is now found to be large enough to hold sixteen persons at one time. It is hollow and I climbed into it. It is of metal and it was a hot day. I immediately climbed out again. Comments on the temperature inside that ball are unnecessary.

The Vatican, the residence of the Pope, is a palace consisting of 11,000 rooms, halls and galleries. The only way to get any idea of its real size, is to view it from the dome of St. Peter's where the observer sees it lying below him and is enabled to see the extent of ground

covered by it. It contains a fine collection of paintings and sculpture. The Sistine Chapel, with frescoes and the "Last Judgment" by Michael Angelo, is worth a special visit. If the real merits of an artist is in boldness of conception and originality of design, then Angelo secured undisputed title to the appellation of Master when he painted the "Last Judgment." Of all the horrible conceptions that ever entered the brain of a human, I think this one is entitled to the highest rank.

Rome abounds in churches, many of which contain exquisite works of art; and nearly all of these churches are embellished with marble and columns and mosaics taken from the ruins of the ancient temples Next to St. Peter's, the finest church is St. Paul's without the walls, at which the king attends service.

From the *Forum* the *Via di S. Giovanna in Laterano* leads to the southeast until it reaches the *Piazza* and *Basilica* of the same name. Every part of this palace of the Lateran, as it is called in English, is interesting, but by the time the visitor reaches it in his round of inspection, he has become so wearied with churches, that only two objects claim his attention. These are the obelisk and the *Scala Santa*. The former stands in the centre of the piazza and is the largest obelisk in existence. It is of red granite and, 1597 years before the coming of Christ, was erected before the temple of the Sun at Thebes, by Thothmosis III. It was brought to Rome by Constantius, and placed in the Circus Maxiums, in 357 A. D. In 1587 it was discovered there, broken in three pieces, and the next year Sextus V. caused it to be erected where it now stands. Its height with its pedestal is 153

feet and it weighs 600 tons. It is a venerable monument of the energy and civilization of the Egyptians.

At the extreme east side of the Piazza is the edifice containing the *Scala Santa*, which is a flight of twenty-eight marble steps, which tradition says were brought from Pilate's palace at Jerusalem and which the Savior ascended when taken before Pilate. They are said to have been brought to Rome in 326 by the Empress Helena. By the devout Catholic they are regarded with supreme reverence and awe. They are now covered with a wooden stairway, so constructed that the marble steps are plainly visible, and no one is allowed to ascend or descend them except upon his knees. As I was examining a fine piece of marble statuary representing Christ before Pilate, my attention was attracted by a lady descending the *Scala Santa*. She was coming down on her knees, and consequently backward. At every step she stopped, reverently crossed herself, bowed as near prostrate as possible, and kissed the step above, then she took another step downward and repeated the whole performance, and thus she continued until she reached the bottom, when she again repeatedly crossed herself, prostrated herself upon the floor and kissed the last step with a lingering caress that convinced me that she was sincere and firm in her belief that Jesus had once trodden those steps. Believing as she did, I have no doubt that the descent of that stairway in that manner was to her a source of ineffable joy and sublime happiness that would carry contentment and solace to her dying moments, for she appeared not to be a native. Perhaps in her extreme faith she had made a long pilgrimage to do that very thing. It may have been to her the full fruition of a hope

that had sustained and encouraged her through a lifetime. Judge not too harshly of such things. The joy, the solace, the unutterable happiness that may come from such an experience depend, after all, very much upon our ability to believe; and may it not be possible that we who have not such an abounding faith may be the worse for its absence?

While upon the subject of churches, there is one more that must not be omitted. The *Piazza Barberini* is not far from the stranger's quarter, close to the street of the Four Fountains, and easily found. By the way, they have a peculiar way of naming streets in Rome; here are a few translations: "The National Way," "The Street of St. John in the Lateran," "The Street of the Four Fountains," "The Street of the 20th of September," etc. Turning from the street of the Four Fountains we pass into the *Piazza Barberini*, to the left of which is the *Piazza di Cappuccini* in which stands the *Convento die Cappuccini*—the convent of the Capuchins. Beneath this church are four vaults containing tombs with earth from Jerusalem. These monks bury their dead brothers within these tombs. They will only contain a limited number, and so, when a death occurs, the one longest buried is exhumed and his bones, carefully cleaned, are used to decorate the rooms of the convent and the church. The visitor will find the walls and ceilings covered with crosses and rosettes, and fancy work and figures of all kinds and descriptions made up from the resurrected bones of the departed monks. It is one of the most ghastly sights that the eye ever beheld. The origin of the practice I was unable to learn. But this I did learn, that a visit to the convent of the Capuchin

monks leaves an impression that will be lasting. These ghastly decorations are made from the bones of 4,000 monks; but the present government has forbidden the continuance of the practice, but the decorations are allowed to remain.

The visitor will look with interest upon the Mamertine prison. It is doubtless the oldest building in Rome. Here Jugurtha was imprisoned and starved. Here also, Vercingeterix, whom every reader of Cæsar's Commentaries remembers, was confined. And in this prison St. Peter was confined by Nero, and in the lower apartment is a well or spring of clear, cold, sparkling water, which, you are told, St. Peter miraculously caused to flow in order to get water to baptize the jailer whom he had converted while in prison here. One must be well up in ancient history not to be imposed upon by the legends and traditions which he hears in Rome.

The aqueducts which the Romans built to conduct pure water from the distant mountains, into Rome, still stand and stretch away across the valleys presenting a fantastic picture. They consist of piers of stone masonry upon which the channel that holds the water is built. The Romans did not know that water could be carried up hill and down, and so built these great aqueducts across the valleys from the mountains to make the water course on the proper level and gradient to bring the water into the city. One of them is still in use. They are monuments to the energy and activity and perseverance as well as the lack of knowledge of hydrostatics of the Romans.

The railroad from Rome to Naples leads out across the Campagna, passes old ruins and crumbling walls

upon which the elements have warred for centuries, along the long lines of ancient aqueducts, and traverses a fertile valley between the Alban and Volscian mountains. This valley is exceedingly beautiful but at places it is very narrow and the hills are quite high on either side. Everywhere the abundance of fruit trees and vines give it a pleasant aspect. Many of the towns are built quite high on the mountain sides, visible for miles, and illustrating the great importance the Romans gave to a high and commanding situation as a means of defense in time of war. These towns occupy the same sites as in the Roman period. The approach to Naples is heralded by great clouds of white smoke which roll up from Mt. Vesuvius. As the train rolls on, the road leads through a lovely plain facing the blue Mediterranean Sea. The plain is densely populated and everywhere are apparatus for irrigating the land. These consist of wells and windlasses for drawing up the water which are sometimes worked by horse power but generally by men and women. The water is poured into ditches whence it soaks into the ground.

Chapter 19.

Naples, Pompeii, Herculaneum. The Ascent of Mt. Vesuvius.

The bay of Naples is beautiful and deserves to be sung by poets, but it is barely possible that they have slightly overdone the matter. Its shore is crescent in shape, and is almost one entire city from Naples to Castellammare.

Pompeii is sixteen miles distant and the space between the two places is almost solidly built up with villages and towns, the boundary line between which it would puzzle one to find. Around the base of the volcano is one of the most thickly inhabited spots on earth. The dwellings and buildings even extend up the side of the mountain. Fruit orchards are to be found two-thirds of the way from the base to the crater. Here in this valley and on the sides of this mountain multitudes of people swarm in busy life notwithstanding that they live and walk over the buried ruins of former cities, and that the angry mountain many times has belched forth fire and streams of lava which carried destruction far and near. Pompeii was buried in A. D. 79. You enter her gates, walk up the streets, go into her houses, visit her temples, baths and theatres, stand in her forum and realize what a scene was here presented on that fatal day

Pompeii.

when she was buried from the sight of the world. Men at their work, priests at the altar, sick people in bed, dogs as they lay on the floor, were overwhelmed and have been found in the same position 1800 years afterwards.

In many instances nothing but the skeleton and the cavity formerly occupied by the body, long since decayed, are left; in such cases, when the pick of the workman reveals a cavity, the work ceases and a fluid preparation of plaster of paris is poured into this ghastly mold, and time given for it to harden. Then the earth is dug away and an exact model is obtained of the person or animal that perished there eighteen centuries ago. The work of excavating the city is in the hands of the Italian government and every ounce of dirt is carefully sifted before being carried away. The small theatre which had a seating capacity of 2,000 or more, is almost the exact counterpart of our modern theatre buildings. The streets are all paved with lava from the mountain, and the pavement bears the marks of the chariot wheels and wagon tracks several inches deep, which were worn into the stone years before the coming of Christ. The streets are narrow and lined on either side by the solid stone walls, formed by the house fronts which are built directly upon the edge of the street leaving no walk between the houses and wagon tracks. Most of the streets are too narrow to permit two vehicles to pass. The houses are quadrangular in form with an open court in the middle, with a piazza entirely around the court from which doors open into the various rooms, while in the centre was a spouting fountain and a reservoir of water, and sometimes trees and shrubs and walks, or pavements adorned

with mosaics. Painting and frescoes abound in the houses, and many are as bright and perfect to-day as when painted. The baths were well appointed and afforded steam or vapor baths as well as hot water baths. The old Roman was nothing if not luxurious and sumptuous in his mode of life.

The city was rich in art. Many of the paintings and sculpture which have been found are now in the museum at Naples and make an interesting collection. But in the museum at the entrance to the city of Pompeii is the most ghastly collection to be found anywhere in Europe. It consists of the bodies of the unfortunates who were caught and buried in the city. There are men who were undoubtedly running to escape, half bowed to the earth to protect themselves from the shower of hot scoria and ashes, women drawn and twisted as if writhing in exquisite pain, others big with child, dogs curled up with nose and tail together as if in sleep. These are all in glass cases. One can scarcely realize, as he walks the streets of the excavated portion of the town, with the huge volcano to the north with the great clouds of smoke hanging from the crater as a perpetual menace of danger, that he is not in the midst of some horrible dream and that he will shortly awake to find that the ruin and the desolation and the disinterred objects about him are the fanciful creations of a disturbed mind.

Having remained in Pompeii until the sun was low in the west, we take our leave of the wonderful place and enter a carriage to drive back to Naples. The visitor should always arrange to do this because the memory of the ride will be as lasting as life itself. As we roll along over the hard streets we can hardly believe that beneath

Disinterred Objects, Museum, Pompeii.

us, many feet below the crowded towns through which we pass, lies the buried city of Herculaneum. But when we cast our eyes toward the crater of Vesuvius and see the deep red glare of the fire and the volumes of sulphurous smoke, the possibility of buried cities and sudden and swift destruction of life and property are more easily realized and we feel that there are other and safer places in which to build a home.

Whatever else the visitor to Naples may forget, he will never forget the experience of an ascent to the crater of Mt. Vesuvius at midnight. In order to reach the summit of the mountain by midnight it is necessary to leave Naples at three or four o'clock in the afternoon. With what peculiar feelings one begins the journey. Now, perhaps for the first time he is to look into the crater of an active volcano. He knows the trip is highly dangerous, but the fascination is so great that he cannot resist. The carriages are at the door. We take our seats, the driver cracks his whip and away we go. In about two hours we reach Resina, built immediately over Herculaneum. To visit the latter place you must descend into the earth many feet and by the light of a torch, walk through the streets which have been cleared of obstructions and into the houses, all the time realizing that high above you is a thriving city teeming with busy life, which any day may meet the same fate. Turning to the left from the main street of the town, the carriages begin the ascent. Here numerous guides begin to present themselves, showing you the utmost kindness in attending to your every want, and they follow along on foot to the upper station of the inclined railway in the hope of there getting employment

in assisting you up the cone to the crater. They are very disagreeable, as their aid is entirely unnecessary.

The road from Resina to the lower station is similar to all mountain roads, winding here and there, back and forth, gradually ascending toward the top. It runs through groves of fruit trees which grow luxuriantly on the sides of the mountain; sweeps past bearing fig trees and plums and olives and delicious mulberries, and small fruits and vines. Here it crosses a lava stream which in past times came down the mountain side, hot and molten, bearing swift destruction in its course, and left its rough, black track behind as it cooled into great ridges and swells, and billows of hard rock; then it leads along overhanging cliffs, on shelving rocks, and brings up at the lower station of the inclined railway. From this point and from many places on the way, magnificent views of the valley and bay are disclosed, with *Capri* and *Ischia* as sentinels to the right and left of it. The sunset, seen from the mountain, was exquisitely lovely. As the sun sank slowly in the west, long shadows stole quietly across the valley, shutting out the view as if a veil were drawn between the valley and us, while the last rays shot up to the clouds white and fleecy, gilding them in a radiance of glory.

Hardly had the great fiery orb dropped from sight when the valley and bay again burst upon our view by means of myriads of gas lights, which trembled and sparkled in the distance like "the firefly's fitful dance" All over the valley they shot into view in a semi-circle of beauty, from Naples to Casellammare. It seemed that we could look up at one starry sky and down upon another.

The cars being ready to start, we enter one to be drawn nine hundred yards up the cone of the volcano. The car runs on a single rail, and is propelled by cables, and the gradient is more than forty-five degrees, which gives the passenger anything but a highly pleasurable sensation. It requires about ten or fifteen minutes to reach the upper station ; from this place to the edge of the crater the way lies over loose cinders and ashes, and by scrambling and climbing and crawling on hands and knees, and a great deal of slipping and sliding, and imminent danger of sliding clear back to the valley, one finally reaches the crater's brink. The night is dark. No moon sheds her light for our benefit, and aided by the light from the guide's torch, we climb up the steep side between the end of the path and the crater. As we ascend we feel the heat and almost choke in the sulphurous smoke,and finally stand within two feet of the edge of the crater. Enormous volumes of smoke roll upward and sail away on the wind, which blows away from us. The smell of sulphur is almost unendurable. The red glare of the fire in the crater is indescribable. It is like the smoke-stack of some huge steam engine. With an almost regular puff the white smoke rolls out like the escaped steam. Ever and anon, there is a roar that shakes the sides of the volcano, then shoots high into the air a shower of fire and red-hot stones and molten lava, until the upward force is spent, when they burst and scintillate, and fall back into the crater like a meteoric shower. The molten lava, white in the intensity of the heat, strikes the sides of the crater and runs back like water down a hill. At times the pure sulphur falls in showers from the ascending smoke. The rumble and the roar, and the trembling of

the mountain are beyond description. The swelling smoke, the shooting fire, the streaming lava, the red glare of the crater, the awful sublimity of the scene, no human pen can describe. Down deep in the volcano's bowels is seen, at intervals, the condition of the earth's interior. The huge mountain throbs, and pulsates and groans and belches, like a huge monster in exquisite pain. Standing there upon the crater's edge, the hot stone and cinders almost burning his feet, nearly suffocated by the sulphurous smoke, awed into an entire forgetfulness of self, fascinated by the mighty display of nature, the writer saw a picture awfully, sublimely, magnificently grand. Though standing at the very jaws of death, in an exposed position of great danger, yet fascinated and charmed by the grandeur of the scene which so admirably displays God's infinite power, he found it almost impossible to leave the place, and at last reluctantly turned away, and climbed down to the trail and walked back to the upper station. He felt that he had almost looked upon the visible presence of the Infinite One. He felt His invisible presence, and knew that his Heavenly Father had kindly permitted him to see the grandest sight in nature. But few experiences, if any, can compare with a view of Vesuvius's crater at midnight, when the volcano is active. It was nearly morning when I again reached Naples. "It was night when I beheld the scene, and the eternal night of life shall come before I forget it."

Mt. Vesuvius and Pompeii make the visit to Naples a success. Naples herself was a disappointment to me. There is little beauty in her buildings or in her architecture. Her streets are narrow and filthy; smells indescribable greet you at every turn, and noises the

most unearthly offend the ear both day and night. Yet she is a busy city. New buildings are everywhere replacing the older ones; work is plenty, her people are energetic and the city is rapidly improving. Naples is the largest city in Italy. The climate is quite warm, though the evenings are cool and delightful, and hundreds of people promenade in parks and public places. There is a great deal of wealth and a good deal of poverty in the city. The buildings are all six to eight stories high. Often a street is not more than twelve or sixteen feet wide, and the buildings on either side rise to six stories or more. In the better parts of the city the streets are wider, and many fine and artistic structures are seen. Here is the tomb of the poet Virgil, if we may believe the tradition. At any rate a tomb is pointed out, whether Virgil's remains are contained in it or not.

Chapter 20.

Pisa, Genoa, Milan, "The Last Supper," Lake Como.

At Pisa the "Leaning Tower" is the chief attraction. The city is a pleasant one, in a fine valley, which when seen from the top of the Tower, presents a beautiful appearance. The Tower is classed as one of the seven wonders of the world. The greatest wonder is that it was ever built. It is one hundred and seventy-nine feet high, and is fourteen feet out of perpendicular, cylindrical in form, hollow and built of stone. Around it at intervals of fifteen or twenty feet are verandas or balconies, and at the top a number of bells. It was undoubtedly built for a campanile to the cathedral opposite it; but whether it was built in a leaning position or settled that way afterward, is unknown. This cathedral is the place where Galilleo conceived the idea of the pendulum by observing the vibrations of a chandelier which still hangs there. He also used the Tower for his experiments in ascertaining the laws of falling bodies, and gravitation. Thus both tower and cathedral have contributed their part to the advancement of science. West of the church is the baptistery, the finest and largest in the world. Owing to its peculiar construction and size, there is a wonderful echo to any sound made within it. These are the main

attractions in Pisa. From this place to Genoa the railroad passes through innumerable tunnels, reaches the Mediterranean sea, skirts the base of the adjacent mountains, passes a large number of prosperous towns, still thunders through tunnel after tunnel, disclosing to view now and then, the blue sea on the left and hills covered with olive and lemon groves on the right, and finally emerges from a long tunnel directly into the depot at Genoa, the birthplace of Columbus. This city is at present a large and prosperous seaport, with marble quays and a vast shipping.

The road now leaves the sea, the tunnels are less frequent, and it runs through a valley and finally out upon a vast level stretch of ground and lies along to the right of the battle field of Marengo, where Napoleon defeated the Austrians in 1800. We pass through Alessandria, where Garibaldi was confined, and arrive at Turin, the most modern city in Italy.

Milan is a pleasant city, but the cathedral, the arcade, and the painting of Leonardo da Vinci called the "Last Supper," are the chief attractions to one who has been for a considerable time in Italy. It has, of course, many historical associations, and for this reason the visitor is pleased to go there. The view from the tower of the cathedral is wide and beautiful. The plains stretch away for miles, and the distant Alps lie like dark clouds upon the horizon. The cathedral is chiefly remarkable for its sculpture and statuary, and is one of the most beautiful buildings in the world.

In the refectory of the suppressed monastery of *St. Maria delle Grazie*, will be found a picture, though in a bad state of preservation, and rendered all the worse by

recent attempts to patch it up, which is one of the most interesting in Europe.

To one whose idea of art is no higher than delicate blending of colors and faultless mechanical execution, it will be a disappointment. But that is not art. The soul of art is creation, originality of design, boldness of conception, conformity to Nature, harmonious relation between the parts; and all these will be modified, combined and executed according to the painter's life, habits, environment, soul power, purity and mental strength. The mechanical execution of the masters is frequently bad; that of modern artists who copy the ideas of the masters is usually good. But the world will never accord to the copyist, the honor showered upon the inventor. With this view of art, the visitor will long linger before the "Last Supper" of Leonardo da Vinci. Why else is it that you ignore the much better executed picture on the opposite wall, and stand fascinated by the other, which is now cracked and damaged, and dim with age and wanton neglect? Ah, it is the soul of that picture finding a response and a fellowship with the spectator's own soul. How often, as you wander through a gallery, you suddenly stop before a Raphael, a Rembrandt, a Titian, a Duerer, a VanDyck, or a Rubens, and you seem to have met an old friend. At once there is a fellowship between you and the picture. It has an expression, a perfection, a soul, that mingles happily with your own. There is that relationship between you that you can't explain, you can't express it, you don't even understand it; but there it is and you feel it, you are swayed by it, you recognize it, and there's an end of it. You are delighted to look upon it and to study it; it reveals the height, the great-

ness, the purity, or the passion, the sunshine or the shadow of a great intellect. And yet, perhaps a dozen of your own friends can copy that picture and do immensely better mechanical work than this old master did.

Ah, there's the difference. The master put on canvas a great thought, an idea. The amateur displays only mechanical execution. He can't steal the conception of the master-piece; he can copy it, but it lacks that subtle *something* that reveals the master's grand thought. The amateur don't understand that, and no man can do thoroughly what he don't understand. The truly great artist needs no copyright. His work is secure.

"The Last Supper," is the only worthy representative of Leonardo's productions now in existence. This work has been more extensively copied, perhaps, than any other master-piece. Yet the original alone is said to exhibit to its full extent the emotions which the master intended to express, and which the best copies fail to reproduce. Goethe, the soul-poet of Germany, thus interprets this great work: "The shock by which the artist represents the company at the sacred repast as deeply agitated, has been produced by the Master's words: 'One of you shall betray me.' They have been pronounced; the whole party is in dismay; while He Himself, bows his head with downcast eyes. His whole attitude, the motion of His arms and hands, all seem to repeat with heavenly resignation, and His silence to confirm, the mournful words—it can not be otherwise; one of you shall betray Me." Think now of the temerity of the man who chooses such a subject for his canvas; of his power of conception in properly giving to the faces of these disciples the look of despair, or amazement, or

guilt, as they must be mingled and blended; and then the appearance of heavenly resignation of Christ Himself. Upon that central figure of the picture there must be painted the look of a purely human being in despair and resignation, and the holy light and mellow radiance of a god, with infinite love and supreme compassion for the ignorant instrument of God's great purposes, who will betray him. Of the man who could do this, it is not too much to say, "that with Leonardo a new era in Italian painting was inaugurated—that the development of art had attained its perfection."

Let us turn from this picture of human production to one produced by a mightier Artist. I refer to Lake Como. I caught a glimpse of it at the town of Como, but it first burst upon my view in all its loveliness at Menaggio. This town is picturesquely situated. On the hillsides back of it grow fig and olive trees in abundance. In front of it is the lake which artists delight to paint; of which poets love to sing. Around the lake are many villas of the Milanese aristocracy, occupying lovely and commanding situations. The Villa Carlotta is a type of them.

"A palace lifting to eternal summer
Its marble walls, from out a glassy bower
Of coolest foliage, musical with birds,
While the perfumed light
Stole through the mists of alabaster lamps,
And every air was heavy with the sighs
Of orange-groves, and music from sweet lutes,
And murmurs of low fountains that gush forth,
I' the midst of roses"

The grounds are beautiful beyond description. The garden is laid out on a mountain side. A

long line of stone steps leads through sweet-smelling shrubs, past diminutive cascades, to the villa and garden. The villa is rich in statuary and paintings. The grounds have been laid out and kept by master hands. Tropical trees of various kinds grow in abundance. There are magnolias in bloom, with great, white, wax-like flowers, palmettos and date palms, eucalyptus and olive trees, begonias, westeria vines, banana plants, Himalaya cyprus, fig trees, aloes and bamboo, oleanders in blossom, mingled with pomegranates and rhododendrons. Countless other trees and vines adorn these grounds. Lovely walks and shady lanes wind among the trees and shrubs, with here and there a summer house which affords a splendid view of the lake. "We had drunk in all the riparian delights of this delicious inland sea, but we had conceived no such wealth of beauty, of situation, of vegetation, and of scrupulous horticulture as greeted us here at every turn. It is useless to attempt description; I simply commend this charmed spot as the best earthly representation of a veritable fairy-land." But all this is but a tithe of the beauty of the lake itself. The lake is long and narrow, with high mountains on either side rising directly from the water's edge seven thousand feet. Upon their steep sides, cultivated upon terraces, grow vines and trees. Shrubs and native trees scattered about by the hand of nature, present a sweet loveliness. The water is blue and green, and purple and golden, and a thousand other indescribable and varying hues and tints, as the wind causes its surface to ripple beneath the sunlight. The lake, though very long, is not continuous in any one direction, and as we glide over its surface we are constantly surprised and delighted by new beauties flashing upon us

in rapid succession. The sky above seems to catch up and reflect back the colors of the water. The sun falls behind the towering mountains at the west, and casts long shadows across the lake, while the eastern mountains are bathed in golden light. Clusters of houses are seen here and there, from the water to the mountain tops. Clouds hang in fantastic form and cluster about it. Churches seem to hang to the steep hillsides as if here the law of gravitation were suspended. Bold bluffs and gray mountain peaks watch the lake with eternal vigilance. All is a scene of sweet, wild indescribable loveliness. The intelligence that conceived the creation of this picture we can not realize. It is as high above human intelligence as nature is above art. It is the rarest, choicest gem of nature's gentler beauty.

"A clear lake, margined by fruits of gold,
And whispering myrtles; glassing softest skies,
As cloudless, save with rare and roseate shadows
As I would have thy fate."

But what of the people who live in this land of beauty where nature and art and literature have combined to make the land of interest to every nationality on earth? It is sadly true that her history and conditions have left an ugly impress upon the masses. "Years of neglect, oppression, and misrule have been at work to change their nature and reduce their spirit; miserable jealousies, fomented by petty Princes to whom union was destruction, and division, strength, have been a canker at the root of their nationality, and have barbarized their language; but the good that was in them ever is in them yet, and a noble people may be, one day, raised up from these ashes." So spoke Charles Dickens in 1845, but little did he dream that to-day, in very many respects,

his prediction would be fulfilled. The effect of 600 years of oppression and cruelty and misrule cannot be lifted from them in a single generation. It is astonishing that under the circumstances they have so quickly recovered and are, to-day, one of the most progressive people in Europe. The Italians have before them a great opportunity, and, I believe, a great destiny.

The principal industries of Italy are agriculture, mining, commerce, manufacturing and fishing. The agricultural pursuits are quite primitive. There is but little improved farm machinery. Threshing is done with a flail, or the grain is tramped out, and very seldom is a threshing machine seen. Instead of using fanning mills, the grain is cleaned by throwing it into the air, when the wind blows away the chaff and the grain falls to the earth. In many cases the horses are guided, not by a bit in the mouth, but by a ring around the nose to which the line, usually a rope, is attached. Of course this is not the case in the cities. Many drivers put straw hats on their horses heads to protect them from the heat of the sun. I am convinced that, outside of the lower classes in the cities, the Italian people are the most industrious in Europe. One of the principal crops is hemp, which grows luxuriantly everywhere and resembles a very rank growth of nettles.

The cab drivers of Italy are characters. They have no idea of honesty. They will lie, cheat, and, if it were possible, would rob one. They will agree to drive you to a certain place for a stipulated sum, and never fail when the journey is done, to have an excuse to charge an extra fee. They have no method in their driving. They never do the same thing twice alike. They charge

by the hour and never fail to have the time run five minutes or more into the next hour so as to charge for the ensuing hour also. The only way to get ahead of them is to get into the cab again and make them drive out the hour. They will then throw off the "five minutes." The only thing they do with any regularity is to try to drive over every pedestrian in the streets. They will drive from one side of the street to another with no apparent object for the change except to annoy and endanger pedestrians.

Italy owes much of her commercial prosperity to the enterprise of the French who pushed to completion the Suez Canal. This achievement restored Italy to the position of the great depot between the West and the East, which position she lost when Da Gama sailed around the Cape of Good Hope. The commerce of the East touches first at Italy's shores after coming through the Canal and the Mediterranean Sea. Thence it is carried by rail through the Mt. Cennis tunnel to France. When this had been accomplished, Germany, not to be outdone by France, pushed to completion the St. Gotthard tunnel. This rivalry by these great powers resulted in the commercial prosperity of Italy and afforded an accessible market for Italian manufactures.

Her language, musical, soft and rythmic, has much in common with the Latin from which it came. By some it is asserted that Latin was the court language, and the vernacular of the rich and aristocratic, while the Italian was that used by the common people; that in the ruin of Roman civilization the Latin was abandoned and the Italian came down, much corrupted to Dante's time, when he rescued it and gave it a distinctive cast. How-

ever it originated, certain it is that the present language is smooth, beautiful, easily learned, and perfectly adapted to poetry and song.

Allow me to close this chapter by paraphrasing a quotation from Charles Dickens: "Let us part from Italy, * * * * affectionately, in our admiration of the beauties, natural and artificial, of which it is full to overflowing, and in our tenderness towards a people, naturally well disposed, and patient, and sweet-tempered, * * * * and let us not remember Italy the less regardfully, because in every fragment of her fallen temples, and every stone of her deserted palaces and prisons, she helps to inculcate the lesson that the wheel of Time is rolling for an end, and that the world is in all great essentials, better, greater, more forbearing and more hopeful as it rolls."

Chapter 21.

Lugano, Mt. San Salvatore, The St. Gotthard Pass, Swiss Character, The Rigi.

Lugano, Switzerland, is situated on the north side of the beautiful lake of the same name. The Alps rise high above it on all sides. The water of the lake is a peculiar blue in color which I have seen nowhere else. The effect produced when a light wind ripples its surface is striking. Our first view of Swiss scenery was between Lugano and the town of Como, between which places the boundary line runs.

The lake of Lugano is of considerable size but very narrow and it curls around the bases of high mountains in such a way as to present but a small portion of its surface to view at one time unless one climbs to the summit of Mount San Salvatore, where a large portion can be seen. Several steamboats make regular trips around the lake which afford a delightful excursion. The town of Lugano is a characteristic Italian town, though in Swiss territory. The situation could not be lovelier. The hotel at which we stopped, while here, was a large stone building with a square court, paved with stone, large rooms and wide halls. It was once a royal palace before Switzerland became a republic. Southwest of the town rises Mount San Salvatore, from whose summit a

magnificent view is obtained. The lake is seen for miles stretching around its base reflecting back the rays of the sun in various tints and hues. Huge mountain peaks rise in solemn majesty in the distance, their tops white with eternal snow. All around this isolated peak is a valley as lovely as ever the sun shone upon. Villages in great number are scattered over it. Fields of grain and hay and fruit trees and vines, and winding roads and small lakes, and an undulating surface—all lying 3,000 feet below the spectator—present a scene for the artist's pencil or the poet's pen. As I stood upon the highest rock of the summit and beheld this scene of beauty, I, for the first time, realized the significance of the expression, "As lovely as a Swiss valley." I felt that I was amply repaid for climbing to the top of the mountain.

The road leads out of the town to the south, crosses the railway, climbs gently upward a couple of miles, passes some rude houses where the trail leads off, passing between two of the houses, and leads to the north of east and begins a steep ascent over and around the base of the northern spur, which from the valley looks to be the highest point, but which we now find to be but about two-thirds of the way to the summit; at every turn in the trail lovely views are disclosed that are beyond description. Now the trail leads over a comparatively level stretch of ground to the southwest corner of the peak, along a precipice a thousand feet or more in sheer descent and a wall of stone on the other side, and again begins a zig-zag course for twenty minutes or more, and terminates within a hundred feet of the actual summit. Soon after reaching this point, a cloud swept across the summit and a heavy rain fell, while the lightning leaped and played

around the crags and rocks and the "tramps" took refuge in the little hostelry, where a sickly fire burned upon the grate and some black coffee was served for refreshment. The cloud soon rolled on and the sun came out brightly and again the valley and lake were revealed to view. For two hours we enjoyed the wondrous beauty and rested upon the summit, and then took leave of the Frenchman whose hospitality we had enjoyed at so many francs per head, and began the descent on the south side. For a thousand feet, the descent was actual climbing from rock to rock, then we followed a trail which makes a rapid descent until it strikes a ridge which it follows some distance and leads through a little glen surrounded by chestnut trees and carpeted with the greenest of green grass, and pervaded by the noontime stillness of a Sabbath day. Our shouts as they broke the solemn quiet of the place, echoed and reverberated among the rocks around. We lay down upon the grass in the shade of the spreading chestnut trees, and built castles in the clouds, and viewed the lake and distant mountain peaks. No noise from town or country life reached the spot. Not even a murmur from the beautiful lake below ascended to break the quietness of this retreat.

> "A pleasing land of drowsy head it was,
> Of dreams that wave before the half-shut eye;
> And of gay castles in the clouds that pass
> Forever flushing round a summer sky."

Having enjoyed a short rest in this delightful place, we went on down the trail which, for two hours, zig-zags down the almost perpendicular side of the mountain until it reaches the lake. Here we met the steamboat, and

were glad to rest upon deck while it carried us to the railway that leads to Lake Maggiore, whence we return to Lugano, getting back at nightfall, with an appetite that knew no bounds.

It is impossible to describe the real enjoyment one gets from such a scramble. It is hard work, certainly, but it is the pleasantest kind of hard work that one can do.

The route from Lugano to Lucerne lies through the Alps, clinging to almost impassable places on their sides, diving into them hundreds of feet beneath their tops, rushing out on the opposite sides, descending into beautiful valleys, and again climbing toward the snow line. Here and there are waterfalls of wondrous beauty. The water leaps over the crest of the mountain, and here it plunges from stone to stone, from terrace to terrace, dashing and splashing its way to the valley below; and there it rushes over the rocks, and makes a sheer plunge for thousands of feet, diffusing itself into spray long before it reaches the level of the valley. Now we are in the midst of pastoral scenes in the valley with the mountains around us, now high up the side of some precipitous cliff looking down upon the beauties below us. So we roll on, passing ancient castles, and walls of old towns; dive through more tunnels, fly through lovely valleys, and begin to climb toward the Great St. Gotthard whose lofty crest is covered with perpetual snow. Now we run through a valley, and see, on the opposite side, high up the side of the mountain, the railway in two distinct

places, one high above the other. At about our own level we see the black mouth of a tunnel, and dive into it. Again we come out upon the same side of the mountain on one of the higher tracks which we have seen from the other side of the valley. We have made a complete circle in the mountain and have climbed up a hundred feet or more in elevation. Below us we see the track and bridge over which we came to the mouth of the tunnel, and between us and the cliffs on the opposite side, the same valley, or rather canon, with its rushing, foaming torrent. Almost before we see these things, we again dive into the mountain only again to come out on the same side. We have described another circle in the heart of the mountain and again have climbed up a hundred feet or more. Now we see below us both tracks and the same valley. We have traveled for half an hour and are at the same point except that we are a few hundred feet above the starting point. The railroad has proved to be a veritable "winding stairway." These spiral tunnels are found on both sides of the Great St. Gotthard and by means of them the railway ascends to the level of the famous St. Gotthard tunnel, which with these spiral tunnels, forms one of the greatest achievements of modern engineering skill. We now pass rapidly on and at about one o'clock we enter the St. Gotthard tunnel. The passage through it requires nearly thirty minutes, and the traveler is glad to see daylight on the other side. Soon we again dive into spiral tunnels and rapidly descend.

We reach the famous "William Tell region" and pass through the interesting little town of Altdorf, the

traditionary scene of Tell's exploit of shooting the apple from his son's head. The scenes and incidents of Schiller's "William Tell" come swiftly back to memory as we whirl through this land of beauty and romantic traditions of Swiss bravery against Austrian tyranny.

The Swiss are a happy, independent, liberty-loving people, living in beautiful and fertile, though small valleys and on picturesque mountain sides. They are honest, intelligent and exceedingly industrious. They make a living and even gain a competency where other nationalities would starve. They cultivate the rough mountain sides up to the very snow line, and gather crops and sow and plant and mow where other people would climb with caution and trepidation. Not unfrequently, has the writer seen, after climbing some high mountain, a field of ripening grain and a glistening glacier or huge snow bank in close proximity, presenting a scene so novel and unusual as to make a lasting impression upon the memory. Here are found more difficulties, more obstacles of every kind to farming and to trade; less convenience, fewer railroads, fewer means of transportation than elsewhere in Europe, and yet by far more stir and activity and energy than elsewhere on the continent. There is something remarkable about all this. These hardy mountaineers seem to be fully conscious of their manhood and nobility of character and their honors sit easily upon them. They have demonstrated to the world that they are capable of self-government and they are justly proud of it. They mean to maintain their national

character in every respect and they will succeed. The people of Switzerland are tolerant and sensible. They are not generally moved by prejudice or passion. They possess a cool, clear, calm judgment singularly at variance to other German nations. They are a prosperous, happy and above all a contented people. It is true that in many valleys and on many a mountain side the whole family must work in the field, the husband, the wife, the brother, the sister, side by side. But the women are treated with far more consideration and respect than elsewhere on the continent, and they go into the field from a sheer sense of duty and necessity. And they are happy to do so. No happier fireside can be found than in little Switzerland. I have seen whole families in the field. A fertile valley, small in extent, stretches away before me. Huge mountains rise in majesty all around, their tops grey with snow. Lower are forests of pine and fir, still lower on their steep and rocky sides are patches of cultivated land; while over all, like a beautiful blue arch, stretches the lovely Swiss sky, and the entire picture is bathed in the golden light of a meridian sun.

A maiden fair and comely, binds the golden grain into sheaves, the father and brother cut the grain with a sickle, and the mother and other children work with the rest. The winds play with the girl's golden hair. The sun has kissed her cheek and left it a dusky brown. The air is cool and invigorating; she sings and laughs by turn and all seem to rejoice with nature in the beauties that surround them. They are perfectly contented. Can

one behold such a picture and not know why Switzerland is free? The home is to them the dearest spot on earth. To preserve it in its freedom and purity, they will freely give their lives on every mountain side of their lovely country. Where the home is sacred, the people will be pure, the statesmen will be honest and the country will be prosperous. The home is the basis of the national life.

In Switzerland I have seen women carrying huge loads of hay up steep hillsides, but the men were also engaged in hard labor at the same time and not shirking their duty as in many other countries, where women are made beasts of burden. The difference is that in Switzerland the work is an absolute necessity, owing to the peculiar condition of nature, while elsewhere there seems to be little excuse for compelling the women to labor as they do.

In many places teams cannot be used either to haul or plough. The farmer on his scanty land only hopes to gather hay enough to keep his cow, and to raise grain enough for his family and to provide clothing and other necessaries. To keep a team would, in many cases, add to the burden of life. Hence it is necessary to carry the hay in from the hillsides, and the women cheerfully help in this work, and do such other work in the fields as they can to provide for the frugal necessaries of their simple life. And in this they are happy and contented. The work is hard, very hard, but they toil up hillsides with loads of hay upon their heads that one would think it

were impossible for them to carry. When I remember how hard I thought it to climb up these same hills with the aid of a good alpenstock and no luggage to impede me, I realize the fearful toil of these people. But after the summer work is done, comes the long winter with its rest and dangers also from avalanches of snow. I can easily picture to myself how they gather around the blazing fire of pine logs on the hearth during the long evenings of their weary winter to read or talk, happy in their simple way as they smoke their pipes, peel their apples, drink their sparkling cider; and sing and warble the "jodel" and listen to the oft-recited legends of the mountains, and instill patriotism and bravery into the hearts of the youth by tales of Swiss bravery and daring. But I have forgotten that I am on a railroad train. We rush away from Altdorf and soon arrive at Fluelen. Here we take boat on the lake of the "Four Forest Cantons," or as it is more generally known to Americans, the "Lake of Lucerne." By many it is thought to excel Lake Como in beauty. I do not think so. It is grander, perhaps, than Como, but it lacks that soft and pleasing loveliness of the latter lake, while it possesses much more of the magnificent. Como is lovely. The Four Forest Cantons is grand. The mountain shores of lake Como are pretty, those of Lucerne are sublime.

The lake of the Four Forest Cantons is much larger than Lake Como and its mountain sides are higher. The mountain sides around Lake Como are beautiful in their green verdure, pleasant villas and picturesque effects;

while those around the Four Forest Cantons are grand in their grey and rugged masses of stone, their towering peaks and masses of snow. Passing over the lake, we drink in the grandeur of the scenes and arrive at Vitznau from which place we ascend the "Rigi" on the inclined railway.

The gradient of the road is quite steep. The cars are propelled by a locomotive which runs behind the car and climbs up the steep grades by means of a cog-wheel which runs in a set of cogs laid in the middle of the track. Arriving at the top or "kulm" a grand view is had. The Rigi, though not so high as many peaks of the snow ranges of the Alps, is isolated, and commands a fine view of many higher peaks of the snow covered Alps. From the kulm the spectator looks over a panorama of beautiful towns and lakes and pleasant valleys and mountain peaks and glaciers, which covers an area of more than three hundred miles in circumference. Lake Lucerne with its peculiar looking surface and adjacent villages, lies below. Away to the south the great banks of snow a hundred miles long gleam from the mountain tops, making one shudder as he looks at their white masses. It seems that one could jump off this summit directly into the sea of Zug so nearly perpendicular is the mountain on that side. Almost below us is the little town of Zug which partly slipped into the lake last summer, while we were in that vicinity, and by which accident many lives of the inhabitants were lost. It is not in the least strange to one who has traveled in Switzerland, that such things happen and

that every year we read of whole towns destroyed by avalanches. I have seen towns clinging to steep hillsides at an elevation of nine thousand or ten thousand feet, where I should not care to climb without a guide. That great masses of snow slide down these hillsides sometimes, and sweep such a village into the valley below is expected. The town of Zug, however, which slipped off into the "Zuger See" is located on the edge of the lake and the ground gave way, or slipped down into the water carrying many houses along. Upon the Rigi-Kulm the air is cool, but it is quite pleasant in the sun. To get the ludicrous side of a visit to the Rigi, one should read Mark Twain's description of it. The sun-rise and sun-set as seen from the kulm are said to be exquisite. We expected to see the glorious sunset, so eloquently described by travelers, but a huge black cloud sailed across the western sky and spoiled it. It was most vexatious. Just after sunset the clouds gave way and the sky was as clear and cloudless as a summer night well could be. But viewing the surroundings, I can imagine how beautiful it must be upon a clear day. Upon an Alpine horn, a mountaineer plays the "Retreat of the Orb of Day" as the sun drops behind the hills. Also in the morning the first faint tinge in the east is heralded by the notes from an Alpine horn.

Upon this elevated place are found many vendors of all kinds of wares, carved wood, alpenstocks, canes, views, novelties of all sorts—all have a stand and a vendor here. The hotels are thronged with visitors and

hundreds can not find lodgings at the top and stay at the towns below, from which they can easily visit the kulm during the day. There is a bridle-path leading from Weggis to the top, but it is now seldom used for the ascent, though very many ride up on the inclined railway and walk down this path. I walked down this way. The distance is nine English miles, but the beauty of the scenery at almost every step well repays one for the fatigue of the walk.

We descend for some time along the track of the railway, then the path makes a detour to the left and by an easy descent again reaches the railway track, crosses it and leads a little to the right, passes several summer hotels and leads through little valleys between high rocks, runs quite through small patches of trees, and suddenly comes out upon an open space from which is seen the twinkling lights of distant Lucerne and the villages along the lake. At one place as I walked through a little dell with huge rocks around me and a mellow moonlight falling over all, I almost believed that I was in the "Garden of the gods," so strong a resemblance did it bear to that remarkable spot in Colorado. Here and there, along the path, are places where refreshments are served and an occasional hotel. At the end of the bridal path and directly before it as it reaches the highway stands the "Hotel Du Lac" and the town of Weggis. Here the "tramps" spent Sunday in writing, reading and boating. Here we received mail from America and glad we were to hear from home. In the afternoon some went to Lucerne, some clambered up the mountains, others wrote letters, others slept. Thus was Sunday spent.

Chapter 22.

Lucerne, Berne, Geneva, Chamounix, The Mer de Glace.

Lucerne is one of the prettiest towns in Switzerland. It lies at the west end of the lake, on comparatively level ground and is divided into two parts by the river, which is crossed in several places by interesting bridges. One of these bridges which crosses the river diagonally, is quite long and covered. The interior is decorated by paintings of some of the masters. It is common on the continent to see old bridges thus decorated. Here is the famous "Lion of Thorwaldsen" a real work of art, cut in relief upon the side of a huge rock near the "glacier garden." It is needless to say that it is the pride of Lucerne.

At this visit I staid only a part of the day in Lucerne and after dinner, through a rain which laid the dust in all Switzerland, I walked to the railway depot and departed for Berne. I wonder if it always rains at Lucerne? Two weeks after this I was again there and the rain fell in torrents. I never met one who had been at Lucerne, that he did not speak of the rain when he was there.

From Lucerne to Berne, the railway lies through a country less mountainous than I noticed elsewhere in Switzerland. The valley is broad and very fertile and

the condition of the people seems to be quite good. I noticed many fine fields of grain and numerous fruit trees and vines but not so many as further south. The houses, upon the outside, look neat and in many cases their appearance is unique. They are generally built of hewed pine logs with shingle roofs which project far over the walls and have many balconies or verandas. Sometimes they are covered with plaster and penciled to resemble stone. The pine of which the houses are built keeps a fresh appearance for years after the construction of the building. In some parts of Switzerland, especially in the Bernese Oberland, I saw houses varying from eighty to one hundred years old and their well preserved condition was remarkable. In some cantons, the date of construction with a motto or verse of some kind and the carpenter's name is cut into the wood on the outside of the house next to the highway. And it is generally done with considerable artistic skill. In the valley from Berne to Lucerne, I saw several brick houses, quite modern in style, but this is the exception in the country. However in the cities the buildings are quite often stone or brick and in some places quite modern in style. It is only in the mountain valleys that the primitive Swiss houses are found.

We arrived at Berne in the evening and remained there over night. This town is the capital of the republic and including the suburbs, contains 44,000 people. It has been the capital since 1848 and is said to have been founded in 1191. Nearly all of its streets have arcades; fountains adorn the different squares, many of which date from the sixteenth century. It also contains a bear den, of which little can be said, except that it contains

two insignificant brown bears. The public buildings are fine and the country around the town is very pretty. From Berne to Lausanne there is considerable tillable land, but most of the mountain sides are covered with vines. On the road between these two places are many tunnels. On this road, I saw iron cross ties in use; the rail is bolted to the tie and the road ballasted with stone. This part of Switzerland is highly picturesque. We whirl along past vine-clad hillsides, in and out of tunnels, around sharp curves, and over high bridges. We dive into a tunnel, rumble a few seconds through the darkness and rush out into the sunlight and lake Geneva lies stretched before us as if suddenly dropped there from the heavens above. We whirl onward, hanging to the hillsides and looking out upon the beautiful surface of the lake and arrive at Lausanne.

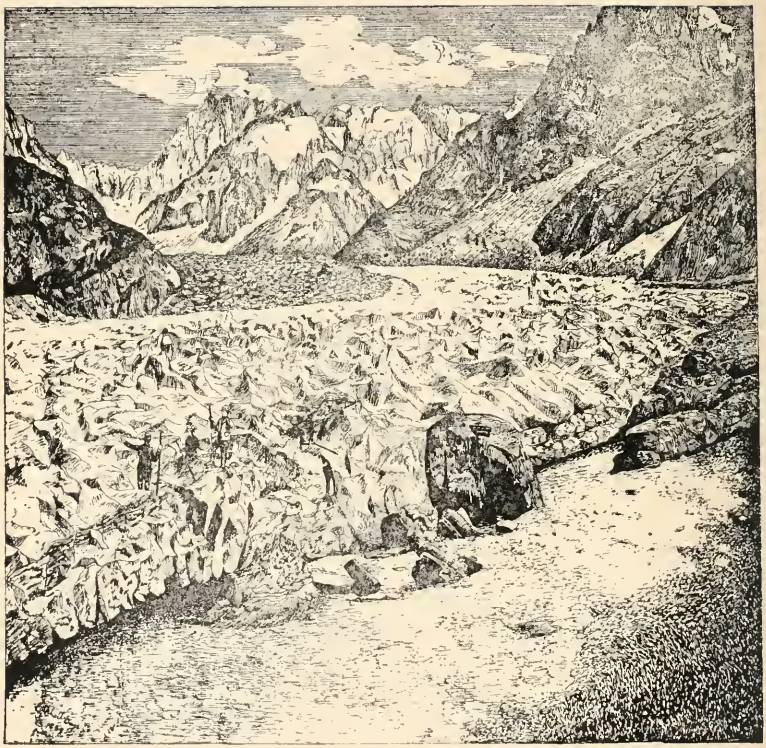
From this place we retrace our way toward the east and south along the edge of the lake until we arrive at Chillon. Here is the famous prison where the unfortunate Bonivard was confined. Lord Byron, who at the time was wholly unacquainted with the history of the castle, by mere accident, as he afterwards states, used the name of Bonivard to designate his hero in the "Prisoner of Chillon," thus unintentionally making the place famous. Many suppose that Byron founded his poem upon the incidents of Bonivard's imprisonment, but the poet takes pains to state that when he wrote his poem he knew nothing of them. It is only a remarkable coincidence.

From Chillon a steamer bears us over the beautiful waters of the lake to the city of Geneva. The water of this lake has a very peculiar color, which is, by some,

thought to be due to the presence of iodine, brought in by the upper Rhone. The lake is but a broad expansion of the river Rhone, and is about forty-five miles long, and is six to eight miles wide. Its shape is very much like a crescent with the points or horns toward the south. On the south side, the shore is for the most part mountainous and abrupt, while on the opposite side it ascends more gradually from the water, and is covered with vineyards and beautiful towns. At the southern and western extremity of the lake, and where it narrows again into a river, is the beautiful city of Geneva. Her romantic history, beautiful situation and lovely lake, make her an object of interest to every tourist. The town was well known in the days of Julius Cæsar, who mentions it in his Commentaries. From Geneva to Chamounix, is a delightful drive by carriage or diligence. The road winds among the mountains, crosses torrents, traverses beautiful valleys, passes pretty cascades, follows a mountain stream for some distance, and suddenly discloses a magnificent view of Mt. Blanc, the monarch of the Alps, in all his majesty and grandeur. A short distance from Geneva the road crosses the French frontier, and thence lies all the way in French territory. Along this road after entering France there is considerable tillable land, though in small holdings. The peasants have small and insignificant houses, keep no horses or oxen, and cultivate the land with a hoe-shaped instrument instead of a plough. The drive from Geneva to Chamounix requires a day. Toward evening we enter a valley much wider and larger than usual, skirt the western and southern sides of it, change horses at a little town, and go on over a level road for a mile or

more, cross a foaming, seething stream, turn abruptly to the left and again begin a laborious ascent for some miles, and then turning again to the right cross the highest point we have attained during the day. Here the aroma of the pines and firs, borne upon the cool winds fresh from huge banks of snow, gives us a delightful sensation. Crossing a bridge and turning to the left around a huge spur of the mountains, the village of Chamounix is suddenly and unexpectedly seen in the valley, and to the right, Mt. Blanc looking cold and majestic and serene, and a huge glacier that comes down into the valley with its huge masses of ice and snow. This is the "*Glacier des Bossons*," the huge ice masses of which project far out into the valley, and rise many feet in height. Our carriages roll on down to the town and we alight after a long but delightful ride, and after supper retire to take the needed rest for a walk up the Montanvert, and across the "*Mer de Glace*" on the following day.

The sun was shining brightly, the little village of Chamuonix lay in a sleepy quietness, the mountains rising high on either side, the great glaciers lay cold and bright in the morning sun, the little stream fed by the melting glaciers rushed and tumbled along its bed, tourists with long alpenstocks in their hands and dressed in knee pants and heavy shoes, stood around in little groups talking and laughing, as the "tramps" started out to climb the Montanvert. The way leads to the east along a lane until it reaches the base of the Mount Blanc chain, then begins to climb up the steep sides, by zig-zag courses, here and there giving lovely views of the little valley with the foaming stream lying like a silver thread



THE MER DE GLACE.

through its center. Away below us lies Chamounix, and the white, hard road over which we entered the town, and over which "Marie" so joyfully left for Paris and so sadly returned in her insanity and weakness, induced to travel only by the music of the faithful Savoyard, which nearly every one has seen so powerfully interpreted by Maggie Mitchell. This little French village is where the scenes of the "Pearl of Savoy" are laid. Three hours climbing, or rather walking, for the way is quite good, brings us to the hotel at the summit where we get our first view of the "*Mer de Glace.*" This huge glacier, like a mighty river of ice, a mile or more wide, stretches back into the Alps, for miles. Its surface is rolling and broken into ridges and valleys of ice and crevices, as if the water of a large river in angry tumult were suddenly frozen and the crests and depressions and foam of the waves were turned into solid ice. To the east it loses itself in the great snow peaks, and to the west it leads off to the edge of the precipice and drops down many feet like an enlarged Niagara Falls instantly frozen and thus held in place. Standing at the foot of this great "ice falls," the spectator occasionally sees great masses of ice break away and fall, bounding and breaking until they reach the bottom with a noise that echoes and reverberates among the mountains like the roll of thunder. We walked across the glacier, climbing over the ice hills, carefully avoiding the great crevices, in any one of which the whole party could have been swallowed up, and arrived safely at the oposite shore. The great bed of ice many miles long, a mile wide, and hundreds of feet thick, moves along down its course, like the water of a river, only at a less velocity. The glacier moves thirty to sixty

feet a year. The *Mer de Glace* moves about an inch a day. Huge stones are carried down from the mountains to the valley below in this way. Huge masses of stone are piled along the lower sides, called the moraine and show what the slow but ceaseless work of the great ice stream has done, and convey some idea of the length of time the process has been going on. We walked along the side of the glacier passed a magnificent cascade that fell from the mountains on the north side, and plunged down a sheer descent of thousands of feet, climbed down over the "*Mauvais Pas*," passed the "*Chapeau*" a huge rock resembling a chapeau, and here divided; a part of our party going on down the bridle-path to the wagon road in the valley and thence back to the town, while three of us including the writer, climbed down over the loose stones a distance of several hundred feet to the foot of the huge mass of ice at the end of the glacier. It was an interesting scramble and the peculiar appearance of the ice and rock down there, with huge fissures and caverns, and the stream of water issuing forth as from the rocks, and the occasional fall of huge ice masses and great rocks, well repaid us for the laborious climbing which we had on our way back to the moraine. We followed the moraine to the end, crossed some fields, took shelter in some tall brush during a sudden shower, and crossed the foaming stream, reaching the road a short distance from our hotel. From the Montanvert a magnificent view is had up the "*Mer de Glace*" with some sharp-peaked pinnacles and snow-clad mountains. From the valley of course Mt. Blanc is the chief object of interest. It is the highest peak in Europe, and can be climbed with little danger, except from the sudden snow

storms that are apt to occur, and which at various times have lasted for several days and in which whole parties have perished. Many thrilling events and remarkable escapes from destruction have occurred on this mountain.

Chapter 23.

THE TETE NOIRE PASS, PEDESTRIANISM, ARRIVAL AT ZERMATT, GUIDES, MOUNTAIN DANGERS.

On a bright morning our party set out from Chamounix to cross the "Tete Noire" pass. The majority of us decided to walk, while the remainder with the luggage were to be taken across by wagon. The road leads to the north along the little valley in which lies the town of Chamounix. Soon it begins to ascend and numerous little cascades and foaming rapids beautify the stream by the roadside, while the valley narrows and the mountains rise higher and closer and become wilder and more rocky and rugged. Finally the valley ends abruptly against a huge mountain side, which is surmounted by means of the usual zig-zag road. Here the writer and Mr. Davis left the road and experimented in mountain climbing. We crossed the road several times and reached the top, having saved at least two miles by the climb. Whether we gained anything by the operation is still an open question in the minds of each of us. We found on this plateau, again, the hard smooth road which we followed into a sort of natural amphitheatre of an oval shape, with enormous rocky sides, and the usual foaming mountain torrent rushing through it. Emerging from this, we were

again in the valley which lies many feet higher than the "vale of Chamounix," and from which the great snow caps of the distant peaks are plainly visible.

About noon we crossed the Swiss frontier, took dinner at an execrable inn and trudged on soon coming upon some of the loveliest mountain scenery we had yet seen in Europe. The sun was bright and warm, the air pure and light by reason of the elevation we had attained, and the atmosphere was charged with odors of fir and pine now mostly below us. We came upon peasants carrying in hay and this was the picture we beheld: A narrow valley or opening in the mountains. A man and several women with huge bundles of hay upon their heads, toiling up the steep sides of the mountain to the house and barn, where the hay was stored away. Their steps were then retraced and more hay brought up. We went over the same path and I can testify that it was hard work without a load of hay on one's head. A little beyond this we again left the road and for nearly an hour climbed up the steep mountains, in many places quite perpendicular and at last reached the summit of the pass. Again we had saved several miles distance by means of the climbing. Here at the summit, was a little hostelry where bread and wine and various drinks were to be had. From this point we could look far over the mountains and snow clad peaks. The woman who waited upon us here kindly pointed out the celebrated St. Bernard pass, or to be more correct, she pointed out the mountains through which it leads.

A little further, we found that the road literally drops, from this great eminence, to the valley of the Rhone below in which we could see the distant town of Martigny. The road descends by a zig-zag course nearly the whole way, and is lined by trees, and affords delightful views. My friend Davis and I had been ahead of the rest since morning and being alone we again climbed down along a rugged water-course, which was then dry. We again saved considerable by walking and arrived at the hotel in Martigny more than two hours before the carriages which left Chamounix the same morning. To say that we were tired, is to put it mildly. This walk showed, that there are some ladies in America who have a remarkable endurance. The distance is twenty-five miles, mostly up hill, some part of the way breathing is hard on account of the elevation, and yet several ladies walked the entire distance that day. Among those who walked were two daughters of a Kansas banker and who seemed to be less fatigued than any of the others, though they were young, small and of delicate form.

Why one can walk so much and so far in the mountains is accounted for in various ways but I am quite certain that none of us would care to take such a tramp here. I think the most reasonable explanation is this: The scenery is so grand, the surroundings so unusual, that the mind is devoted to these, takes pleasure in them, and the act of walking becomes altogether a reflex muscular action and thus less exhausting.

One of the chief characteristics of an Englishman, and always mentioned when contrasted with an American,

is, I believe, his walking qualities. The Englishman delights in walking, the American detests it, as a rule. A fair idea of what an Englishman thinks is good walking may be gathered from the following which I quote from a well known writer on the Alps. "I remember speaking about pedestrianism to a well-known mountaineer some years ago, and venturing to remark that a man who averaged thirty miles a day might be considered a good walker..

"'A fair walker,' he said,—'a *fair* walker.' 'What then would you consider good walking?' 'Well,' he replied, 'I will tell you. Some time back a friend and I agreed to go to Switzerland, but a short time afterward he wrote to say he ought to let me know that a young and delicate lad was going with him, who would not be equal to great things—in fact, he would not be able to do more than fifty miles a day!' 'What became of the young and delicate lad?' 'He lives!' 'And who was your extraordinary friend?' 'Charles Hudson!' (Mr. Hudson was lost on the Matterhorn in 1865.) I have every reason to believe that the gentlemen referred to *were* equal to walking more than fifty miles a day, but they were *exceptional*, not *good* walkers."

Now if a gentleman who can "do fifty miles a day" in the mountains, up hill and down, over ice and snow, now among the clouds, now in the valley, scaling almost inaccessible cliffs, or following beaten paths, is not a *good* walker, but only *fair*, it would be interesting to know, if some kind English friend would inform us, what a *good* walker could do.

From Martigny we went by rail, along the Rhone, to Visp, where a part of the party walked to the little town at the end of the wagon road, which leads thence to Zermatt. The rest rode horses, and some of the ladies were carried in chairs across the pass to the same place. The only way of getting from Visp to the Zermatt valley is to walk, or ride a horse or to be carried in a chair. The pass is not only high but there is no possibility of making a wagon road across it except by the outlay of vast sums of money and countless days of work. At the little town on the Zermatt side of the pass we took carriages and rode down to Zermatt, the road leading along the canon and at times merely hanging to the high sides of mountains with a sheer descent on one side of hundreds of feet. Snow clad peaks are on all sides. The Weisshorn, with her virgin snow, the great glaciers, the rushing torrents, all make a grand and impressive scene.

About eight o'clock we alighted from our conveyances before the Zermatter Hof, had supper and received our American mail which was always an interesting moment with us.

The first morning after our arrival at Zermatt was bright and lovely. The valley was green, the mountains grey, the snow caps and glaciers white and glistening in the sunlight and the stream foaming and seething and roaring along its bed in a perfect fury. To the southwest, the great triangular peak of the Matterhorn pierced the sky; to the south, the Monte Rosa, covered with snow in its virgin whiteness; across the vast expanse of snow in this direction lies the pass into Italy. At the hotels are tourists from every part of the world which our western civilization has touched and quickened into life.

Americans and Englishmen predominate. Here our native language was heard, almost to the exclusion of the German. Around the hotels are pretty grounds, with walks and shrubs and flower beds. As you come out from the hotels in the morning, you will see numberless guides with their ice-axes, alpenstocks, coils of rope, and shoes with thickly studded soles; and browned skins—faces and hands almost copper colored from their continuous out-door life in the mountains. On every mountain peak they have faced danger. In every direction they have explored the vast recesses of the Alps, to find some excursion more dangerous and more difficult than those already known. It is the intimate knowledge of such places that furnishes them employment. A great number of the tourists are experienced mountain climbers and are in search of something more difficult and more dangerous than they have yet achieved. Hence the occupation of the guides. They all have a book of references in which the employer who has made a successful ascent or excursion, writes a recommendation. Some of these guides have won world-wide reputation for their accuracy, reliability and faithfulness. Others are not to be trusted. In nothing else should the tourist be more careful than the selection of a guide if he intends to do any difficult climbing. When it is remembered that under the surface of the snow are hundreds of bergschrunds; that on many a ledge not more than a foot wide you must pass precipices hundreds and in many cases thousands of feet from your toothold to the rocks and ice beneath, that a single false step may precipitate an avalanche of stone and rock and ice upon the whole party; that a single slip of the foot may throw the whole party over precipices to the ice of

the glaciers four thousand feet below; that even in some instances a shout or loud voice may start upon its course of destruction a great avalanche, the reader may understand how important it is to have an efficient and faithful guide. In many cases it is necessary for the whole party to worm themselves along, one step at a time, and then your guide takes hold of your feet with his hands and places you in position, and then cautions you to stand perfectly still until he cuts a step in the ice, and then he carefully guides your foot with his hands one step forward and thus you span some ice bridge at a dizzy height, or ascend some steep wall of ice in some niche or gully of the mountain. At such times you are wholly at the mercy of your guides; and your safety and even your life depends upon their skill and ability and endurance. But however skillful and experienced, accidents will happen. Probably no more experienced party ever attempted the ascent of a mountain than the party with Whymper in the ascent of the Matterhorn in 1865. Yet the disastrous result of that ill-fated expedition in which four of the seven who composed the party lost their lives, but illustrates that the mountain climber always takes his life in his hands when he goes into the mountains.

The dangers to be encountered, in the mountains, are well illustrated by the following account.

Beginning on page 54, "Scrambles Amongst The Alps," Mr. Whymper tells of a remarkable accident which he experienced while alone on the Matterhorn in 1862. "The Col du Lion was passed, and fifty yards more would have placed me on the 'Great Staircase' down which one can run. But on arriving at an angle of the

cliffs of the Tete du Lion, while skirting the upper edge of the snow which abuts against them, I found that the heat of the two past days had nearly obliterated the steps which had been cut when coming up. The rocks happened to be impracticable just at this corner, so nothing could be done except make the steps afresh.

The snow was too hard to beat or tread down, and at the angle it was all but ice; half a dozen steps only were required, and then the ledges could be followed again. So I held to the rock with my right hand and prodded at the snow with the point of my stick until a good step was made, and then, leaning around the angle, did the same for the other side. So far well, but in attempting to pass the corner (to the present moment I cannot tell how it happened) I slipped and fell.

The slope was steep on which this took place, and descended to the top of a gully that led down through two subordinate buttresses toward the Glacier du Lion, which was just seen a thousand feet below.

The knapsack brought my head down first, and I pitched into some rocks about a dozen feet below; they caught something and tumbled me off the edge head over heels into the gully. The baton was dashed from my hands, and I whirled downward in a series of bounds, each longer than the last—now over ice, now into rocks, striking my head four or five times, each time with increased force. The last bound sent me spinning through the air in a leap of fifty or sixty feet, from one side of the gully to the other, and I struck the rocks, luckily, with the whole of my left side. They caught my clothes for a moment, and I fell back on to the snow with motion arrested; my head fortunately came the right side up, and

a few frantic catches brought me to a halt in the neck of the gulley and on the verge of the precipice.

Baton, hat and veil skimmed by and disappeared, and the crash of the rocks which I had started, as they fell on the glacier told how narrow had been the escape from utter destruction. As it was, I fell nearly two hundred feet in seven or eight bounds. Ten feet more would have taken me in one gigantic leap of eight hundred feet on to the glacier below.

The situation was still sufficiently serious. The rocks could not be let go for a moment, and the blood was spurting out of more than twenty cuts. The most serious ones were in the head and I vainly tried to close them with one hand while holding on with the other. It was useless; the blood jerked out in blinding jets at each pulsation. At last, in a moment of inspiration, I kicked out a big lump of snow and stuck it as a plaster on my head. The idea was a happy one, and the flow of blood diminished; then, scrambling up, I got, not a moment too soon, to a place of safety and fainted away."

This was a remarkable escape, probably without parallel in mountain climbing in the Alps. The sensations which one experiences in such circumstances are graphically described by Mr. Whymper in the following note. "As it seldom happens that one survives such a fall, it may be interesting to record what my sensations were during its occurrence. I was perfectly conscious of what was happening, and felt each blow, but, like a patient under chloroform, experienced no pain. Each blow was, naturally, more severe than that which preceded it, and I distinctly remember thinking; well if the next is harder still, that will be the end! Like persons who have

been rescued from d rowning, I remember that the recollection of a multitude of things rushed through my head, many of them trivialities or absurdities which had been forgotten long before; and, more remarkable, this bounding through space did not feel disagreeable. But I think that in no very great distance more conciousness as well as sensation would have been lost, and upon that I base my belief, improbable as it seems, that death by a fall from a great height is as painless an end as can be experienced. The battering was very rough, yet no bones were broken. The loss of blood, although so great, did not seem to be permanently injurious. The only serious effect has been the reduction of a naturally retentive memory to a very commonplace one; and although my recollections of more distant occurrences remain unshaken, the events of that particular day would be clean gone but for the few notes which were written down before the accident."

Chapter 24.

Scrambles Around Zermatt.

As we came out from breakfast, we saw many guides about the hotels waiting for employment, some waiting for parties who were to make some easy excursion. Those who go on difficult ascents, start early in the morning, generally from one to three o'clock, or start the night before and make the easier part of the trip that evening and are ready to start on the difficult and dangerous climbing at the first tinge of the morning. This is desirable because the morning and early part of the day is clear and free from snow storms, and the merciless pelting of sleet and hail, which may be encountered later in the day, and during which progress is impossible. Quite often, the innocent looking bank of white clouds that are seen to gather about the peak of the mountain about eleven o'clock, and which shuts out from view the tops of the peaks, are fearful snow or hail storms and in which the lightning leaps in awful grandeur about the cliffs and rocks, and from which one may well ask to be spared. In one of Whymper's attempts to scale the Matterhorn, he was overtaken by such a storm, and those in the valley below saw nothing but a bank of white clouds about two-thirds of the way to the top. They suspected nothing, and when he succeeded in get-

ting back and related his dreadful sufferings on the mountain the story was incredible to his hearers.

Our first day at Zermatt was an eventful day to three of us. Nothing had been arranged for that day, and each one was left to his own inclinations to do what he would. Three of us, Prof. E. E. Griffith, late Democratic candidate for Superintendent of Public Instruction of Indiana, Mr. Fred. C. Davis, of Auburn, and myself started out without a guide, not intending to go far, nor where it was dangerous. But we learned that day that one inexperienced in the Alps does not always know what is and what is not dangerous. We climbed the hills west of the little town and from this point we could drop a stone down upon the roofs of many of the houses. They are all covered with slabs of stone instead of shingles. We followed the rushing stream, crossed it again to ascend an easy path up the mountain on the other side. At an elevation of a thousand feet above the valley the writer found a few isolated sprigs of the famous Alpine flower known as Edelweiss. To gather this flower is one of the things of which we could boast. It only grows, except in rare cases, at great elevations. To find it there was great luck as well as a great surprise. To my right was a huge rock and beyond that was the canon through which, with a mighty roar, ran the frenzied torrent fed by the great glaciers of the higher mountains. Directly in front of us was a forest of pine and fir. The hillside was so steep that we ascended with great difficulty. Finding Edelweiss there stimulated us to go on in search of more. It did not occur to us that the presence of this flower there only proved that this mountain was seldom visited. For these mountains are searched everywhere

that one can safely climb by men and boys for this plant which is readily sold to tourists. After a hard climb we reached a sloping or sort of shelving plateau probably two or three hundred feet wide and over this the climbing was comparatively easy. At the west side, however, there was a wall of rock as nearly perpendicular as it could well be and from 500 to 600 feet high. It was rough and seamed, and had projections and terraces and it seemed that we could easily climb it and so we could. It proved not to be the ascent but the descent that was difficult. Yet I do not think, at first, any one of us thought of climbing that wall. But after climbing upon a projection of it, the writer found this projection covered with moss and soil from disintegrated rock, and the whole surface almost white with the wax-like flower of the Edelweiss. Calling to my companions, we were soon busy gathering the flower and we all obtained a greater quantity, I venture to say, than any tourist has gathered in the Alps for years past. But how were we to get down from this place? Below us the forest of pine and fir looked like a patch of brush wood; further down, was the little village of Zermatt. With an involuntary shudder we turned our faces toward the rocky wall before us. It seemed safer and easier to go on up in hope of reaching the summit and finding a trail down to the Zermatt valley. Accordingly up we went. At some considerable distance above this, a great ledge projected, the strata of which was at right angles to that of the rocky wall-like side which we were ascending. At this point Prof. Griffith went to the right and we to the left or south side of the projecting rock. For a hundred feet farther we found a sloping pile of loose rock and gravel up which

we could almost run with the aid of our alpenstocks. At the end of this again was a wall of rock which seemed to be, and no doubt could have been easily surmounted; and, I think, the summit easily reached. But we had no opportunity to know certainly. I was a few yards ahead of Mr. Davis when we both heard a shout or a call from Prof. Griffith on the other side of the ledge. We could not see him and we could not climb over the ledge. To reach him we must retrace our way to the point of the ledge, climb around it at the risk of our lives, and ascend on the other side toward him. We at once started; and again heard the call. It was evident our friend was in trouble. It was far harder to descend through this loose stuff than to ascend for it was apt to slip and slide in large quantities and to carry us over the edge of the precipice. At the point of this ledge and about three feet below its level there is a terrace-like projection a foot or eighteen inches wide. To pass the point of the projecting ledge, it was necessary to get down to this and work along to the north. In attempting to do so I put the point of my alpenstock down into some debris which had collected there and was holding to a rough projection above with my left hand. The iron point of my alpenstock, when it came into contact with the rock below, suddenly slipped outward and off the ridge, and, for an instant, I swung off over the frightful abyss. Luckily my heel caught in the crevice and I succeeded in getting back to my former position. Never will I forget the sensations of that moment. As my alpenstock shot out from its hold below and I found myself literally hanging by my left hand hundreds of feet above the ragged rocks below, I seemed to take in instantly

the whole valley, the rocks, the village, the snow-clad peaks, and even in that supreme moment of peril, I remember realizing how beautiful the snow, sparkling in the bright sunlight, looked upon the mountain beyond. Having recovered myself, and being seated upon the edge of the precipice, I was as weak as a child. Mr. Davis finally attempted to get down and succeeded. He passed along the ledge and out of sight. Presently he shouted back that Prof. Griffith had lost his alpenstock and was sitting astride a ridge fifty feet or more above our level and unable to go forward or backward. The knowledge of his danger seemed to put a new life into me and I again began to descend and succeeded in following Mr. Davis. Getting around to the north side of the ledge, I saw Prof. Griffith on his perch with a most woe-begone expression on his face. We climbed up towards him. There was nothing he could do but to get to his feet and walk along a ledge a few inches wide and ten or fifteen feet long toward a great rock, while, on either side it was many feet to the rocks below.

This he attempted and reached the rock and finally attained our level.

It is much easier to ascend than to descend a perpendicular wall. This we realized that day. In going down a short distance, I discovered the lost alpenstock, neatly balanced over some rocks at the very edge of the precipice. They agreed to wait until I made an effort to secure it. After ten minutes careful descent, I was just about to reach it, when to my disappointment it slowly glided away and disappeared in some brush far below. I was now perhaps fifty feet below Davis who began to descend toward me, when he accidently started

The Matterhorn.

a huge boulder which went down the mountain side not three feet to my right, and was followed by a score of smaller stones any one of which might have caused me serious injury. We again moved on with great caution, and three hours hard climbing brought us to the trail which led along the torrent to the town. We were in a very jaded and exhausted condition when we reached our hotel, and it was solemnly agreed by the three of us, that we would not hereafter climb even a foot-hill without a guide. After we had reached a place of safety, Griffith remarked: "Boys, you don't know how utterly helpless a man feels, on a mountain, without an alpenstock."

The second morning after our arrival at Zermatt had been set apart for the ascent of the Matterhorn. We were to be called at three o'clock in the morning. What we were about to undertake can only be realized by those who have had the actual experience, or who have had the pleasure of reading Mr. Whymper's account of his attempts to scale this huge peak, or those who have heard Dr. Jordan deliver his celebrated lecture on the "Ascent of the Matterhorn." Prior to 1865, this mountain had never been scaled, though Prof. Tyndall and many other scientists had attacked it upon almost every side. In that year Whymper and his party reached the top. In the descent, the guide, Michael Croz, was placing Mr. Hadow's feet in position and had just turned away to take a step forward himself, when Mr. Hadow slipped, struck the guide throwing him over the precipice, which threw Lord Douglas and one other of the party after them, and for a moment they hung over the awful abyss four thousand feet above the ice and snow in the glacier

beneath. Then suddenly the rope with which they were tied together broke directly in front of the guide, Peter Taugwalder, precipitating the four to the glacier beneath. Peter Taugwalder, Mr. Whymper and Taugwalder's son were left behind. However, no one can realize the difficulty and danger of climbing the Matterhorn by a mere description of the ascent.

In the evening before our party was to start, Mr. Griffith and myself were strolling out from the hotel towards the little chapel and passing through the little churchyard our attention was attracted to a monument which had been erected in memory of Lord Douglas, Mr. Hadow and the others who perished in the first successful ascent. How much this inspired us with zeal for the morrow's undertaking may be better imagined than described. Promptly at three o'clock the next morning, in the midst of a dream in which I had successfully scaled the awful mountain and stood victorious on the top of the Matterhorn, a loud rap at my door aroused me from my slumbers. I at once arose and descended to the dining room where I found most of the party assembled, and after breakfast we were ready to start. Our guide was Peter Taugwalder, the son of the Peter Taugwalder, who was with Whymper in the expedition before referred to. I have since learned that Whymper did not entertain a very high opinion of this young man at that time, though he now bears an excellent reputation as a trustworthy guide. Two other guides, whose names I have forgotten, were also to accompany us. As we came out of the hotel in the twilight of the early morning, we met our guides fully equipped with ropes, ice axes and alpenstocks. We at once set

out towards the mountain; we followed the little valley towards the south, across the rushing stream; began to ascend on the other side; skirted the spur of a small mountain, again crossed the torrent on a log bridge and were then upon the base of the Matterhorn itself.

For the first two miles after this the climbing was comparatively easy and at the end of that distance, we had reached the hotel which had been built close to the edge of the great glacier which leads down from the Matterhorn itself towards Monte Rosa and across which the pass into Italy leads. Thence the trail leads over comparatively level ground on the spur of the mountain with great glaciers on either side; thence along the edge of the glacier at the south side of the trail a half mile or more. There is at the north a high ridge which we climbed some fifty or sixty feet by means of the projecting crags and the niches in the face of the rock. The face of this ridge which we surmounted is nearly or quite perpendicular. Now the trail again leads over a comparatively level surface, but is so narrow that one is in danger all the time of falling over the perpendicular edge or slipping off and sliding down the north side a mile or two into the great Matterhorngletscher. Having safely crossed this we had arrived at the point where actual climbing began. Here the guide stopped us and arranged the party in single file, at intervals of fifteen or sixteen feet, and then uncoiled a long rope, secured it firmly to the body of the foremost carried it back to the next, again securely fastened it around his body, and so on until all were thus tied together. He then secured the rope to his own body in front, and with a guide in the middle and rear of the party we began to climb a

perpendicular face of the mountain some two hundred feet high. In many places on the face of the rock, the climber stood on terraces not more than six inches in width. To have fallen would have been to take a great toboggan slide some two or three miles over the ice and snow, whose destination would have been unknown. Thus moving along with difficulty from crag to crag, from terrace to terrace, always keeping the rope drawn tightly between each other, we surmounted this face of the mountain and stood upon what seemed to be a huge pile of loose rocks and boulders, ten thousand feet above the sea. The day was exquisitely fine, not a cloud was to be seen. The little village of Zermatt could be seen some miles away, and the snow on Monte Rosa glistened and gleamed in the first rays of the rising sun; the noise from roaring torrents seemed to come from all directions; the great dome of the Matterhorn, itself, now close by, seemed cold and solemn and to be a personification of danger itself.

From this we proceeded over the loose rocks some distance, and again were under the almost perpendicular sides of another great wall of rocks. This we surmounted as before. Here, two of the party, unable or unwilling to go farther, were untied and left in a secure place to await our return. Again we went on, getting higher and higher, until we arrived at the first cabin nearly twelve thousand feet above the level of the sea.

The climbing thus far had occupied about six hours of very exhausting labor. We were now all ready to eat dinner. The provisions were spread in the little cabin, and some cold ice water was collected from a little stream which was melting from the ice in the morning sun.

Our meal consisted of bread, cheese, wine and water, but I believe, I relished it the best of any meal of which I had ever partaken.

While resting here at the first cabin, we had a chance to see what every writer of the Matterhorn region tells us concerning the falling of the stones down the sides and face of the mountain. The strata of the Matterhorn seems at intervals to run at right angles with each other, and in many places, seams or fissures exist in the rocks into which the snow drives and melts during the day; freezes at night, thus each day, pushing great boulders a little farther towards the side till at last through this repeated action of the frost and sun, they are forced off, and run down the sides in great avalanches of stone. Indeed, one of the greatest dangers in making the ascent, is the probability of being overtaken by one of these showers of falling stones; consequently, the trail leads over the northeastern edge, or always close to this ridge, and an attempt to scale it upon the face would be a very rash undertaking.

While sitting on the edge of a great precipice near the first cabin, a great quantity of stone was suddenly detached from the face of the Matterhorn, on which we looked, at a distance of nearly two thousand feet above us, and started down the sides with a terrific noise which echoed and reverberated among the mountains, with a cloud of dust behind it, one huge mass taking the lead, bounding from terrace to terrace and from ridge to ridge with deafening intonations, while two or three hundred smaller stones came yelping behind. It was an awful sight. It illustrates in a very emphatic way the chief danger of our ascent. A little while before this I had

been examining the face of the mountain with a pair of field glasses, more than half of a mile above me, I had detected a party of three making a descent of the mountain, and at the time of the avalanche they were out of sight. Soon afterwards they again appeared in view, and I was relieved to know that they had not been in the track of the avalanche, and some minutes later I saw them approaching a huge mass of snow which it was necessary to cross. Never will I forget how carefully they approached it. The guide, after having placed his companion in position, carefully cut a step in the ice while the rear guide was holding himself in position in order to be prepared in case the foremost ones should slip, and thus, step by step, they cut their way across the field of ice which lay at an angle of more than forty-five degrees. Afterwards I passed them and discovered the party to consist of a tourist and two guides.

We had attained an elevation of about two thousand feet from the summit of the peak, and it now being late it was decided not to try to reach it, although it had been our intention for two of us; Mr. Davis and myself, with the three guides to proceed to the top. Prior to reaching the first cabin, I had the misfortune to sprain my ankle on the loose stones, and it became so painful that it was thought advisable that I should not try to reach the top. We at once began to descend. From the first cabin the writer was not tied in the line, preferring to make the descent alone, as did some of the others.

At one place I am sure I should not have succeeded in getting down had I not overtaken a party whose guide kindly assisted me. We were about half way down one of these perpendicular places when the guide, taking a

position, told me to step upon his shoulder with one foot, and hold to the projecting rocks with one hand, and to step into his hands, which he held as a step, with my other foot, and thus down upon the terrace on which he stood; he was holding to nothing, merely bracing himself on the ledge below with his feet. Perceiving that I hesitated, he said, "Do not be afraid, I am well braced." Realizing the necessity of getting down off that mountain, I determined to run the risk, and did as he instructed me, and descended safely to his position. Some hard climbing after this brought me down upon the snow and ice, which slopes off at an angle of forty-five degrees to the north, and along the edge of which we could walk with comparative safety. Late in the evening I arrived at the hotel in Zermatt, after an exceedingly hard day's labor, yet feeling well repaid.

Before leaving the subject of the Matterhorn, I take the liberty of giving Whymper's own account of the tragedy which occurred on that mountain in 1865, which is substantially as follows:

"We started from Zermatt on the 13th of July at half past five on a brilliant and perfectly cloudless morning. We were eight in number—Croz, old Peter and his two sons, Lord Francis Douglas, Hadow, Hudson and I. To insure steady motion, one tourist and one native walked together. The youngest Taugwalder fell to my share, and the lad marched well, proud to be on the expedition and happy to show his powers. * * * On the first day we did not intend to ascend to any great height, and we mounted, accordingly, very leisurely, picked up the things which were left in the Schwarzsee at eight-twenty, and proceeded thence along the ridge

connecting the Hornli with the Matterhorn. At half-past eleven we arrived at the base of the actual peak, then quitted the ridge and clambered around some ledges on to the eastern face. * * * Before twelve o'clock we had found a good position for the tent at a height of eleven thousand feet. We passed the remaining hours of daylight—some basking in the sunshine, some sketching or collecting—and when the sun went down, giving, as it departed, a glorious promise for the morrow, we returned to the tent to arrange for the night. Hudson made tea, I coffee, and we then retired, each one to his blanket-bag, the Taugwalders, Lord Francis Douglas and myself occupying the tent, the others remaining, by preference, outside. Long after dusk the cliffs above echoed with our laughter and with the songs of the guides for we were happy that night in camp, and feared no evil.

We assembled together outside the tent before dawn on the morning of the 14th, and started directly it was light enough to move. Young Peter came on with us as a guide, and his brother returned to Zermatt. We followed the route which had been taken on the previous day, and in a few minutes turned the rib which had intercepted the view of the eastern face from our tent platform. The whole of this great slope was now revealed, rising for three thousand feet like a huge natural staircase. Some parts were more and others were less easy, but we were not once brought to a halt by any serious impediment, for when an obstruction was met in front it could always be turned to the right or to the left. For the greater part of the way there was indeed no occasion for the rope, and sometimes Hudson led,

sometimes myself. At six-twenty we had attained a height of twelve thousand eight hundred feet, and halted for half an hour; we then continued the ascent without a break until nine fifty-five, when we stopped for fifty minutes at a height of fourteen thousand feet. Twice we struck the Northeastern ridge, and followed it for some little distance—to no advantage, for it was usually more rotten and steep and always more difficult, than the face. Still, we kept near to it, lest stones perchance might fall.

We had now arrived at the foot of that part which, from the Riffelberg or from Zermatt, seems perpendicular or overhanging, and could no longer continue on the eastern side. For a little distance we ascended by snow upon the arete—that is, the ridge—descending toward Zermatt, and then by common consent turned over to the right, or to the northern side. Before doing so we made a change in the order of ascent. Croz went first, I followed, Hudson came third, Hadow and old Peter were last. 'Now,' said Croz as he led off, 'now for something altogether different.' The work became difficult, and required caution. In some places there was little to hold, and it was desirable that those should be in front who were least likely to slip. The general slope of the mountain at this part was *less* than forty degrees, and snow had accumulated in, and had filled up the interstices of the rock face, leaving only occasional fragments projecting here and there. These were, at times, covered with a thin film of ice produced from the melting

and re-freezing of the snow. It was a place over which any fair mountaineer might pass in safety, and Mr. Hudson ascended this part, and, as far as I know, the entire mountain without having the slightest assistance rendered to him upon any occasion. Mr. Hadow, however, was not accustomed to this kind of work and required continual assistance. It is only fair to say that the difficulty which he found at this part arose simply and entirely from want of experience. This solitary, difficult part was of no great extent. We bore away over it at first nearly horizontally, for a distance of about four hundred feet, then ascended directly toward the summit for about sixty feet, and then doubled back to the ridge which descends toward Zermatt. A long stride round a rather awkward corner brought us to snow once more. The last doubt vanished! The Matterhorn was ours. Nothing but two hundred feet of easy snow remained to be surmounted. The slope eased off, at length we could be detached, and Croz and I, dashing away, ran a neck-and-neck race which ended in a dead heat. At one forty in the afternoon, the world was at our feet, and the Matterhorn was conquered!

It was not yet certain that we had not been beaten. I hastened to the southern end scanning the snow right and left eagerly. Hurrah again! it was untrodden. The others had arrived so we went back to the northern end of the ridge. Croz now took the tent-pole and planted it in the highest snow. 'Yes,' we said, 'there is the flag-staff, but where is the flag?' 'Here it is,' he

answered, pulling off his blouse and fixing it to the stick. It made a poor flag, and there was no wind to float it out, yet it was seen all around. They saw it at Zermatt, at the Riffel, in the Val Tournanche.

We returned to the southern end of the ridge to build a cairn and then paid homage to the view. The day was one of those superlatively calm and clear ones which usually precede bad weather. The atmosphere was perfectly still and free from all clouds and vapors. Mountains fifty—nay, a hundred—miles off looked sharp and near. All their details—ridge and crag, snow and glacier—stood out with faultless definition. Pleasant thoughts of happy days in by-gone years came up unbidden as we recognized the old familiar forms. All were revealed—not one of the principal peaks of the Alps was hidden.

Ten thousand feet beneath us were the green fields of Zermatt, dotted with chalets from which blue smoke rose lazily. Eight thousand feet below, on the other side were the pastures of Breuil. There were forests black and gloomy; meadows bright and lively; bounding waterfalls and tranquil lakes; fertile lands and savage wastes; sunny plains and frigid plateaux. There were the most rugged forms and the most graceful outlines—bold, perpendicular cliffs and gentle, undulating slopes; rocky mountains and snowy mountains, sombre and solemn or glittering and white, with walls, turrets, pinnacles, pyramids, domes, cones and spires. There was every combination that the world can give, and every contrast that the heart could desire.

We remained on the summit for one hour—

One crowded hour of glorious life.

It passed away too quickly, and we began to prepare for the descent.

Hudson and I again consulted as to the best and safest arrangement of the party. We agreed that it would be best for Croz to go first and Hadow second; Hudson, who was almost equal to a guide in sureness of foot, wished to be third; Lord F. Douglas was placed next, and old Peter, the strongest of the remainder after him. I suggested to Hudson that we should attach a rope to the rocks on our arrival at the difficult bit, and hold it as we descended, as an additional protection. He approved the idea, but it was not definitely settled that it should be done. The party was being arranged in the above order whilst I was sketching the summit, and they had finished and were waiting for me to be tied in line, when some one remembered that our names had not been left in a bottle. They requested me to write them down and moved off while it was being done. A few minutes afterward I tied myself to young Peter, ran down after the others and caught them just as they were commencing the descent of the difficult part. Great care was being taken. Only one man was moving at a time; when he was firmly planted, the next advanced, and so on. They had not, however, attached the additional rope to the rocks, and nothing was said about it. The suggestion was not made for my own sake, and I am not sure that it ever occurred to me again. For some little distance we two followed the others, detached from them, and should have continued so had not Lord F. Douglas asked me, about three in the afternoon, to tie on to old Peter, as he feared, he said, that Taugwalder would not be able to hold his ground if a slip occurred.

A few minutes later a sharp-eyed lad ran into the Monte Rosa hotel to Seiler, saying that he had seen an avalanche fall from the summit of the Matterhorn on to the Matterhorngletscher. The boy was reproved for telling idle stories; he was right, nevertheless, and this was what he saw:

Michael Croz had laid aside his ax, and in order to give Mr. Hadow greater security was absolutely taking hold of his legs and putting his feet, one by one, into their proper positions. As far as I know, no one was actually descending. I cannot speak with certainty, because the two leading men were partially hidden from my sight by an intervening mass of rocks, but it is my belief, from the movement of their shoulders, that Croz, having done as I have said, was in the act of turning round to go down a step or two himself; at this moment Mr. Hadow slipped, fell against him and knocked him over. I heard one startled exclamation from Croz, then saw him and Mr. Hadow flying downward; in another moment Hudson was dragged from his steps, and Lord F. Douglas immediately after him. All was the work of a moment. Immediately we heard Croz's exclamation, old Peter and I planted ourselves as firmly as the rocks would permit; the rope was taut between us, and the jerk came on us both as one man. We held, but the rope broke midway between Taugwalder and Lord Francis Douglas. For a few seconds we saw our unfortunate companions sliding downward on their backs, and spreading out their hands, endeavoring to save them-

selves. They passed from our sight uninjured, disappeared one by one, and fell from precipice to precipice on to the Matterhorngletscher below, *a distance of nearly four thousand feet* in height. From the moment the rope broke it was impossible to save them. So perished our comrades! For the space of half an hour we remained on the spot without moving a single step. The two men, paralyzed by terror, cried like infants, and trembled in such a manner as to threaten us with the fate of the others. Old Peter rent the air with exclamations of 'Chamounix! oh, what will Chamounix say?' He meant, who would believe that Croz could fall? The young man did nothing but scream and sob, 'We are lost! we are lost!' Fixed between the two, I could move neither up nor down. I begged young Peter to descend, but he dared not. Unless he did we could not advance. Old Peter became alive to the danger and swelled the cry, 'We are lost! we are lost!' The father's fear was natural—he trembled for his son; the young man's fear was cowardly—he thought of self alone. At last old Peter summoned up courage, and changed his position to a rock to which he could fix the rope; the young man then descended and we all stood together. Immediately we did so, I asked for the rope which had given way, and found, to my surprise—indeed to my horror—that it was the weakest of the three ropes. It was not brought, and should not have been employed for the purpose for which it was used. I saw at once that a serious question was involved, and made them

give me the end. It had broken in mid-air, and it did not appear to have sustained previous injury.

For more than two hours afterward I thought almost every moment that the next would be my last, for the Taugwalders, utterly unnerved, were not only incapable of giving assistance, but were in such a state that a slip might have been expected from them at any moment. After a time we were able to do that which should have been done at first, and fixed a rope to firm rocks, in addition to being tied together. These ropes were cut from time to time and were left behind. Even with their assurance the men were afraid to proceed, and several times old Peter turned with ashy face and faltering limbs and said with terrible emphasis, '*I cannot*'

About six in the afternoon we arrived at the snow upon the ridge descending toward Zermatt and all peril was over. We frequently looked, but in vain, for traces of our unfortunate companions; we bent over the ridge and cried to them, but no sound returned. * * *

Night fell and for an hour the descent was continued in the darkness. At half-past nine a resting place was found, and upon a wretched slab barely large enough to hold the three, we passed six miserable hours. At daybreak the descent was resumed, and from the Hornli ridge we ran down to the chalets of Buhl and on to Zermatt. Seiler met me at his door and followed in silence to my room, 'What is the matter?' 'The Taugwalders and I have returned!' ''

Speaking of the relief party, Mr. Whymper continued: "We started at two in the afternoon on Sunday the 16th, and followed the route we had taken on the previous Thursday as far as the Hornli. From thence we went down to the right of the ridge, and mounted through the *serac* of the Matterhorngletscher. By half-past eight we had got to the plateau at the top of the glacier, and within sight of the corner in which we knew my companions must be. As we saw one weather-beaten man after another raise the telescope, turn deadly pale and pass it on without a word to the next, we knew that all hope was gone. We approached. They had fallen below as they had fallen above—Croz a little in advance, Hadow near him, and Hudson some distance behind, but of Lord F. Douglas we could see nothing. We left them where they fell, buried in snow, at the base of the grandest cliff of the most majestic mountain of the Alps."

I desire to supplement the foregoing statement by adding that the three, Croz, Hadow and Hudson, were subsequently buried in the little church yard at Zermatt, but the body of Lord Francis Douglas was never found. It still lies somewhere on the Matterhorn.

Such was the tragic result of the first successful attempt to scale this huge, majestic peak, and such are some of the chances to be taken in mountaineering.

Chapter 25.

The Gemmi, Interlaken, The Staubbach Falls, The Grindlewald Glacier, The Giessbach Falls.

From Zermatt we returned to Visp, and proceeded thence out of the Rhone valley to a little town some miles distant from the baths of Leuk. Several of the party continued on by rail to Interlaken, the rest of us proceeded by carriage to the baths of Leuk, which is one of the most delightful places in Switzerland. By far the larger part of the drive consists in winding back and forth, from east to west, to surmount the great mountain on the north side of the valley. After an hour's drive it seemed that we were almost above the little town from which we started, and then, having attained the level of the pass, we proceeded to the north with great walls of rocks to the left many hundred feet high and great canons between them and us. In the distance, in many directions, little Swiss villages seemed to hang upon the steep mountain sides many hundred feet above our level. At one place on this drive we passed a Juvenile Swiss Alpine club.

When about half way to our destination, the driver stopped to feed the horses and several of us improved the opportunity to feed ourselves. At the little inn, all we

could procure was some rye bread and Swiss cheese—a frugal repast one would say—but somehow, on such an excursion as this, bread and cheese seemed to be a meal fit for a king.

We remained at the baths of Leuk all night and in the morning started to cross the Gemmi pass on foot. The only possible way to cross is to walk or ride a mule. Riding across the path is discouraged by the authorities on account of the great danger of the horses or mules stumbling. One can hardly realize what it is to surmount the Gemmi pass.

The little town of Leuk lies in a great basin with great walls of mountains all around it, their sides bare and reaching many thousands of feet above the level of the town. These walls are nearly as perpendicular as the face of the mountain could well be.

The basin itself is not more than two miles in diameter and circular in form, the only entrance being upon the road over which we had come or from the Gemmi pass which we were now about to climb.

The trail leads to the north and thence begins a zigzag course winding around in many directions, one side of which is always flanked with solid rock, the other side descending abruptly from precipice to precipice away below one. In some places the trail was made by hewing out a niche in the south side of the perpendicular rock though in such places we had a solid surface beneath, a solid wall of rock over our heads, one side being open. Having climbed up this trail, for about three hours, we were at the summit of the Gemmi pass not more than a mile farther north than our starting point. At the top of the pass are several hotels for the accommodation of tourists, and

here we found several parties scattered about over the rocks, with field glasses and telescopes examining the distant peaks and villages beneath, and the great snow banks not far away.

The great triangular peak of the Matterhorn was plainly visible. Around us in every direction except to the south were great piles of boulders, banks of ice and snow, and directly to the north a little lake. Having rested here some time we passed on, skirting the east bank of the lake, out of which to the north a little stream issues. We were now on the descent, yet it was comparatively level and on all sides were the traces of ancient glaciers and huge piles of rocks which had been carried down by them. In many places the glacial action on the rocks was plainly visible. The whole presented a paradise for geologists. "From here forward we moved through a storm-swept and smileless desolation. All about us rose gigantic masses, crags, and ramparts of bare and dreary rock, with not a vestige or semblance of plant or tree or flower anywhere, or glimpse of any creature that had life. The frost and the tempests of unnumbered ages had battered and hacked at these cliffs, with a deathless energy, destroying them piecemeal; so all the region about their bases was a tumbled chaos of great fragments which had been split off and hurled to the ground. Soiled and aged banks of snow lay close about our path, the ghastly desolation of the place was as tremendously complete as if Dore had furnished the working plans for it.

But every now and then, through the stern gateways around us, we caught a view of some neighboring majestic dome, sheathed with glittering ice, and displaying its white purity at an elevation compared to which ours was groveling and plebeian, and this spectacle always chained one's interest and admiration at once, and made him forget there was anything ugly in the world." Along this trail we came across several mountain kids, they were quite tame and we succeeded in coaxing one of them up to the party by feeding it sugar. They followed us some distance and then disappeared upon the side of the mountain.

As we approached Kandersteg the scenery began to lose its grand character and to take on more of the beautiful. We were gradually descending. As we came upon the north side of the mountain, the great valley, a thousand feet below us, presented a beautiful scene, with a raging, foaming stream through the center of it. To the east and north were waterfalls which dropped from the tops of the high mountains into the valley below, and descended thousands of feet. One of these issued from the solid rock and was fed probably by melting snow above while out beyond was a beautiful valley with towns and cultivated fields. Now again it was necessary to reach the level of the valley by descending a zig-zag trail which required nearly two hours to traverse.

At Kandersteg we took dinner and thence we proceeded in carriages to Spiez on the lake of Thun, and across which it was necessary to go to reach the famous summer resort of Interlaken.

No location for a town could be more lovely than that of Interlaken. A large lake on each side of it; a

little stream connecting them which passes through the town, while all around it huge mountains rise in solemn grandeur with snow caps visible in all directions, while away to the south rises the Jungfrau. Perhaps no better description of this view can be given than that put in the mouth of Paul Fleming by Longfellow in the following soliloquy:

"Interlaken! How peacefully from the margin of the swift rushing Aar, thou liest on the broad lap of those romantic meadows, all overshadowed by the wide arms of gigantic trees. Only the quaint towers of thine ancient cloisters rise above their summits; the quaint towers, themselves but a child's playthings under the great church towers of the mountains. Close beside thee are lakes which the flowing band of the river ties together. Before thee opens the magnificent valley of the Lauterbrunnen, where the cloud-hooded monk and pale virgin stand like St. Francis and his bride of snow; and around thee are fields and orchards and hamlets green from which the church bells answer each other at evening. The evening, sun was setting when I first beheld thee. The sun of life shall set ere I forget thee."

At Interlaken, when our party was there, it was estimated that at least 1500 Americans were stopping. On a bright morning we set out in carriages, to drive through a delightful valley, thence among foot-hills, along a road beside a rushing stream, and lined by forests of stately trees, until we came to the Staubbach Falls.

Along the road from Interlaken to the Staubbach Falls, are many rare views of beautiful glens and grass-carpeted recesses in the mountains over-hung with the verdure of the spreading tree tops and clambering vines.

The foliage round about them is kept fresh and green by the mist from the foaming, tumbling torrent that rushes past. Frequently in some such sheltered nook, or romantic glen which might be a habitation for the Fairies, will be seen some picturesqely-costumed Swiss, with a long tin horn, with which he warbles, and jodels and makes the mountains echo and re-echo to the blasts from this horn, as he sees you approach. By the side of the road, a boy or a girl or a woman will stand to receive what you are inclined to give for the pleasure of hearing the "Alpine horn."

The Staubbach Falls are pretty but not very interesting. The water falls over a high precipice, perhaps five hundred feet or more, and breaks into spray long before the bottom is reached. On a clear day, a beautiful combination of the colors of the rainbow can be seen, flitting and mingling and disappearing and reappearing in the spray of the falls. East of the falls a huge mass of stone and mountain rises, a sheer precipice, many hundreds of feet into the air. It is the little Scheidegg which faces the celebrated Jungfrau and leads to the Grindelwald glacier. There is a trail over this mountain, but we preferred to ride and so did not climb over it, while the carriages went around by the road to meet us at the Grindledwald, as we had intended. Near the Staubbach, is a place where St. Bernard dogs are raised and kept for sale. I visited the kennels and had the pleasure to see some noble specimens of this breed of dogs. They have an almost human expression in the eye. They are remarkable animals—exceedingly intelligent—and the puppies are as pretty and interesting, I imagine, as any thing can be in the dog-kingdom. These dogs are kept at the Hos-

pice at the St. Bernard Pass, and are sent out by the monks to rescue travelers who become lost. The dogs start out with a blanket tied around their body, a cask of wine hung under their necks, and a knap-sack with bread and food. Thus equipped they roam along the trail exploring every foot of rock or snow where an unfortunate traveler might become lost. When a traveler has been overcome with the cold and fallen by the wayside he often is covered with snow. In such a case the dogs dig him out, take hold of his clothing with their mouths, and drag him about untill they succeed in stimulating the circulation sufficiently to warm the benumbed body and cause the individual to regain consciousness. Then the blanket is used by him as a protection from the cold; the rescued traveler drinks the wine and partakes of the food and the dogs lead him to the Hospice where the monks kindly attend him. Sometimes, when the dogs can not rouse the traveler, they drag him back to the Hospice in his unconscious condition. It needs no comments to prove that dogs capable of such training are more intelligent than the others of their kind. A full-grown St. Bernard, is not a handsome animal by any means. His body is long and usually lank, his strength and endurance are indicated by the well developed, knotted muscles, and his intelligence by his eyes.

These puppies are sold at the Staubbach, at from eighty to one hundred francs each.

Wood carving is extensively carried on in Switzerland, and nowhere more industriously than at Interlaken and Staubbach. Almost everything imaginable is carved out of Swiss-walnut wood. The tools used are very few and simple, by far the larger part being done with an ordi-

nary knife. Deer, bears, dogs, goats, horses, and animals of many kinds are carved with a faithfulness to nature that can not but astonish one. The price also, will astonish one, if the article is purchased at Interlaken, but it is quite moderate away from the regular paths of tourist travel.

From this place we went to the Grindlewald glacier, climbed the mountain, walked out upon the ice of the glacier, explored a beautiful ice cavern at the far end of which an old woman gray and feeble, was playing a plaintive tune on some kind of a rude instrument, and returned to the little hotel where we had taken dinner. Again in our carriages, we retraced our way to Interlaken through the beautiful valley winding around through the high mountains, along the foaming stream, and late in the night drew up before our hotel. At this place are many shops, where Swiss watches, carved wood and almost every imaginable article can be found for sale. On the little railroad that runs through Interlaken, two-story passenger cars are used. The road is short and lies between the lake of Brienz and the lake of Thun. From Interlaken, all but five of our party went to Lucerne by rail, while the rest of us decided to cross the Brunig pass. We left in the afternoon, changed from the second story of our car to the deck of a small steamer on the lake, passed the famous Giessbach falls and arrived at a little town at the entrance of the Brunig pass. Our hotel here was an old rambling house partly stone, partly wooden and undoubtedly dating from the fourteenth century, to judge by its looks. However, we fared well here. The evening was rainy and intensely dark. It was our intention to have some one row us

GRINDELWALD AND THE WETTERHORN.

across to the Giessbach to see the falls illuminated by the Bengal lights. We found two men who were willing to undertake the work and three of us found ourselves in an old, covered boat, after supper, on our way across the lake. I don't think I ever saw as dark a night before or since. We finally arrived at our destination. The rain fell as if the heavens were dissolving. In spite of this, large numbers of people came down on the boat from Interlaken to see the falls. The falls descend in a series of cascades a thousand feet. There are some ten or twelve cascades. They fall over rocks that over-hang the balance of the cliff and thus there is considerable space behind each cascade and under the rock over which the water comes. The lights are burned here. As the spectator stands before the hotel, he hears the roar of falling waters coming from the intense darkness, but not an object of any kind is visible. At a signal the lights are simultaneously fired and instantly the whole f ce of the mountain bursts into view, each cascade a different color, the many colored lights constrasting in places, blending in others, and giving a weirdly grotesque effect to the whole. One can not realize from a mere description what we witnessed.

Imagine yourself standing in a vast plain, and that suddenly, a few feet in front of you, a wall of stone a thousand feet high, with a cascade falling over it, the water of which was red and green, and white, and blue and yellow, and the rocks beside it composed of every color known to man, should take form and space, and you may have some idea of what it is to see the Giessbach falls illuminated by Bengal lights.

We returned across the lake and so dark was it that our oarsmen missed the landing, and went quite a distance beyond our place. Finally we landed, and the next morning we took our places in two carriages to ride across the Brunig pass. Still it rained. The scenery in this pass is grand. The road is good and the number of opportunities for good views across valleys and lower mountains is unusually great. As we ascended, the rain became thinner and great banks of fog hid the valleys and hills. At times we could see only a few feet above the clouds. Now the banks of fog lying over the valleys below us break away, and through the rift we catch distant glimpses of beautiful valleys. Now they roll together again and the lower world is shut out from our view. The road winds around along the sides of cliffs and mountain peaks, slowly ascending until the summit of the pass is reached, then descending rapidly until it reaches the lake of Lucerne. We took dinner at a little hotel in a typical Swiss village.

Not long before a water spout had burst in the mountains higher up and it had swept down carrying away a church, several houses, and fences; and had ploughed an enormous track that marked its course. At the lake we left our carriages and boarded the little steamboat that carried us to Lucerne. From Lucerne we went by rail to the falls of the Rhine, thence to Triberg in the Black forest in Germany.

Chapter 26.

The Falls of the Rhine, The Black Forest, Strassburg, Paris.

The falls of the Rhine are pretty but not on the grand order of Niagara. The water falls, probably twenty feet, and a large rock, or small island, divides the falls into two sections or parts. The rapids above the falls foam and boil over the rocks; and below the falls, for two or three hundred feet, the water is lashed into a fury. A hotel is built opposite the cataract and a long, cool veranda faces it, so that a good view is had. From a point a little below the hotel, a boat is rowed to the foot of the rock in the falls. The water is exceedingly rough and it requires considerable skill and strength on the part of the oarsmen to manage the boat. Frequently the water pours over the side and the spray is apt to thoroughly wet the passengers in the boat. Mr. Davis and the writer were rowed across to the rock, where we found a stairway cut into the rock, by which we ascended to the top from which we obtained a very pretty view.

After crossing the German frontier and before reaching Triberg, we traversed a wide, level plain, to the west of which the spurs of the hills and mountains reach out

upon the plain like promontories into the sea. High upon these spurs, above the level of the plain, are strongly built castles dating from the Middle Ages. In the course of an hour we passed more than a dozen of these castles. It would be interesting to know how these castles came to be built, who inhabited them; what relations existed between their inmates; and above all, what was the condition of society and what the state of civilization that rendered such massive fortifications at a time when fire-arms were unknown and when men fought only with swords and spears, and bow and arrow.

What a picture it would now present, could we see, in reality, how these castles were maintained, how they were besieged and defended; how bands sallied forth from them to overrun the country, or attack the castle of a foe, how knights clad in steel armor led their bands to battle; and all the other conditions and circumstances that attended life in those days. It is true that Scott and other novelists have given us graphic pictures of all these things, as they imagined them to be; but still when I view these old castles, I wonder how all these things *were in fact*. Have they been overdrawn and glossed over with a halo caused by lapse of time, or have we fallen far short of the reality? Who can tell?

As the shades of night fell we entered the Black forest and about nine o'clock in the evening alighted at Triberg.

The hills of the Black forest are not usually high, but are covered with trees; and in the winding and exceedingly crooked ravines between the hills, contain excellent McAdamized roads; in valleys and on hillsides are towns and villages in picturesque situations. Our

hotel at Treburg was not in the town, but nearly a mile west of it and reached by a road such as above described. It was in an exceedingly romantic situation, hills all around it, a deep ravine before it and a rushing stream in the ravine. In the morning before leaving for the railway, with two others, the writer walked down the road through the ravine and in doing so we passed a sawmill. Here we saw women wheeling the sawdust away from the pit beneath the saw; as well as women taking away the boards from the saw and carrying them out of the mill. I said we saw them wheeling the sawdust, but to be more correct, I should say carrying it away; for, I believe, they carried it away in baskets upon their heads.

A delightful ride the next day brought us to Strassburg, where a day was pleasantly devoted to driving and visiting the famous fortifications. Here the German government has established a university at a cost of several million dollars, for the purpose of Germanizing the French population which the Franco-Prussian war left under German rule.

Strassburg is almost, if not entirely, surrounded by a series of fortifications, probably unequaled in modern military engineering. The cathedral is all that is claimed for it, and the famous clock in the cathedral is indeed a wonderful piece of mechanism.

"In Strassburg we have the river Ill and its canal joining the Rhine, and Venice-like scenes, narrow quays, clumsy, heavy punts, fanciful chimney-stacks, crazy, overhanging balconies, projecting windows, a stirring human tide, voices and noises breaking the silence, an air of unconsciousness of beauty and interest, an old-

world atmosphere; many of the common houses, not specially pointed out to the tourist, are beautified by some artistic ironwork about the doors, some carved gateway or window, some wall-niche with a saint's statue, or a broad oak staircase as noble in proportions and beautiful in detail as if it were in a princely abode."

Strassburg is worth a more extented visit than we gave it. I was impressed with one thing here, and that is that Germany is not meeting with any great amount of success in Germanizing the population. The people are, no doubt, of German descent, and this territory undoubtedly belongs to Germany, but it has so long been a part of France, that the people had become very loyal to the French government and attached to France, so that when in 1870–1 it again came under German dominion, there was no rejoicing by these people over the change. The cab-man who drove us over the city, though a German, unhesitatingly told us that he longed for a return of the French rule. He said that three-fourths of the population of Strassburg think as he does about the matter. There are some beautiful drives and parks in this city. The parks are beautifully laid out with majestic trees, and shrubbery and profusions of beautiful flowers.

This territory lies between that which is actually French and that which is actually German, and it partakes of the character of both and wholly of neither. The people speak French and German with about equal facility, and as a rule not a very good quality of either. My driver was, so he said, of German descent, but professed to speak French fluently. He certainly spoke

fluently, but I can't testify concerning the quality of his French. He spoke a fair German. And so it is with all the natives of this territory, each language is a mother tongue to them.

In Strassburg will be found many houses of thirteenth or fourteenth century architecture; these have exceedingly steep roofs; so steep in fact that two stories are often seen between the eaves and the comb of the roof. A visit to this city is well worth the trouble and expense of making it.

After an exceedingly pleasant day in Strassburg, we took a night train for Paris, France, where we arrived at about eight o'clock in the morning. Here we had to pass through two custom-houses. At any rate that is about what it amounts to. We should have had our luggage inspected at the frontier, but it being night, the luggage was passed on to Paris where it was subjected to examination when we arrived. Following this it was necessary to have it inspected by the municipal officers. One way of raising revenue in France in the cities, is to levy a tax, or *octroi*, upon everything brought into the city from elsewhere in the country. After having discharged these duties to the French government and to the municipality of Paris, and not possessing anything subject to taxation, we were permitted to pass out, and we took cabs for the Hotel Metropolitan, near the Louvre.

Our first day in Paris, was spent in getting settled at the hotel, each one of us being compelled to fill out a certificate for the police, which contained a full and

minute description of ourselves, color of hair, eyes, height, weight, age, married or single, nationality, whence we came, where we were going, etc., etc. This is required of all who stop at a hotel in Paris. The blanks are furnished to the hotel keeper who must see that every guest fills out one, under a severe penalty for disobeying the requirement. A part of the first day was also spent in visiting the Louvre Gallery, which is a very extensive collection, and contains some very rare and valuable productions of art. While sauntering leisurely through one of the corridors we unexpectedly met some friends who had crossed the Atlantic with us on the *Ethiopia* and whom we had not seen since our arrival at Glasgow.

That evening most of our party attended an opera at the Grand Opera House, the most magnificent place of amusement in the world.

The visitor at Paris will at once notice the condition of her streets. They are paved with stone blocks cut and dressed to fit closely together, and have wide side walks of stone, and stone curbing. They are kept scrupulously clean. Women are employed to scrub and wash them; water for cleaning them is supplied from the hydrants, and not a particle of anything offensive is left for any length of time upon them. In proportion as the sun goes down and night advances, the noise and hurry and crowds of people increase upon the streets. Paris sleeps by day and wakes by night.

Paris delights in holidays; Sunday is always such. The omnibuses and street cars, and conveyances leading out of the city to Versailles, or St. Cloud and elsewhere are crowded on Sunday. We spent the whole of one

CHURCH OF NOTRE DAME, PARIS.

Sunday at Versailles. This is a magnificent property and is kept in splendid condition. It was once the property of the Orleans dynasty and passed from their possession with the downfall of Louis Philippe after the death of his son, the Duke of Orleans. The palace is built and equipped on the grand scale common to Royal residences. The grounds are extensive and contain large forests of stately trees and lakes and fountains and beautiful roadways, and smaller buildings.

St. Cloud, intimately associated with the history of Napoleon III. is another beautiful place, and from the gardens behind the ruined palace a beautiful view of the city of Paris is obtained, and prominent among the objects in the picture thus presented is the gilded dome of the tomb of Napoleon, the great.

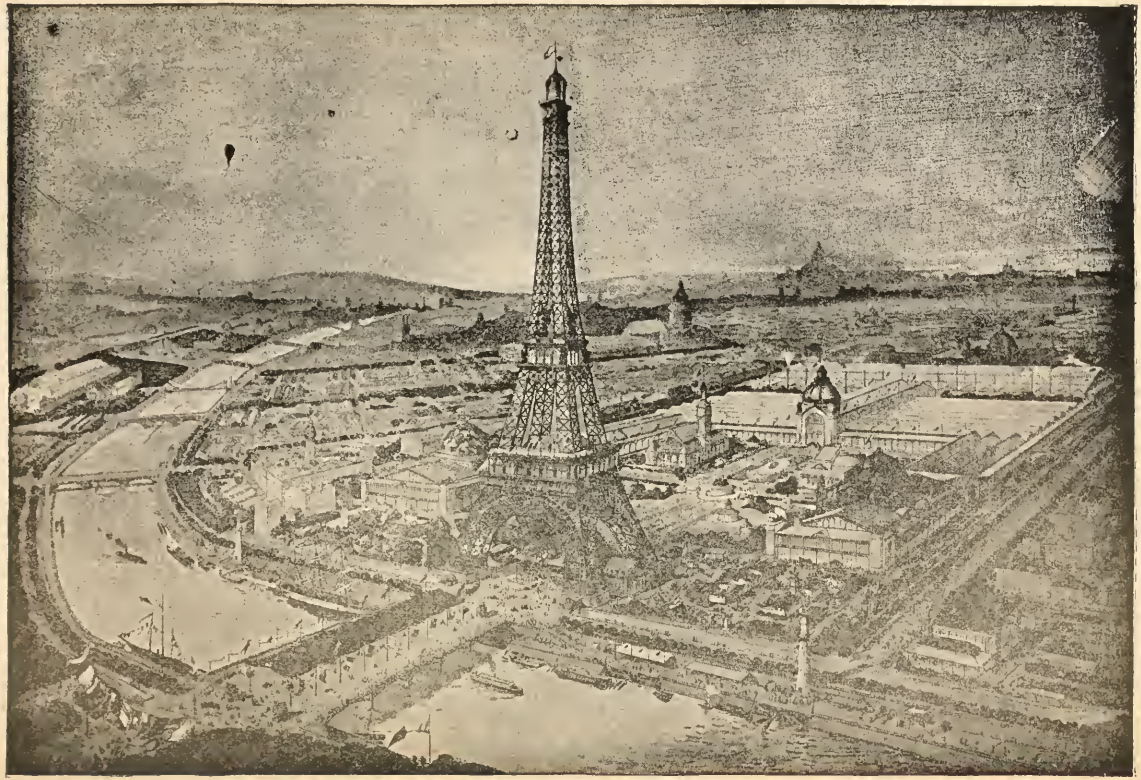
The visitor will not omit a visit to this tomb. It has been described so frequently and so well, that I will not attempt it here. But it is with interest, however, that one looks upon the sarcophagus that contains the dust of the most phenomenal being that ever lived. The feeling of interest in the tomb, the surroundings, the history of the man who lies there, is, perhaps, the unconscious homage that humanity pays to genius. Of nothing else, amid all the beauties and grandeurs of this city of unparalleled magnificence, are the inhabitants so proud, as of this tomb.

A week was delightfully spent in Paris, in her gardens, her palaces, her places of amusment, her parks, strolling along her streets, driving over her boulevards, roaming in the Bois de Boulogne; contemplating the peculiar tombs in the cemetery of Pere la Chaise, admiring her churches, especially Notre Dame, gazing with

interest upon the bell, still hanging in the church tower, near the Louvre, which rang the signal for the beginning of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew; riding through the Latin quarter, visiting the tapestry factories, and viewing the grounds then being prepared for the great exposition of 1889.

How short seems a week in Paris! The city could not be thoroughly learned in a twelve-month, much less a week. At the time we were there, pictures of Gen. Boulanger could be seen in all public or conspicuous places. He was the lion of the hour. I was impressed by the fact that the French people do not like a republic. I wonder if they like any form of government at all! They have tried them all, or nearly all, at a sacrifice of blood and life without parallel in history, and one would suppose, that after securing the freedom of a Republic, they would be content with it. But they are far from content. Ask the porter, maid, or anybody about your hotel how they like the Republic and they are sure to reply with the inimitable French shrug, that they sigh for the return of the empire.

At the end of the week, with many regrets, we leave the French capital; a few hours ride through a level country, following for a considerable distance the course of the Seine, we arrive at Dieppe. Here we board a channel steamer which is manned by English officers and crew, and steam out of the harbor to cross the channel. A large party which we afterward learn to be an English Cricket Club which had been playing a French club and was returning home victorious, was on board. Several of them stood near me, and as we moved slowly along the



PARIS EXHIBITION OF 1889.

quay, one of them cried loudly to the others "'Ere's 'is ludship!" and immediately they all joined in three cheers for "'is ludship," who thereupon removed his hat thus revealing to the rest of us, who were somewhat ignorant on the subject of "ludships," which one among those on the quay was the gentleman of noble birth. He proved to be the last one I should have suspected of being an English Earl. He was heavy in physique, red in complexion, coarse in feature, and dressed much as a well-to-do American farmer might be dressed while around his home but not engaged in work. He wore a broad-brimmed slouch hat and made no attempt at display in dress. His rank was that of an Earl and one of the members of the cricket club told me his full title, but I have forgotten it; and my informant also volunteered the information that the Earl was the patron of their club and a great admirer of cricket, and that he had defrayed the expense of their trip to France.

Chapter 27.

London, Oxford, Stratford-on-Avon, The Voyage Home.

We had a pleasant voyage across the channel, not encountering the least bit of the rough weather and fog for which the channel is notorious, and arrived at New Haven about four o'clock in the afternoon. Here we disembarked, and, for the first time in three months, heard our native language in general use. A short journey brought us to London, for the second time. We took rooms on Great Russell Street, and our meals at the Horse Shoe Tavern, Tottenham Court Road, near Oxford Street. We stayed here a week also, during which time we visited the Kew Gardens, the Tower, West Minster Abbey, The Bank of England, St. Paul's, and Windsor. I was very desirous of visiting the House of Commons. I went to the Consul-General's office, but could not get a pass through that individual; I tried the American Minister, but he is allowed but two passes per day and these were promised for more than thirty days ahead. I went to the American Exchange and invoked aid there. They tried but failed. In sheer desperation! my friend Davis and I walked down to the Parliament buildings and found it surrounded by a cordon of police. We could go so far, but no farther. At the entrance, a

policeman guarded the way. We got into conversation with him; we told him we were Americans and were very anxious to get into the House of Commons. He was very friendly and talked some time about America, and finally told us we could get into the rotunda if we would follow the hall or corridor in front of us; that at a short flight of steps we would find another policeman, he would ask us whom we wanted to see, and if we gave him the name of a member, this guard would allow us to pass on to the rotunda; that after arriving there we should send in our cards to the member we named. This, of course, was all very well, and would have been very important knowledge for us to possess if we had only known some member. But we did not, and told him so. "O, call for any of the Irish members," he said. At our request he named one, and slipping a two-shilling piece into his hand we started in. At the steps we met the other policeman just as we had been told. He inquired whom we wanted to see, we mentioned the name which had been given us and were permitted to pass on and arrived at the rotunda highly elated. We got an attendant to take in our cards, but soon he returned with the information that the member was not in. So after all our scheming, our efforts were to meet with failure. Turning around, I saw another policeman and walking over to him I asked him if he knew a member who would be apt to do us the courtesy to pass us into the House. "Yes," he replied, "any of the Irish members will do so for you." I thanked him and asked him to give me the name of one. "There," he said, "is one" and pointed to a group of three gentlemen a little distance from us. I walked up and begging their pardon, introduced myself and stated my desire.

The member said he would be glad to pass me in if it were possible; but he could not do so that night and called my attention to what I had not before observed, that notices were put up stating that every gallery was crowded and more could not be admitted. "But," said he, "if you will come to-morrow I will get a pass for you." I thanked him for his courtesy and asked if my wife and Mr. Davis could be passed into the House at the same time. He answered in the affirmative, and I bade him good night and turned away. I was disappointed—bitterly so. For on that night Mr. Gladstone was to speak on the proclamation of the National League. It was my only opportunity, perhaps, ever to hear the celebrated orator, and I had missed it.

But on the following evening we went again to the House and, upon sending in our cards, our new acquaintance came out and greeted me pleasantly, and I introduced him to my wife and Mr. Davis. He then went in and after some minutes returned with the permit, and we followed our friend who took us over the building, through the library, the dining rooms, the House of Lords, and finally showed my wife to the ladies gallery, and took Mr. Davis and myself onto the floor of the House. But few of the prominent members were present. Mr. Gladstone was absent. Some bill concerning farming interests was under discussion, and not long after our entrance, a division was taken on some amendment which had been offered. We were requested to retire until the vote was taken, after which we were again admitted. No visitor or person other than a member is allowed to be present when a division is taken. Neither is the vote taken by a roll call as here, but the members

all arise and pass through two aisles; those voting in the affirmative going through one, and those voting in the negative going through the other. Why no person is permitted to be present when this is done I am unable to say. No doubt it is a custom of which both the reason and origin have been lost, but the observance of which remains. A volume might be written of London. Trafalgar square, Somerset House, The Art Gallery, the Museum, are all places of interest. I shall not try to describe London. Who could do so? A city of five millions of people! The metropolis of the world! Every one is familiar already with all that might be said of this great city.

From London we went to Oxford to visit the university which, of course, is similar to Cambridge, which has already been described. Oxford is larger than Cambridge, having twenty-one colleges.

Stratford-on-Avon, the birth place of Shakespeare, the Mecca of political pilgrimages, hallowed by the associations of him who felt the pulse of human feelings and answered in sweet strains to the yearning of the human heart as never mortal man has done before or since his age, lies nestled beside the little river Avon, in that part of "merrie England" which is truly rural. Shorn of all associations with the memory of the immortal bard, if that were possible, it would still be a delightful and interesting bit of rural scenery in which one feels a sort of rest and tranquillity and passive satisfaction which nearly every one has, at times, realized in the country, but which human pen has never yet described.

The green fields, the trim cottages, the rose-embowered porches, the neat hedges, the quiet unbroken surface of the Avon, the stately trees whose branches

play in the tranquil water, the ivy-covered walls, the rows of limes, the delightful atmosphere, present a sweet scene of rural life equal to Goldsmith's deserted village.

Viewing these scenes, one can hardly realize that in such a place, among such rural simplicity, there was developed a genius of such extraordinary character, such immortal conceptions, such breadth of thought, such sweet and tender pathos, such wonderful felicity and power of expression as the author of Hamlet.

Here is the house in which he learned the trade of wool-combing, his father's trade. There is the grammar school which he attended, and just yonder the house in which he lived after his return to Stratford. A few minutes drive along a pleasant country road lined by splendid elms, and bounded by neat hedges, brings you to the pretty, thatched, and rose-embowered cottage in which the poet wooed and won the love of the proud Ann Hathaway. There is a hedge in front of the house, which is somewhat neglected; a little garden between the fence and house; numerous rose bushes, and trailing vines; over across the road in front of the house, some ancient trees of great size. The cottage is small and within the jambs of the fire-place are seats for two, one on either side, where no doubt on many a rainy evening, such as are well known to Englishmen, Shakespeare sat looking across at the pretty face of the girl he loved illuminated by the ruddy glow from the coals of the fire. A register of visitors is kept in the cottage, on the pages of which I saw the autographs of Dr. Holmes, Mr. Longfellow and many other prominent Americans.

We stopped at the Red Horse Inn, while in Stratford —the Inn made famous by our own Washington Irving.

The little parlor calls forcibly to mind the description of Irving's visit to Stratford: "To a homeless man, who has no spot in this wide world which he can truly call his own, there is a momentary feeling of something like independence and territorial consequence, when, after a weary day's travel, he kicks off his boots, thrusts his feet into slippers, and stretches himself before an inn fire. Let the world without go as it may; let kingdoms rise or fall, so long as he has the wherewith to pay his bill, he is, for the time being, the very monarch of all he surveys. The arm-chair is his throne, the poker his scepter, and the little parlor, of some twelve feet square, his undisputed empire. 'Shall I not take mine ease in mine inn?' thought I, as I gave the fire a stir, lolled back in my elbow-chair, and cast a complacent look about the little parlor of the Red Horse, at Stratford-on-Avon.

The words of sweet Shakespeare were just passing through my mind as the clock struck midnight from the tower of the church in which he lies buried. There was a gentle tap at the door, and a pretty chambermaid, putting in her smiling face, inquired, with a hesitating air, whether I had rung. I understood it as a modest hint that it was time to retire. My dream of absolute dominion was at an end; so abdicating my throne, like a prudent potentate, to avoid being deposed, and putting the Stratford Guide-Book under my arm, as a pillow-companion, I went to bed, and dreamt all night of Shakespeare, the Jubilee and David Garrick."

It would be interesting to know, if at the time Irving penned the foregoing lines, he had any thought that they would make the Red Horse Inn as famous as Shakespeare had already made the town? The little parlor in the inn

which Irving occupied is now a hallowed place into which the common herd can only go to see the place where the "great American gentleman" stopped. The same fireplace before which Irving sat, "his feet thrust into his slippers," is kept cleanly polished and is pointed out with pride by the landlord. The very arm-chair, "his throne," is safely placed in a large box with a glass door, so that it may be seen but can not be touched by the sacrilegious hands of mediocrity. The poker, "his scepter," is also displayed. Mementoes of Irving are hung upon the walls. A poem, also a little description of Stratford-on-Avon, are framed and hung upon the wall, as is also a very fine portrait of him. One wonders, while at the inn, which is of more renown, our Irving, or their Shakespeare.

The church in which Shakespeare is buried, is a "large and venerable pile, mouldering with age, but richly ornamented." He lies in the chancel beneath the stone floor, with a bust of the poet on the wall immediately over the grave. This bust is said to resemble the poet. Upon the stone over the grave, is inscribed the following words, written by Shakespeare himself, for the purpose:

"Good friend, for Jesus' sake, forbeare
To dig the dust inclosed here.
Blessed be he that spares these stones,
And curst be he that moves my bones."

Had it not been for this inscription, his remains would, long since, have been removed to Westminster Abbey. But the inscription has prevented the removal. And well it is, for there is no more appropriate place in England, for his resting place than this church in his native village. The church and church-yard occupy a point of land around which the river curves in such a way

as to make it almost a peninsula. Large trees grow in the church-yard and along the bank of the river, ivy clambers over the church walls, and all around and within the church there is a solemn stillness which is wonderfully impressive.

Every one has read of the many pranks and wild and thoughtless conduct which are related of Shakespeare in his youth. If one is to believe all that he hears in this line, he must make up his mind that the poet was an almost incorrigible lad. Not far away is Bedford where he went to the beer or ale-drinking contest and became ingloriously drunk; also near by is the estate where he was caught poaching deer, which latter prank drove him from Stratford and probably rescued to the world an immortal poet from an indifferent wool-comber. Washington Irving says of him: "Shakespeare, when young, had doubtless all the wildness and irregularity of an ardent, undisciplined and undirected genius. The Poetic temperament has naturally something in it of the vagabond. When left to itself, it runs loosely and wildly, and delights in everything eccentric and licentious. It is often a turn-up of a die, in the gambling freaks of fate, whether a natural genius shall turn out a great rogue or a great poet; and had not Shakespeare's mind fortunately taken a literary bias, he might have as daringly transcended all civil, as he has all dramatic laws."

"How it would have cheered the spirit of the youthful bard, when wandering forth in disgrace upon a doubtful world, he cast back a heavy look upon his paternal home, could he have foreseen that, before many years, he should return to it covered with renown; that his name should become the boast and glory of his native place;

that his ashes should be religiously guarded as its most precious treasure; and that its lessening spire, on which his eyes were fixed in tearful contemplation, should one day become the beacon, towering amidst the gentle landscape, to guide the literary pilgrim of every nation to his tomb?"

I shall be always thankful that my native language is the English, because, therefore, I can read Shakespeare and Irving in their native tongue, unmarred by any defect of translation. Shakespeare is pre-eminently the poet of the world, without a peer; and Irving the master of a style of English, which in its simplicity, its purity and transcendent beauty is without parallel in literature. Without such intention on the part of either, Stratford-on-Avon has become hallowed by the glory of each. As we leave the village, where we have had more pleasure than elsewhere in Europe, I look back upon the fields, the town, the hedges, the noble forests and the water of the little river Avon, and the lines of Garrick seem most appropriate.

"Thou soft flowing Avon, by thy silver stream
Of things more than mortal, sweet Shakespeare would dream;
The fairies by moonlight dance round his green bed,
For hallowed the turf is which pillowed his head."

Leaving Stratford-on-Avon, we arrived at Liverpool towards evening and remained there until the afternoon of the next day when we embarked on the *City of Rome*, *en route* home. We steamed down the Mersey with cloudy skies and forboding weather, and on the following day about noon entered Queenstown harbor. Here lighters met us, as the *City of Rome* can not go up to the docks, on account of her size. They brought mail and

LIVERPOOL.

passengers, and a large number of emigrants. Many Irish women came on board while we lay here, with lace, linen, fancy articles, and trinkets made of Irish bog-oak. They displayed and sold their wares; were shrewd and quick at making bargains, talking in a rich brogue, and were extremely happy at repartee. Many small boats also came out being rowed by two oarsmen, and these generally brought from one to three emigrants, with their little parcels, their entire worldly possessions; on their way to try their fortunes in that free land across the sea—to them, a land of vague but roseate promises of wealth and freedom and boundless resources. How sad, undoubtedly, was the rude awakening of some of these poor souls upon their arrival here? To many people in Europe, America is a land where gold coins grow on bushes, and personal restraint is an unheard-of thing.

The *City of Rome* was built at Barrow and launched on the 14th of June, 1881. She is 586 feet long by 52 feet 3 inches broad, and 37 feet deep, the promenade deck is 400 feet long and 20 feet wide on each side of the ship. The dining saloon is 72 feet long by 52 feet wide, and accommodates 266 passengers at a sitting. The engines indicate 12,000 horse power, and turn the screw at an average speed of sixty revolutions per minute. The number of furnaces is 63, and the average consumption of coal is 300 tons in the 24 hours. The total number of people that she brought across on this voyage, including the crew, was 1511.

The first four days of the voyage was remarkably rough. We struck a terrific storm about three hours out of Queenstown, and for four days the waves rolled "mountain high," the sea was lashed into a fury such as is

hardly conceivable, great waves ran entirely over the ship, and caused her to roll and pitch like a plaything of the elements. Now she would labor up some fearful wave, the prow would drop into the trough, and her nose would run into the succeeding wave, causing her stern to rise high out of the water, upon which the screw would revolve with a frightful velocity that would shake the ship from stem to stern. At times the rain fell in torrents, then it ceased and the wind came howling over and around our good ship like a pack of unloosed demons. Toward the close of the fourth day, the storm abated and on the fifth day we saw the sun for the first time since starting. We had divine service on Sunday; and a concert on Tuesday evening of which the following is the account as given by the "*City of Rome*" *Express*, a paper printed and published on board the steamer for the benefit of the passengers:

"A grand concert was held last night in the drawing-room in aid of the Stanley Hospital, Liverpool. There was a crowded attendance, and hundreds were unable to gain admission. The Rev. Dr. VanDeWater was the chairman, and in the course of the evening made a powerful appeal in support of the deserving charity to which the audience were asked to contribute.

The concert opened with a piano solo, played with much taste by Miss Agnes Bryan. Mrs. Coulson followed with a pleasing rendition of a song from 'Ruy Blas.' A most enjoyable feature was the quartette 'Come Where My Love Lies Dreaming,' which was splendidly given by Mrs. Raleigh, Messrs. Johnson, Clemson, and Blakely, the lady having kindly undertaken the soprano part at a moment's notice. The Misses Walsh were most success-

ful in their piano duett. Mr. T. A. Joyce, who has a finely-trained baritone, did full justice to his song, 'Ye Gallants of England.' Messrs. Blakely and Johnson were next heard to much advantage in the popular duett, 'Larboard Watch.' Mrs. Frank Leslie, whose appearance was the signal for an ovation, then gave a reading—the accomplished lady being loudly applauded at its close.

Part II. opened with a brilliant piano solo by Miss Riley who played an impromptu by Schubert. Mr. Clemson then sang 'Simon the Cellarer' and Miss Kunkle, who undoubtedly carried off the honors of the evening, followed with a reading, 'Rubenstein and the Rustic.' It was a rare elecutionary effort, and the audience showed their appreciation of the versatility of the young lady by their unstinted applause. After Mr. Conway Carpenter had convulsed the house with his comic song, 'Children's Voices,' Miss Mamie J. Brown, a talented little lady of some seven summers charmed every one with her clever recitation, 'Sheridan's Ride.' Miss Agnes Clark, who possesses a beautifully cultivated mezzo-soprano, was enthusiastically encored for her sympathetic singing of 'Janet's Choice.' Her finished vocalization was quite a feature of the entertainment. Mr. Joyce next gave a spirited rendering of 'The Stirrup Cup,' and the concert concluded with a highly dramatic reading by Mr. Johnson of LeFanu's poem, 'Shamus O'Brien.' A most enjoyable evening was brought to a close, with a cordial vote of thanks to the chairman, followed by the National Anthems. We cannot conclude this notice without a special word of praise to Mrs. Cecil Raleigh, who gracefully fulfilled the onerous position of accompanyist. The collection which was taken up by Miss Pitney and Miss

Agnes Clarke, realized the handsome sum of £16 os. 6d." It was especially gratifying to us that Miss Kunkle, who carried off the honors of the evening, was a member of our party.

Chapter 28.

THE ARRIVAL HOME, AMERICA, A RETROSPECT.

During the night of the seventh day we arrived at the bar which the "*Rome*" can pass only at high tide and consequently we lay there until morning, when with the breaking of the dawn we again beheld the shores of America. No one can realize what pleasure the sight of America brought to us, unless he has himself been in the same position. It was the sight of home—of native country—and above all, the land that represents the best and highest achievements in everything that is good, noble and great. It is no wonder that an American is so intensely loyal to his country and so proud of her position among the nations of the earth.

In all that is worth striving for in life, America takes the lead. In the enjoyments of home life, in kind and loving sympathy between men, in conveniences, in invention, in progress, in religion, in humanity, in the tolerance of the rights of others, we stand superior to the world. In the old world, society is organized on the fundamental principle that one class must own another collectively through the government. There government proceeds upon the theory that none but the rich and aristocratic have any interest in the stability of the government and consequently none but that class can participate in it. In

European society there are horizontal strata in which each class is found, and out of which or above which the individual can by no possibility rise. A prominent writer in England says that during twenty-five years of close observation in that country he has never come across an instance of a farm-laborer rising above his class. What a contrast to the society of a land where a farmer, a common laborer and an obscure leather dealer, have come from their respective places to preside over the destiny of a great nation. Our theory of government and the organization of our society, recognize every man as having an equal opportunity with every other man in the participation of government, and in the improvement of the boundless opportunities for advancement which are here afforded. Our society has no horizontal strata which confine any class to its narrow limits. "Our society rather resembles the waves of the ocean whose every drop may move freely among its fellows, and may rise toward the light, until it flashes on the crest of the highest wave."

It is true, in Europe, that they can boast of centuries of civilization, and history; but it is also true that they are compelled to go back into ages past for all their glory. They are proud of the past; we of the present. I have seen many countries, but if I were a native of none, and without prejudice for or against any, I sincerely believe that I should have more interest in the United States of America than in any other. It is true that we have not the history of Italy behind us; we have not the development of art that Germany, France or England presents; we have not the perfection of architecture of any European country. But we have made greater strides

toward solving the problem of human life, in one century than Europe has in eighteen. We have the art of recognizing men and women as human beings and of granting to all men, in all conditions, the fullest liberty; we have not marble palaces for the rich and noisome cellars for the poor. And above all we have *homes*. Nowhere else in all the world, is the true and full significance of the word *home* understood as it is in America.

Let a citizen of this country travel the world over and he will return with stronger love for America and greater pride that he is an American.

I have seen many of the objects celebrated in history and in song. I have stood before works of art that have lived through ages past. I have wandered through the valleys of Switzerland and have stood on the crest of her mighty Alps and looked upon the plains of Italy with all the emotions that her history aroused. I have descended and walked in the streets of the "eternal city," treading the same stones that Caesar hath trod; and looking upon the "walls that echoed to the tread of either Brutus," I have groped my way through the labyrinthine corridors of the Catacombs and looked upon the resting place of the early martyrs of the church. I have wandered through Florentine palaces made memorable by the *Medici*; I have visited the battle-fields of Napoleon and have witnessed the pomp and pride of modern military power. I have seen the beauties of the Rhine and the grandeur of the Alps. I have seen all conditions of people on the continent, and have observed their institutions and studied their effects

upon the people. I have, I believe, seen all that is calculated to arouse the emotions and stir the heart to pity. And with it all, I have seen no place or thing which made me regret being an American. The proudest moment of my life was when coming away from the old world, I first again beheld my native land. Now, for the first time, I really *knew* the difference between the institutions of my own land and those of other lands. I now, knew that to be an American, is to enjoy liberties and blessings that are vouchsafed to no other people on earth.

"Land of my sires! what mortal hand
Can e'er untie the filial band
That knits me to thy rugged strand!"

To a student of human nature, no better opportunity to prosecute his researches in his special study could be presented than a "tramp trip," with a score of companions, in Europe.

During three or four months of such travel, with all its delights, and vicissitudes, the real nature of the individual will reveal itself in many ways and in many places, and at many times in spite of all efforts to the contrary.

It is really interesting to note how one will maintain his equanimity in trying circumstances while another will lose control of himself entirely. One will always be cheerful and agreeable while another delights to make himself and the whole party feel disagreeable and out of sorts.

Given a party of twenty people, and it may be safely written that the individual tastes differ, the temperaments are unlike, the expectations vary, realizations are disappointing, but to each in a different degree: and the director

or manager who satisfies each, and the party as a whole, not only must possess versatility, an aptitude for Herculean efforts, a wonderful tact and a keen insight into human nature, but he must also be one of the greatest of heroes.

What does the poor director not have to do? He must look after the luggage of twenty people, he must attend to twenty sea-sick mortals and be snarled at and sworn at for his pains; he is expected to buy more pleasure, better hotel accommodations, hire more luxurious carriages and coveyances, do more personal favors, convey more information, obtain better guides and do more impossible things for less money than any other mortal man. He becomes the subject of unwarranted criticism, harsh censure, and cruel ingratitude on the part of those whom he is striving by every means in his power to benefit and to please. Three months with such a party will give the novelist material for a library. The actions, speech and general conduct are sometimes pathetic, sometimes ridiculous; but more often they are the expression of one's real nature untrammeled by the restraints of conventionality. During all the time, each individual is a study. He cannot help it any more than he can help his nature. If the individual is selfish, his selfishness is revealed by always wanting the best seat in the car or the carriage, or the best post of observation. If he is single and inclined to fall in love, he generally succeeds in getting in love with those of his own party, of course, several times before the trip is ended. If he is disposed to exaggerate, he is continually doing some wonderful exploit

which he never wearies of telling. If he is vain, his feelings are continually hurt, he is always imposed upon, or forever neglected by the director and he takes every opportunity to tell how ardently he wishes that he had made the trip with some other party. In making a trip in Europe, hundreds of ills, grievances and annoyances come to him who will but look for them. Why do so many look upon the dark side of things? They go out to find pleasure and receive pain. Annoyances there are, many of them; but the pleasure, the increased knowledge, the broadened view of things, the hundreds of valuable facts that come from observation, are more than enough to blot out all vexations.

It may be said that the foregoing comments are not very flattering to the *personnel* of the party. Of course, I am talking not of ours, but of the "other party."

But in truth, however cultured, however refined, however to the "Manor born," the careful, polished, cultured gentleman *will* sometimes forget himself, during a "tramp trip" in Europe. He ought not to do so, *but he does.*

It is a trite saying, "that I want to travel in my own country before I go abroad." This sounds very pretty and patriotic, and all that, but after all it depends very much upon one's object in traveling. If you are going only to see mountains, then by all means visit ours.

I have seen as good scenery, as wild and rugged gulches, as steep mountain sides, as beautiful valleys, as pretty streams in Colorado, as I ever saw in Switzerland.

Are you going to see blue skies in sunny Italy? By all means then stay in Indiana. I have seen as blue sky, as glorious sunsets, as wonderful combinations of sky and cloud and sunlight in Indiana as ever poet sang of in Italy. Are you going to see cities, merely as cities? Then do not leave America.

Do you only want to see the beauty of the Rhine scenery? Then go no further than the Hudson. The writer had visited a considerable portion of his country before he went to Europe. He did not go to see these things except as they are incidents of the trip. He was interested in the conditions of toiling millions of his fellow men living in countries whose government has been called the only proper form, while his own government is called, by philosophers, an "experiment." He went to Europe to see, for himself, what centuries of civilization have done for the millions there.

The conditions of the people, the institutions, the customs and the manners, the lines along which society is molded, the visible effects upon mankind of these institutions are to be seen there, not here. A trip through Great Britain and continental Europe, to one who observes with ordinary care and accuracy, is a liberal education. To the student of economic questions, nothing could be more desirable.

Having the experience fresh in mind, the writer can conscientiously say to all who have the time and money and who are inclined to learn, and to grow, that such a trip as "The University Tramp," will be of great value

to them, even if they have not traveled through their own country.

I cannot close without making my acknowledgments to our director for the energy, tact, kindness and ability which he brought to the discharge of his duties. Tried as no man was ever tried before, the director of a party, brought together from several States and the members of which differed widely in tastes, desires and inclinations, many of whom did not hesitate to express their thoughts, upon little provocation, he cheerfully and earnestly sought to make the trip pleasant and agreeable to each member; sacrificed his own rest and pleasure to minister to the wants of others; gave valuable suggestions as occasion required; was ever accommodating, kind, courteous and genial. He sought, at all times, to secure us the best accommodations at the least possible price, and was always considerate and careful of our interests and faithfully discharged the duties which devolved upon him. I can cordially commend, to his care and protection, any who desire to take a summer outing in Europe.

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